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Radio Stars

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READ THIS EXPOSE OF
RADIO'S NEWEST RACKET

Irresistible Eyes

makes Your eyes alluring



**A NEW,
DIFFERENT
MASCARA..**

WOULD you like to have big, lustrous eyes? Well, here's the way! Get IRRESISTIBLE 'EYES', the new lash darkener that actually makes small eyes look big and glamorous. Just touch this new mascara to your lashes and see the soft brilliance it gives to your eyes.

IRRESISTIBLE 'EYES' will not smudge or smart, is tear-proof, and won't make lashes brittle but gives them a curling effect. There are three shades to choose from... black, brown and the new blue shade that is so fashionable and becoming. It is packed in a dainty emerald-like vanity. Get yours today and have exciting, sparkling eyes always.

For natural, lasting beauty use all the wonderful IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS. Each has some special feature that gives you new loveliness. All are laboratory tested and approved.

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EACH AT YOUR
5 AND 10¢ STORE**

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Irresistible

**PERFUME AND
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FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK**

IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIP LURE, MASCARA, COLD CREAM, COLOGNE, BRILLIANTINE, TALC



"In no other napkin can you find these exclusive Kotex features"

Mary Pauline Callender
Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

"CAN'T CHAFE"

The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. The sides are cushioned in a special soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.



"CAN'T FAIL"

Security at all times... Kotex assures it! A special channeled center guides moisture the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk. Ends twisting. The Kotex filler is 5 times more absorbent than cotton.



"CAN'T SHOW"

The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines when you wear Kotex. The ends are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.



And Now! 3 TYPES OF KOTEX

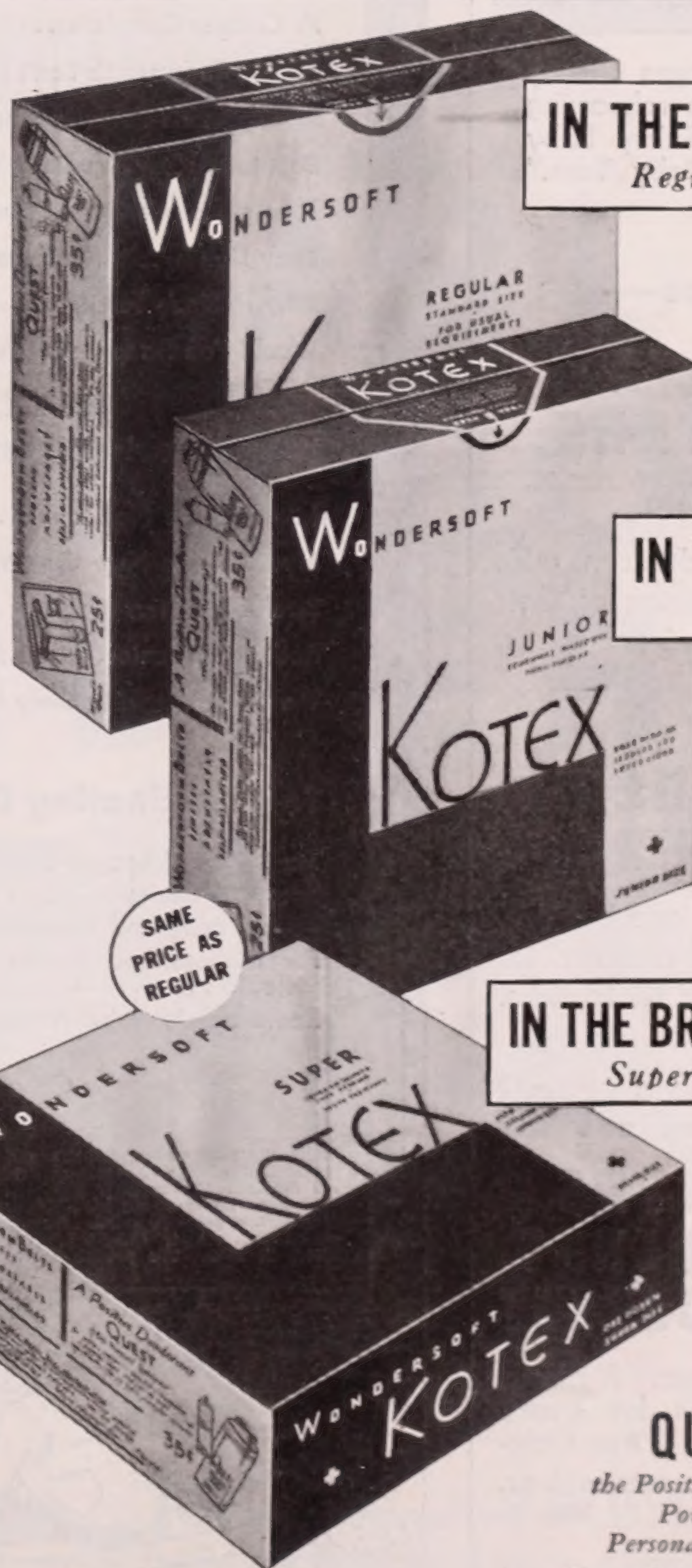
to suit different women
and for different days

Each type offers all of the exclusive
Kotex features

NOW a way has been found to give you greater comfort at times when comfort means so much.

There are certain days when you require more protection than on others. That's why the Kotex Laboratories developed three different types of Kotex... the *Regular*, the *Junior* (slightly narrower), and *Super* which offers extra protection.

Select Kotex, day by day, according to your own personal needs, perhaps one type for today, another for tomorrow. Some women may need all three types of Kotex. Discover for yourself what a difference this can make in your comfort and protection.



IN THE BLUE BOX Regular Kotex

For the ordinary needs of most women, Regular Kotex is ideal. Combines full protection with utmost comfort. The millions who are completely satisfied with Regular will have no reason to change.

IN THE GREEN BOX Junior Kotex

Somewhat narrower—is this Junior Kotex. Designed at the request of women of slight stature, and younger girls. Thousands will find it suitable for certain days when less protection is needed.

IN THE BROWN BOX Super Kotex

For more protection on some days it's only natural that you desire a napkin with greater absorbency. That's Super Kotex! It gives you that extra protection, yet is no longer or wider than Regular.

QUEST

the Positive Deodorant
Powder for
Personal Daintiness

The perfect deodorant powder for use with Kotex... and for every need! Quest is a dainty, soothing powder, safe to use. Buy Quest when you buy Kotex—only 35c.



WONDERSOFT KOTEX



Papa Bing and the three Crosby choir boys just before rehearsing their theme song, "Thirty Baby Fingers and Thirty Baby Toes."

In the next issue—

Have You Noticed:

RADIO STARS JUNIOR?

It's a section for the children, with pictures, news and stories of their favorite radio stars and programs.

Have you joined

THE LISTENERS' LEAGUE?

It is growing by leaps and bounds, with chapters formed already for more than one hundred radio stars.

Have you ever entered a contest? For good clean fun see the

RADIO STARS BIG BROADCAST OF 1935 CONTEST

in the next month's issue. A brand new idea with prizes for every member of the family. The October RADIO STARS, remember.

Also, for your entertainment, a generous number of stories of the stars, special features, departments, and pictures. Watch for the October issue of RADIO STARS.

RADIO STARS

CURTIS MITCHELL, EDITOR

ABRIL LAMARQUE, ART EDITOR

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Cover by EARL CHRISTY

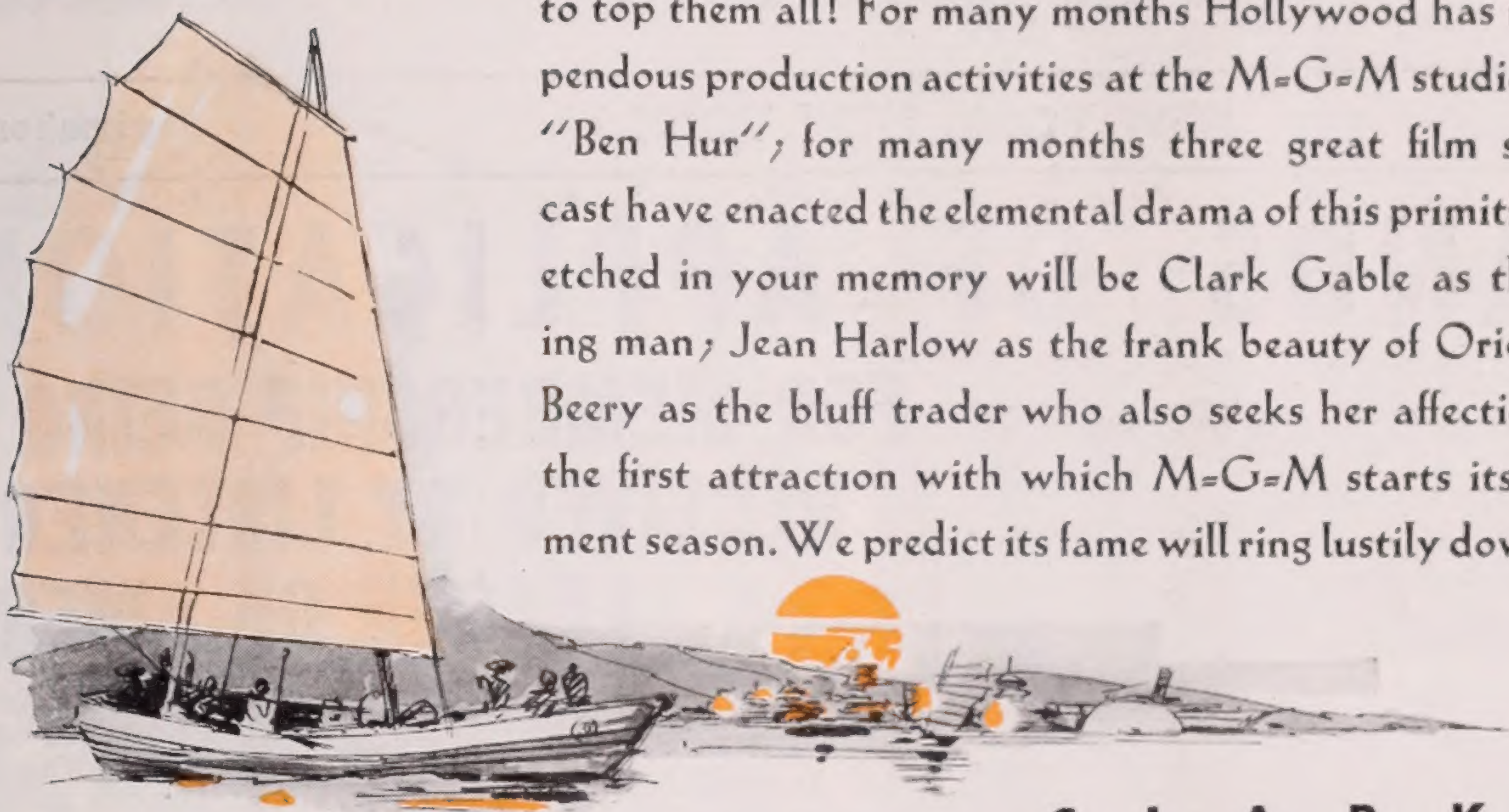
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RADIO STARS

A CHALLENGE TO ALL SCREEN HISTORY!

Think back to your greatest film thrill! Recall the mightiest moments of romance, action, soul-adventure of the screen! A picture has come to top them all! For many months Hollywood has marvelled at the stupendous production activities at the M-G-M studios, not equalled since "Ben Hur", for many months three great film stars and a brilliant cast have enacted the elemental drama of this primitive love story. Deeply etched in your memory will be Clark Gable as the handsome seafaring man, Jean Harlow as the frank beauty of Oriental ports, Wallace Beery as the bluff trader who also seeks her affections. "China Seas" is the first attraction with which M-G-M starts its new Fall entertainment season. We predict its fame will ring lustily down the years to come!



C L A R K
GABLE
J E A N
HARLOW
W A L L A C E
BERRY



CHINA SEAS

with

Lewis STONE • Rosalind RUSSELL

Directed by Tay Garnett • Associate Producer: Albert Lewin

A METRO-GOLDWYN-



MAYER PICTURE

R. Wilson
Brown,
Director

THE LISTENERS' LEAGUE Gazette

HOME
EDITION

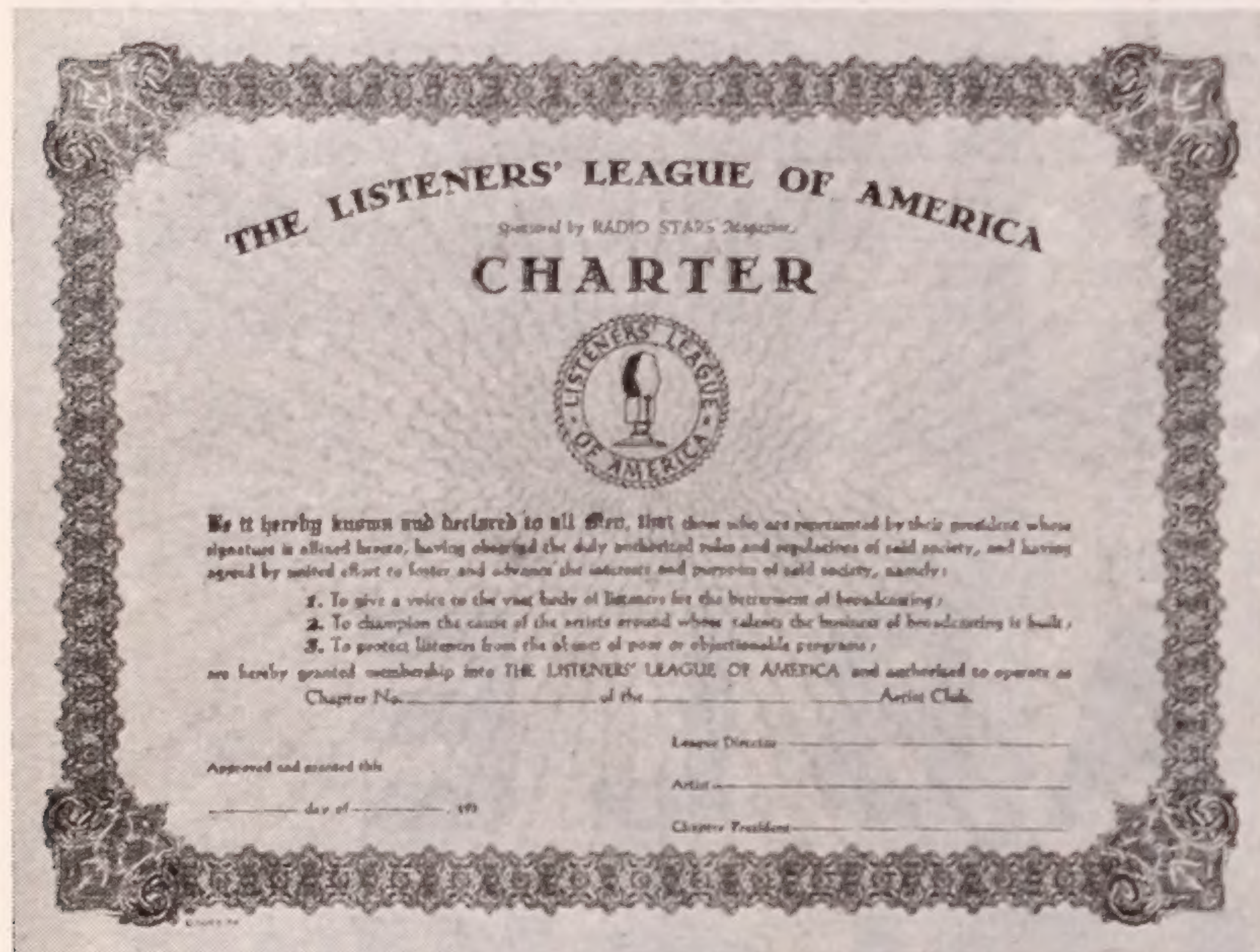
Vol. 1, No. 4

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

September, 1935

THOUSANDS OF APPLICATIONS

FOR MEMBERSHIP BEING RECEIVED BY LISTENERS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA



LANNY ROSS FANS OUT IN THE LEAD

The supporters of Lanny Ross, popular young tenor, are far in the lead in the number of chapters and memberships in The Listeners' League of America. Close behind him in numbers are Rudy Vallee, Dick Powell, Frank Parker and Nelson Eddy. Of the girl singers, Vera Van, Annette Hanshaw, Jessica Dragonette and Ethel Shutta are leading.

This first report on membership standing is based only upon early entries into the League. Each day's mail brings many applications which may alter the standing.

The League urges all fans to get behind their favorite artist and try to make him or her first in the number of League members.

LETTERS FROM THE MEMBERS

Lionel J. Carlton, Box 1211, Miami Beach, Florida, writes: "I think it is a fine thing to bring the broadcast listeners together into one body, so that they may all unite and give a voice to the quality of programs being broadcast as well as to other matters of interest to the broadcast listener. I am an active member of the International Short Wave Club of (Continued on Pg. 8, Col. 1)

LISTENERS MAY SUPPORT MORE THAN ONE STAR

A radio listener may have many favorite radio stars, and the League encourages the listener to support all of his favorites. A person may join as many chapters or clubs as he wishes. The only requirement made is that the listener shall make a separate application for each club he wishes to join. Applications are made on the blanks printed each month in the Gazette.

"MIKE AND MOVIE CLUB" SUPPORTS MISS VERA VAN

An informative paper received at headquarters is "The Mike and Movie Club," a paper published in the interests of Vera Van.

A glance at the table of contents will give an idea of the work and interest put into the publication. The paper opens with a message to Miss Van written by Helen Ruth Keller. Other articles are "Vera in Person" by Mary Helen Quigley; "I Become a Vera Van Rooter" by Fay E. Zinn; "My Picture of Vera Van" by Myrtle Quigley; "Reviews of Million Dollar Notes" by (Continued on Pg. 8, Col. 1)

Headquarters is Swamped with Mail as Radio Listeners from Coast to Coast Join the Nation-Wide Movement to Support Radio Artists and Foster Better Broadcast Programs



Frank Parker

The Listeners' League of America is a success!

From Hawaii to the Atlantic ocean and from Canada

to the Panama Canal the applications for membership and charters are coming—coming by the thousands in each week's mail; an avalanche of letters so heavy that extra girls have been employed to handle them.

It is a definite proof of the interest of the radio public in the principles of the League:

1. To give a voice to the vast body of listeners for the betterment of broadcasting.

2. To champion the cause of the artists around whose talents the business of broadcasting is built.

3. To protect listeners from the abuses of poor or objectionable programs.

"We are not only encouraged with the reception of the League and its solid principles, but we are inspired to make it even greater than we had anticipated would be possible," stated a League official recently.

"Thousands of loyal radio listeners are finding in the League a voice which has heretofore been denied them. We want to give those listeners a voice—a voice of such strength that it will be a deciding factor in building and improving the entire broadcasting business.

"We want every loyal listener to American broadcasting to join the League. For their benefit we have made the rules for joining as simple as possible, as we want this organization

to be one of helpfulness—not one of red tape," he continued.

There are two forms of membership. One is the chapter membership where a group of ten or more persons join together, forming a chapter. Rules for forming such chapters are:

1. Organize ten or more persons into a fan club in support of your favorite radio artist.

2. Elect officers. A president and secretary are all that are necessary.

3. Have each one of the group fill out an individual membership application blank which will be found on page 8.

4. Have the president of the group fill in the application for a charter, also on page 8. (Continued on Page 8, Col. 2)

LEAGUE IS "THE TOPS" SAYS VERA VAN, CBS SINGER



Vera Van

Vera Van fans will be interested in a letter received from the pretty CBS singer. Vera writes:

"It is indeed a great privilege and pleasure to lend support to such a grand organization as yours. Personally, I think it 'The Tops.' What a far reaching influence for both the artist and listener! I am very proud that one of my loyal presidents and fan club heads has joined our organization up with The League. I shall get in touch with the heads of the other two clubs sponsoring me and advise them to do likewise.

"Please call on me for any assistance at any time.

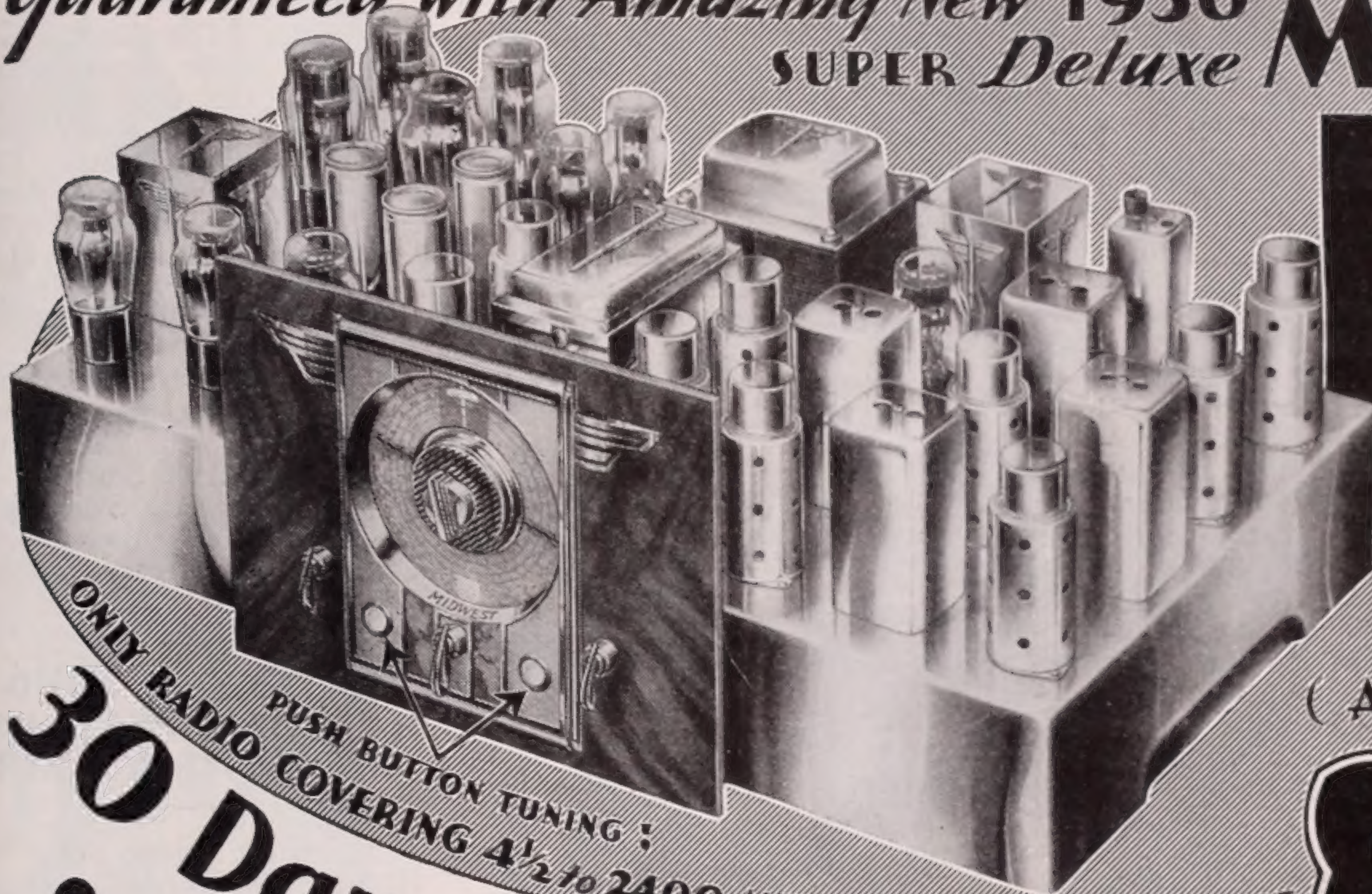
"Wishing for The League a success beyond your highest hopes, I am,

"Cordially yours,
"Vera Van."

(Please turn to Page 8)

SAVE UP TO 50% by BUYING YOUR RADIO *Direct from* MIDWEST LABORATORIES

Exciting World-Wide Entertainment... Glorious New Acousti-Tone
Guaranteed with Amazing New 1936 **MIDWEST**
SUPER Deluxe



18-Tube SIX-IN-ONE Radio

(ALL WAVE - 6 BANDS)

ONLY RADIO COVERING 4 1/2 to 2400 METERS - 12000 MILE RANGE
30 Days FREE Trial!

EVERYWHERE,
 radio enthusiasts are saying:
 "Have you seen the new 18-tube, 6-band,
 Acousti-Tone V-Spread Midwest?" It's an
 improvement over Midwest's 16-tube set,
 so popular last season. This amazingly
 beautiful, bigger, better, more powerful,
 super selective, 18-tube radio . . . is not
 obtainable in retail stores . . . but is sold
 direct to you from Midwest Laboratories at
 a positive saving of 30% to 50%. Out-

performs \$250 sets. Approved by over
 120,000 customers. Before you buy any
 radio write for FREE 40-page catalog.
 Never before so much radio for so little
 money. Why pay more? You're triply
 protected with: *One-Year Guarantee,*
Foreign Reception Guarantee and
Money-Back Guarantee.

PUSH-BUTTON TUNING

Now, offered for first time! Simply
 pushing Silencer Button hushes set
 between stations . . . while pressing
 Station Finder Button automatically
 indicates proper dial position for
 bringing in extremely weak stations.

METAL TUBES

This Midwest is furnished with the
 new glass-metal counterpart tubes.
 Set sockets are designed to accept
 glass-metal or METAL tubes, with-
 out change. Write for FREE facts.

80 ADVANCED 1936 FEATURES

Midwest's brilliant performance made possible by
 scores of advanced features, many of them exclu-
 sive. Only Midwest tunes as low as 4 1/2 meters
 and as high as 2400 meters...6 bands...18 tubes...
 push button tuning...acousti-tone V-spread design
 ...pre-aged adjustments...Fidel-A-Stat...Triple Cali-
 bration...etc. See pages 12 to 20 in FREE catalog.
 Six-bands . . . offered for first time! E, A, L, M,
 H and U . . . make this super deluxe 18-tube set
 the equivalent of six different radios . . . offer wave bands
 not obtainable in other radios at any price! Now, thrill
 to new explorations in sections of radio spectrum that
 are strangers to you. Every type of broadcast from North
 and South America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia
 is now yours. Send today for money-saving facts!

DEAL DIRECT WITH LABORATORIES

No middlemen's prof-
 its to pay — you buy
 at wholesale price di-
 rect from laboratories
 . . . saving 30% to
 50%. Increasing costs
 are sure to result in
 higher radio prices
 soon. Buy before the big advance . . . NOW . . .
 while you can take advantage of Midwest's sensational
 values. You can order your 1936 Full Scope High
 Fidelity Acousti-Tone radio from the 40-page catalog
 with as much certainty of satisfaction as if you were
 to come yourself to our great radio laboratories. You
 save 30% to 50% . . . you get 30 days FREE trial
 . . . as little as \$5.00 puts a Midwest radio in your
 home. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write,
 today, for FREE catalog.

**SAVE
UP TO 50%**



WORLD'S
 GREATEST RADIO VALUE

\$59.50
 with New
 GIANT
 THEATRE-
 SONIC
 (LESS TUBES) **SPEAKER**

TERMS AS LOW AS \$5.00 DOWN

FULL-SCOPE HIGH FIDELITY . . . SPLIT-HAIR SELECTIVITY

Now, get complete range of audible fre-
 quencies from 30 to 16,000 cycles as being
 transmitted by four new High Fidelity Broad-
 casting stations—W1XBS—W9XBY—W2XR
 —and W6XAL. Bring in distant, weak for-
 eign stations, with full loud speaker volume,
 on channels adjacent to powerful locals.

Delighted With Super Performance

Davison, Mich. A radio engineer con-
 firmed my opinion — that no other
 make of radio will compare with my
 Midwest for tone, selectivity, volume,
 ease of tuning and wider range. It is
 great entertainment. R. F. Collier.



Praises World-Wide Reception

Maysville, Ky. My friends envy my
 Midwest and say it beats theirs in price
 and performance. It is amazingly sen-
 sitive and brings in Holland, Spain,
 etc. Its full, rich, non-fading tone
 denotes super quality and advanced
 workmanship. W. E. Purdon,
 Rural Route No. 1.

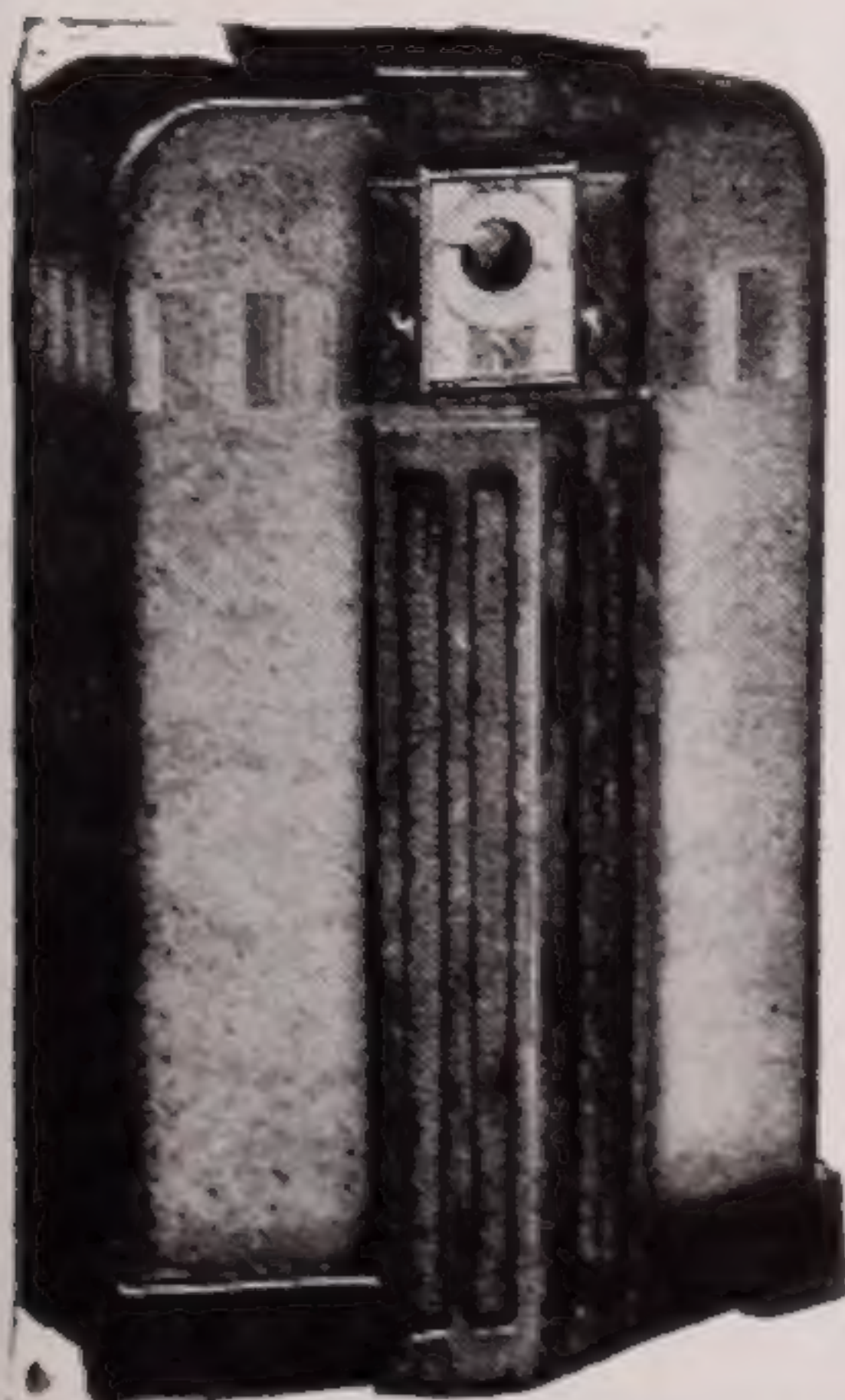


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 FREE 30-DAY TRIAL OFFER and 40-
 PAGE FOUR-COLOR FREE CATALOG**

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.,
 Dept. 17C, Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Without obligation on my part, send me
 your new FREE catalog and complete de-
 tails of your liberal 30-day FREE trial
 offer. This is NOT an order.

User-Agents
 Make Easy
 Extra Money
 Check Here
 for
 Details ☐

Name _____
 Address _____
 Town _____ State _____
☐ Check here, if interested in a Midwest Auto Radio.



Acousti-Tone V-Spread Design (Pat. Pending)

Send for FREE
 40-page catalog
 illustrating new
 1936 Midwest
 models and
 chassis in four
 colors. Full
 Scope High Fi-
 delity Console,
 at left, shows
 dispersing vanes and
 exclusive V-front
 that propel High
 Fidelity waves uni-
 formly to the ear.

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.

DEPT. 17C CINCINNATI, OHIO U.S.A.

Established 1920

Cable Address MIRACO All Codes

LETTERS FROM THE MEMBERS

(Continued from page 6, col. I)
East Liverpool, Ohio."

Miss Barbara Anderson of 3606 Pioneer Avenue, New Westminster, British Columbia, says: "Just bought RADIO STARS MAGAZINE for the first time and thought it an excellent number. I wish to know if it would be possible for a Canadian listener to join the Listeners' League of America." (Editor's note: Yes, Canadian members are welcomed.)

Mrs. W. L. Callahan, 50 Morris Avenue, Girard, Ohio, writes: "I am interested in the Listeners' League of America. Will you please let me know what it will cost to become a member." (Editor's note: There is absolutely no cost.)

Miss G. Farsht, 1731 West 3rd Street, Brooklyn, New York, says: "May I say that I am one of your most ardent readers. In fact I pride myself in reading your magazine since the first issue. I am writing to you because I feel that the fan club you have started is a very fine thing, but I am also in trouble. I wonder if you couldn't help me. I am a most ardent fan to Radio. Yes, to 'Radio,' and to no one in particular. May I say that everyone who goes on the air is a favorite of mine. Of course there are favorites to whom I listen, but I could not name any one in particular. If I could be active in any way I would be very happy to hear from you." (Editor's note: Many listeners have the same trouble. We suggest that you join one club in order to be an active League member. You may do that and yet give full support to every artist. The one membership will merely make you a member; it will not limit your work.)

"MIKE AND MOVIE CLUB" SUPPORTS MISS VERA VAN

(Continued from pg. 6, col. II)
Marilyn Bonnell and Betty Smith; "Sweet and Lovely" by Dottie May Hulse; "Interviews" by Bonnie Bergstrum; "Bits from Letters"; "Contest News"; "With Our Honoraries"; "Meet the Members"; "Radio Ram-

bles" by William R. Traum; "Eleanor Holm and Art Jarrett" by Helen Qualley; "My Collection of Star Photos" by Lorraine Mason; "Radio Across the Sea" by Beatrice Fuller; and "Ye Olde Editor."

THOUSANDS OF APPLICATIONS

(Continued from page 6, col. 4)

5. Mail the individual applications and the charter application in one envelope to The Listeners' League of America, 149 Madison Ave., New York.

The other form of membership is in the Marconi Chapters, chapters formed for each radio artist to be composed of scattered individuals who are unable to form chapters.

The rules are:

1. Fill out the individual application for membership on this page.

2. Mail it to The Listeners' League of America, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Because of the heavy mail being received, League officials ask that listeners be patient if they do not receive their membership cards or charters by return mail. It takes several days to act upon the applications and a bit longer to have the charters properly signed by the radio artists.

The League wants to be of service to its members. If it can help in sending chapters information about artists, chapters are invited to request such information. Whenever artists visit cities where chapters are located, the League will try to notify those chapters in advance. Members are invited to write to the artists, sending their letters to League headquarters from where the letters will be forwarded.

"We want comments from our members," says the director. "If there are objectionable programs on the air, we want our members to tell us about them. If members think other programs can be improved, we want to know about it. We hope every member will feel free to write us often, giving us his or her opinions about radio shows.

For the advantage of fan clubs already organized, all that is necessary to do in order to affiliate with the

League is for each individual of the club to fill in his individual application blank and the president the charter application and mail it in. Affiliation with the League will not interfere in any way with the regular activities and policies of such already organized clubs.

There are no dues—no fees of any kind. A person may belong to as many clubs or chapters as he wishes. He may support any number of radio artists. All that is necessary to remember is that each artist you support requires a separate application blank.

WATCH THESE PAGES FOR MEMBERS' NAMES

Many members have written in to ask for the names of other members.

Each month The League will print as many members' names as space will permit. Officials ask that you keep it for reference. Members of one club who wish to get in touch with other members, address letters by name, mail to League headquarters, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, and will be forwarded.

LANNY ROSS, Chapter III: Miss Mary Lee Jeter, 61 Fiske St., Waterbury, Conn.; Miss Jane McElligott, 31 Hewlett St., Waterbury, Conn.; Miss Emilie Claus, 65 Fiske St., Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. Ralph Armbruster, 111 Letting Well Ave., Waterbury, Conn.; Miss Lumina Cianolo, 19 Kayton Ave., Waterbury, Conn.; Miss Eunice Cignoni, 59 Wildwood Ave., Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. Edmund Bowen, 821 Cooke St., Waterbury, Conn.; Miss Betty Collins, Clowes Terrace, Waterbury, Conn.; Miss Elenor Kirsh, 40 Melbourne Terrace, Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. John Mellor, Wildwood Ave., Waterbury, Conn.

LANNY ROSS, Chapter IV: Miss Joan Waring, 2636 East Blvd., Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Gladys Hansen, Walnut Hills Drive, Warrensville, Ohio; Miss Margaret Skulina, 12512 Dove Ave., Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Frances Scheiner, Walnut Hills Drive, Warrensville, Ohio; Miss Bertha Yunger, 12414 Halborn Ave., Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Emilie Naprstek, 12402 Rexford Ave., Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Mary Hajek, 12600 Holborn Ave., Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Helen Krause, 3167 East 118th St., Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Eleanor Daezeco, 11809 Imperial Ave., Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Jeanette Krause, 3167 East 118th St., Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Josephine Biagi, 3167 East 118th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

LANNY ROSS, Chapter V: Miss Mary Munger, 23 Harvard St., Pittsfield, Mass.; Miss Ruth Mills, 257 Davis Ave., Pittsfield, Mass.; Miss Hazel Munger, 23 Harvard St., Pittsfield, Mass.; Miss Ruth Munger, 23 Harvard St., Pittsfield, Mass.; Miss Dorothy Turner, 42 South Onota St., Pittsfield, Mass.; Miss Eleanor Carpenter, 31 Perrine Ave., Pittsfield, Mass.; Miss Stella Fish, 42 South Onota St., Pittsfield, Mass.; Miss Virginia Petricea, 203 Pomeroy Ave., Pittsfield, Mass.; Miss Barbara Turner, 42 South Onota St., Pittsfield, Mass.; Miss Mary Sondant, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 56, Housatonic, Mass.; Miss Eunice Deiter, 70 Dalton Ave., Pittsfield, Mass.

(Continued on page 66)

"THE GANG'S GAZETTE" SUPPORTS AL PEARCE

To make "The Gang's Gazette" of wider interest, its publishers, the supporters of Al Pearce and his gang, print news of all the artists. The latest issue contains items about Al Jolson, Francia White, Ben McLaughlin, Jackie Heller, Jimmie Fiddler, Ray Hedge, Ma Perkins, Paul Whiteman and many others.

Hatti Hayes, 6133 South May Street, Chicago, is president of this club. The vice president is Kay Stafford of 150 Haight Street, San Francisco. Irene Pakeltis of 4550 South Western Avenue, Chicago, is secretary.

ARTHUR JARRETT AND ELEANOR HOLM FANS ARE ACTIVE WORKERS

The latest issue of the "Holm-Jarrett News," a paper issued in support of Arthur Jarrett and his wife, Eleanor Holm, is one of the most interesting journals to reach the League offices. Miss Mary Helen Qualley, 1748 East 52nd Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., is the active president, and she is doing an excellent piece of work.

The paper reports that Eleanor Holm won the national backstroke championship again on April 13. It also contains interesting letters from Vera Van and Fifi D'Orsay who have accepted honorary memberships in the club.

LANNY ROSS LEAGUE HAS MONTHLY PAPER

"The Lanny Ross League," a club with members from coast to coast, publishes a monthly paper in honor of Lanny. A special feature is the questionnaire department. Here members ask all kinds of questions and the club officials, with the help of Lanny, answer.

All communications to the Lanny Ross League should be sent either to the Listeners League or direct to the editor of the Ross paper, Miss Catharine Macadam, Box 164, Wilmington, Delaware.

(Continued on page 66)

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

LISTENERS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA,
149 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Individual Application for Membership

I, the undersigned, apply for membership in the Listeners' League of America in support of (insert name of artist whom you are backing).

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

APPLICATION FOR CHARTER

LISTENERS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA,
149 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

I, the undersigned, as president of the chapter (insert name of artist for whom Chapter is being formed), enclose ten or more individual membership coupons and apply for a Charter from the Listeners' League of America. When this application has been acted upon, it is understood that each of these members will receive membership cards and the Chapter will receive its Charter signed by (insert name of artist for whom Chapter is formed).

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

The TINTEX Color-Magician Says

"Make Faded Apparel
and Home Decorations
NEW with Easy TINTEX
—and save MANY dollars"
Presto!!



TINTEX makes YOU a Color-Magician

Do you want to perform a miracle of color? Then—just Tintex all your faded summer apparel and home-decorations and make everything as fresh and color-gay as when new. Tintex is so easy—so quick...results are *always* perfect! And Tintex gives you 38 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose.

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors

Avoid Substitutes . . .
Tintex quality never varies! Perfect results
every time. That's why millions of women
INSIST ON TINTEX



Tintex
World's Largest Selling
TINTS AND DYES

AT ALL DRUG STORES, NOTION AND TOILET GOODS COUNTERS



Tintex brings gay color to
all your faded sportswear.
In the twinkling of an eye!



Tintex means new color
beauty for summer dresses
and frocks. Safely, too!



Tintex is color-magic for
"washed-out" underthings.
"Tint as you rinse!"

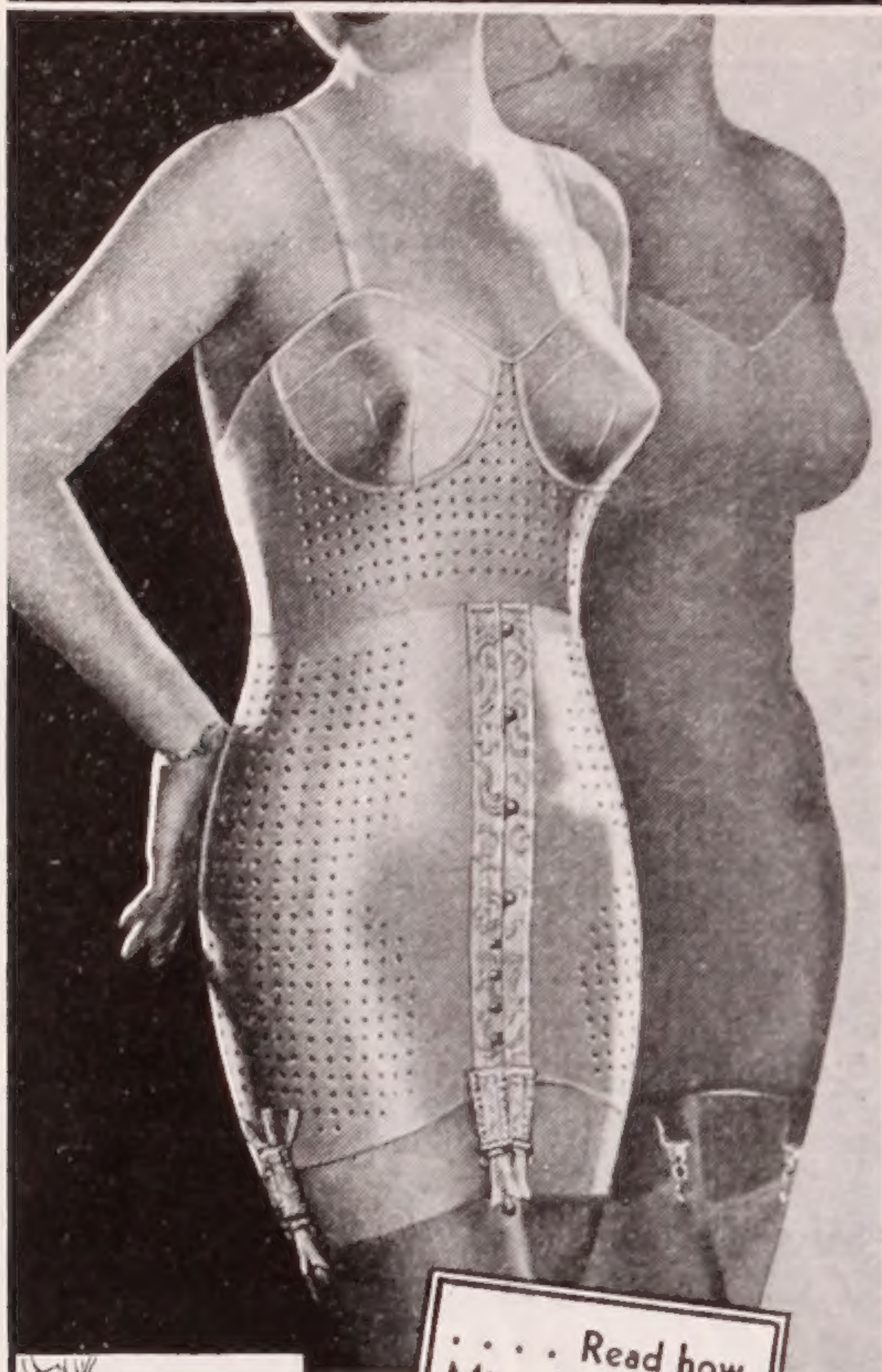


Tintex restores the bright
colors to faded curtains
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9 INCHES!

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"They actually al-
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I had reduced my
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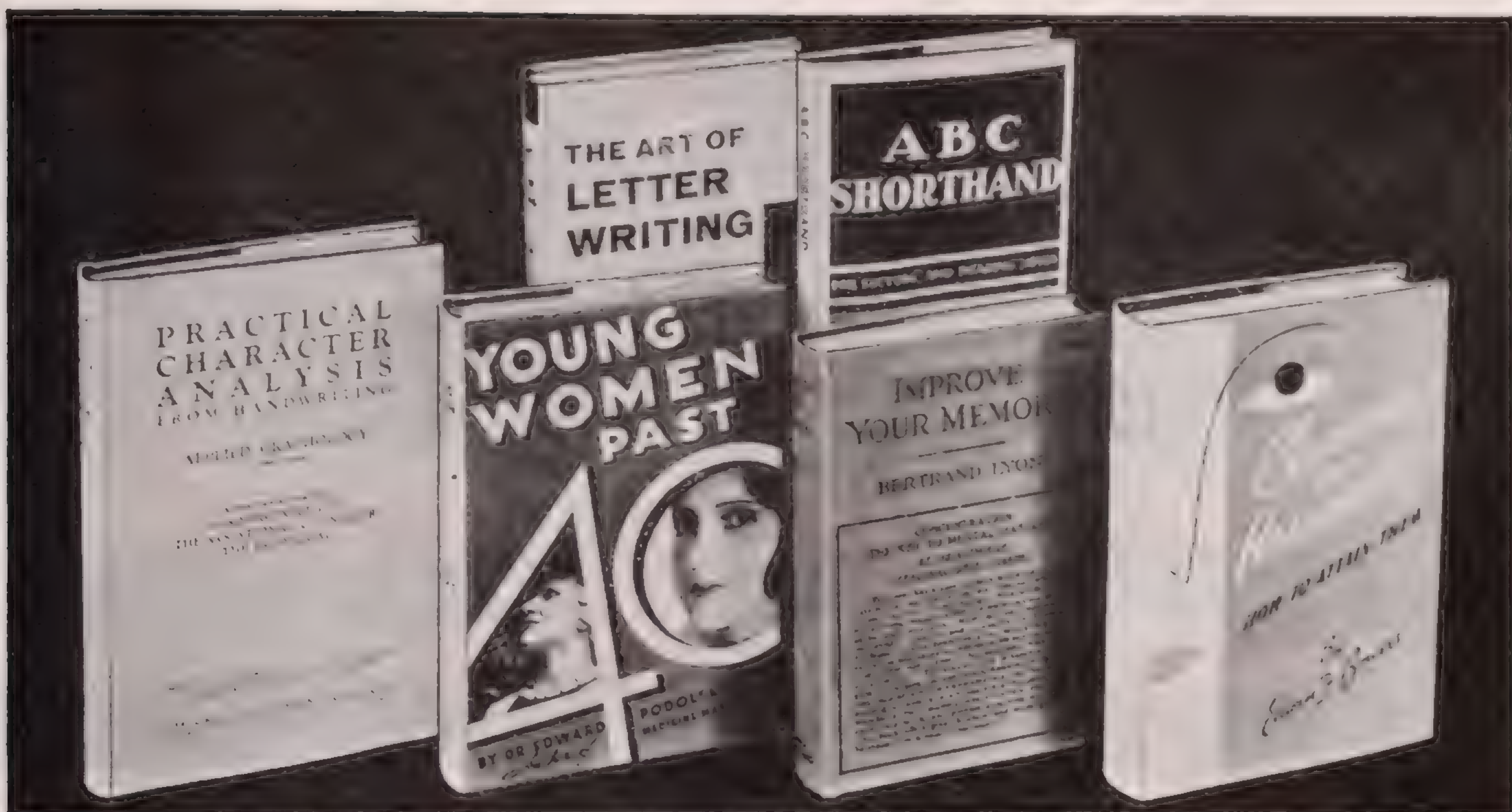
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Top left: Here's evidence it was
a happy marriage! Popular ork-
leader Eddie Duchin and his bride,
the former Marjorie Oelrichs,
socially prominent and wealthy.
(Top Right) Handsome orchestra
leader Richard Himber takes a
canter aboard a handsome horse.
(Left) Joe Haynes enjoys a cruise
in his sailboat when he's not
broadcasting his band from Wall
Lake Casino, Wall Lake, Michigan.
(Lower Left) Jerry Cooper shows
'em how! As American as corn
on the cob, he would be a first
baseman, were he not a baritone.
(Lower Right) Ned Wever naps on
his penthouse roof, dreaming, we
fancy, over his script for the
next Ethel Merman broadcast.





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RADIO STARS



board of review

Carson Robison and his Six Gun Justice gang.

★★★★ Ford Sunday Evening Hour (CBS).

★★★★ American Album of Familiar Music with Frank Munn, Vivienne Segal and Gus Haenschen's orchestra (NBC).

★★★★ Radio City Music Hall Concert with Erno Rapee (NBC).

★★★★ Gulf Headliners with Jimmy Melton (NBC).

★★★★ Studebaker Champions with Richard Himber's orchestra (NBC).

★★★★ Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre with John Barclay (NBC).

★★★★ Fleischmann Variety Hour with Rudy Vallee and guests (NBC).

★★★★ Paul Whiteman's Music Hall (NBC).

★★★★ The Jergens Program with Cornelia Otis Skinner (NBC).

★★★★ Cities Service with Jessica Dragonette (NBC).

★★★★ Hour of Charm, featuring Phil Spitalny and all-girl vocal and orchestral ensemble (CBS).

★★★★ Voice of Firestone featuring Richard Crooks, tenor (NBC).

★★★★ Coty presents Ray Noble and his dance orchestra (NBC).

★★★★ Waltz Time—Frank Munn, Lucy Monroe and Abe Lyman's orch. (NBC).

★★★★ Lucky Strike Presents the Hit Parade with Lennie Hayton, Gogo De Lys, Johnny Hauser and guest stars (NBC).

★★★★ Lucky Smith—Max Baer (NBC).

★★★★ One Man's Family (NBC).

★★★★ Captain Henry's Maxwell House Show Boat (NBC).

★★★★ House of Glass (NBC).

★★★★ The Shell Chateau starring Al Jolson, Guest stars (NBC).

★★★★ Home on the Range—John Charles Thomas and William Daly's orchestra (NBC).

★★★★ Bond Bread Show with Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson (CBS).

★★★★ Lady Esther program with Wayne King and orchestra (CBS).

★★★★ Kate Smith's new Hudson series (CBS).

★★★★ "Lavender and Old Lace" with Frank Munn and Gus Haenschen's orchestra (CBS).

THE LEADERS

Here are the five most popular programs for the month as selected by our Board of Review. All other programs are grouped in four, three and two star rank.

1. ★★★★★ Jack Benny (NBC)
2. ★★★★★ Major Bowes' Amateur Hour (NBC)
3. ★★★★★ Town Hall Tonight (NBC)
4. ★★★★★ Lux Radio Theatre (NBC)
5. ★★★★★ Ford Program with Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians (CBS)

★★★★★ Excellent

★★★★ Good

★★★ Fair

★★ Poor

★ Not Recommended

★★★★ "Melodiana" with Abe Lyman's orchestra (CBS).

★★★★ Everett Marshall's Broadway Varieties with Elizabeth Lennox and Victor Arden's orchestra (CBS).

★★★★ Manhattan Merry-Go-Round with Rachel De Carlay, Andy Sannella and Abe Lyman's orchestra (NBC).

★★★★ Silken Strings with Charles Previn's orchestra (NBC).

★★★★ A. & P. Gypsies with Harry Horlick's orchestra (NBC).

★★★★ Contented Program with Gene Arnold, the Lullaby Lady, Morgan Eastman's orchestra (NBC).

★★★★ Today's Children (NBC).

★★★★ Lowell Thomas, commentator (NBC).

★★★★ Sinclair Greater Minstrels (NBC).

★★★★ Philip Morris Program with Leo Reisman's orchestra and Phil Ducey (NBC).

★★★★ Household Musical Memories with Edgar A. Guest, Alice Mook, Charles Sears and Josef Koestner's band (NBC).

★★★★ Pleasure Island with Guy Lombardo's orchestra (NBC).

★★★★ Vic and Sade (NBC).

★★★★ Irene Rich for Welch (NBC).

★★★★ The Armour Program with Phil Baker (NBC).

★★★★ "House by the Side of the Road" with Tony Wons (NBC).

★★★★ Roses and Drums (NBC).

★★★★ Boake Carter (CBS).

★★★★ Edwin C. Hill (CBS).

★★★★ Ex Lax Program with Lud Gluskin and Block and Sully (CBS).

★★★★ Eno Crime Clues (NBC).

★★★★ Climalene Carnival (NBC).

★★★★ RCA Radiotron Company's "Radio City Party" (NBC).

★★★★ Grand Hotel with Anne Seymour and Don Ameche (NBC).

★★★★ Ben Bernie and his orchestra (NBC).

★★★★ Ed Wynn, the Fire Chief (NBC).

★★★★ National Barn Dance (NBC).

★★★★ The Gibson Family (NBC).

★★★★ Lazy Dan, "The Minstrel Man." (CBS).

★★★★ The Camel Caravan with Walter O'Keefe, Annette Hanshaw, Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra and Ted Husing (CBS).

★★★★ Major Bowes' Capitol Family (NBC).

★★★★ Penthouse Serenade, Don Mario, tenor (NBC).

★★★★ Harry Reser and his Spearmint Crew with Ray Heatherton and Peg La Centra (NBC).

★★★★ The Ivory Stamp Club with Tim Healy (NBC).

★★★★ Carefree Carnival (NBC).

Curtis Mitchell
Radio Stars Magazine, Chairman
Alton Cook
N. Y. World-Telegram, N. Y. C.
S. A. Coleman
Wichita Beacon, Wichita, Kan.
Norman Siegel
Cleveland Press, Cleveland, O.
Andrew W. Smith
News & Age-Herald, Birmingham, Ala.
Lecta Rider
Houston Chronicle, Houston, Texas

Si Steinhauser
Pittsburgh Press, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Leo Miller
Bridgeport Herald, Bridgeport, Conn.
Charlotte Greer
Newark Evening News, Newark, N. J.
Richard G. Moffett
Florida Times-Union, Jacksonville, Fla.
James Sullivan
Louisville Times, Louisville, Ky.

R. B. Westergaard
Register & Tribune, Des Moines, Ia.
C. L. Kern
Indianapolis Star, Indianapolis, Ind.
Larry Wolters
Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.
James E. Chinn
Evening and Sunday Star, Washington, D. C.
H. Dean Fitzer
Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Mo.

Vivian M. Gardner
Wisconsin News, Milwaukee, Wis.
Joe Haeffner
Buffalo Evening News, Buffalo, N. Y.
Andrew W. Foppe
Cincinnati Enquirer, Cincinnati, O.
Oscar H. Fernbach
San Francisco Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.
Jack Barnes
Union-Tribune, San Diego, Cal.

RADIO STARS

- ★★★ Campana's First Nighter with Jane Meredith and Don Ameche (NBC).
- ★★★ Columbia Dramatic Guild (CBS).
- ★★★ Carson Robson and his Buckaroos (CBS).
- ★★★ Bing Crosby (CBS).
- ★★★ The Adventures of Gracie with Burns and Allen (CBS).
- ★★★ Hollywood Hotel with Dick Powell and Louella Parsons (CBS).
- ★★★ National Amateur Night with Ray Perkins (CBS).
- ★★★ The Gumps (CBS).
- ★★★ Uncle Ezra's Radio Station (NBC).
- ★★★ "Dreams Come True" with Barry McKinley and Ray Sinatra's band (NBC).
- ★★★ Penthouse Party with Hal Kemp and Babs and Her Brothers (NBC).
- ★★★ Beatrice Lillie, with Lee Perrin's orchestra (NBC).
- ★★★ Carlsbad presents Morton Downey with Ray Sinatra's Orchestra; Guy Bates Post, narrator (NBC).
- ★★★ Otto Harbach's "Music at the Haydn's" (NBC).
- ★★★ Kitchen Party with Frances Lee Barton, cooking authority; Martha Mears, Al and Lee Reiser (NBC).
- ★★★ Easy Aces (NBC).
- ★★★ Swift Garden Program; Mario Chamlee, Garden Quartet; Karl Schulte's orch. (NBC).
- ★★★ Dream Drama with Arthur Allen and Parker Fenelly (NBC).
- ★★★ Fireside Recitals; Sigurd Nilsson, Hardesty Johnson, Graham McNamee (NBC).
- ★★★ Stories of the Black Chamber (NBC).
- ★★★ The Story of Mary Marlin (CBS).
- ★★★ The Garden of Tomorrow, E. L. D. Gaymour (CBS).
- ★★★ Roadways of Romance, Jerry Cooper, Roger Kinne and Freddie Rich's orch. (CBS).
- ★★★ Five Star Jones (CBS).
- ★★★ Circus Nights in Silvertown featuring Joe Cook with B. A. Rolfe's orch. (NBC).
- ★★★ Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd (CBS).
- ★★★ Fibber McGee and Molly (NBC).
- ★★★ Tony and Gus (NBC).
- ★★★ Rhythm at Eight—Ethel Merman (CBS).
- ★★★ Edgar A. Guest in Welcome Valley (NBC).
- ★★★ Mexican Musical Tours (NBC).
- ★★ Gene Arnold and the Commodores (NBC).
- ★★ Sally of the Talkies (NBC).
- ★★ The Fitch Program with Wendell Hall (NBC).
- ★★ Volce of Experience (CBS).
- ★★ Little Orphan Annie (NBC).
- ★★ One Night Stand with Pick and Pat (NBC).
- ★★ Laugh Clinic with Doctors Pratt and Sherman (CBS).
- ★★ Romance of Helen Trent (CBS).
- ★★ Marie the Little French Princess (CBS).
- ★★ The Shadow (CBS).
- ★★ Captain Dobsie's Ship of Joy (CBS).



Why Ex-Lax is the Ideal Hot Weather Laxative!

VACATIONS are made for fun. Every moment is precious. But often a change of water or diet will throw your system "off schedule"...and you need a laxative.

Ex-Lax is the ideal summer laxative for the following reasons given by a well-known New York physician:

1. In summer you should avoid additional strain on the vital organs of the body, even the strain due to the action of harsh cathartics. Ex-Lax is thorough but gentle. No pain, strain, or griping.
2. In summer there is a greater

loss of body fluids due to normal perspiration. Avoid the type of laxatives that have a "watery" action. Don't "dehydrate" your body. Take Ex-Lax.

And Ex-Lax is such a pleasure to take—it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

So be sure to take along a plentiful supply of Ex-Lax. Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store.

**When Nature forgets —
remember**

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

amateurs beware

By Peter Dixon

NEW YORK is the radio capital of America even though there are opportunities in Chicago, San Francisco, Cincinnati and Los Angeles. Ambitious young people arrive in New York by the thousands, all eager for a chance at ether fame. Since the national epidemic of amateur hours, there has been a greater influx of inexperienced, untrained young radio performers than ever before. And the radio wolves have become more bold.

This article is to serve as a warning to these youngsters who come seeking a radio chance in New York.

Just as there are human vultures in the theater, in the pictures—and even in respectable business firms or department stores—so are there ruthless Don Juans in the radio studios. There is, for example, a certain nationally famous announcer who has had more than one narrow escape from the law and from irate fathers. There is, again, a certain casting director who asks young and pretty actresses who don't know their way around to call at his apartment for an interview—instead of going to the studio for an audition.

The professional beasts of prey in radio are mainly interested in the money they can take away from the eager youngsters. And their tricks for getting that money are many.

There is the "radio manager." He manages to spot some hopeful out-of-towner and scrapes up an acquaintance. He, according to his story, is a successful manager of radio talent. He can get auditions for anyone he represents and he can place his clients on good commercial programs immediately. To hear him talk, he is the bosom pal of every casting director in radio. The catch is that he needs money for "expenses." He shrewdly estimates the resources of the "client" and then requests a retainer. Perhaps he will consent to act as manager for a mere twenty-five dollars a week. I know of actual cases where these bogus managers have collected as much as seventy-five and one hundred dollars a week for weeks at a time from ambitious would-be radio entertainers who had more dollars than sense.

Here is the truth about radio managers. There are a few good ones, men and women who are honest and who can really help. However, these competent and respected agents are not interested in taking unproved talent and developing it. It is true that a few of them might, for a reasonable consideration, attempt to develop and manage a budding personality. However, they would expect the young artist to assume all the risks and they would not make any promises about jobs or future fame.

The fake radio school is another device of the professional wolves. New York, Chicago and Hollywood are full of such schools. In advertisements these schools stress "microphone technique" and all of them promise to secure auditions for their pupils. The best the enrolled student at one of these microphone schools can hope for is some harmless patter about how far to stand from a mike when broadcasting and an audition at some unimportant station where anyone can get an audition at any time. The big stations and the networks have absolutely no interest or connections with any of these so-called schools of radio. They are a waste of money and I know of no radio entertainer who ever benefited from such a school.

There are exceptions, of course—classes where a young artist can get good training in the use of the voice, in singing and in dramatic reading. One way to tell whether a radio school is legitimate is to find out if any promises are made. The fewer the promises, the greater the chance that the school is operated ethically and honestly.

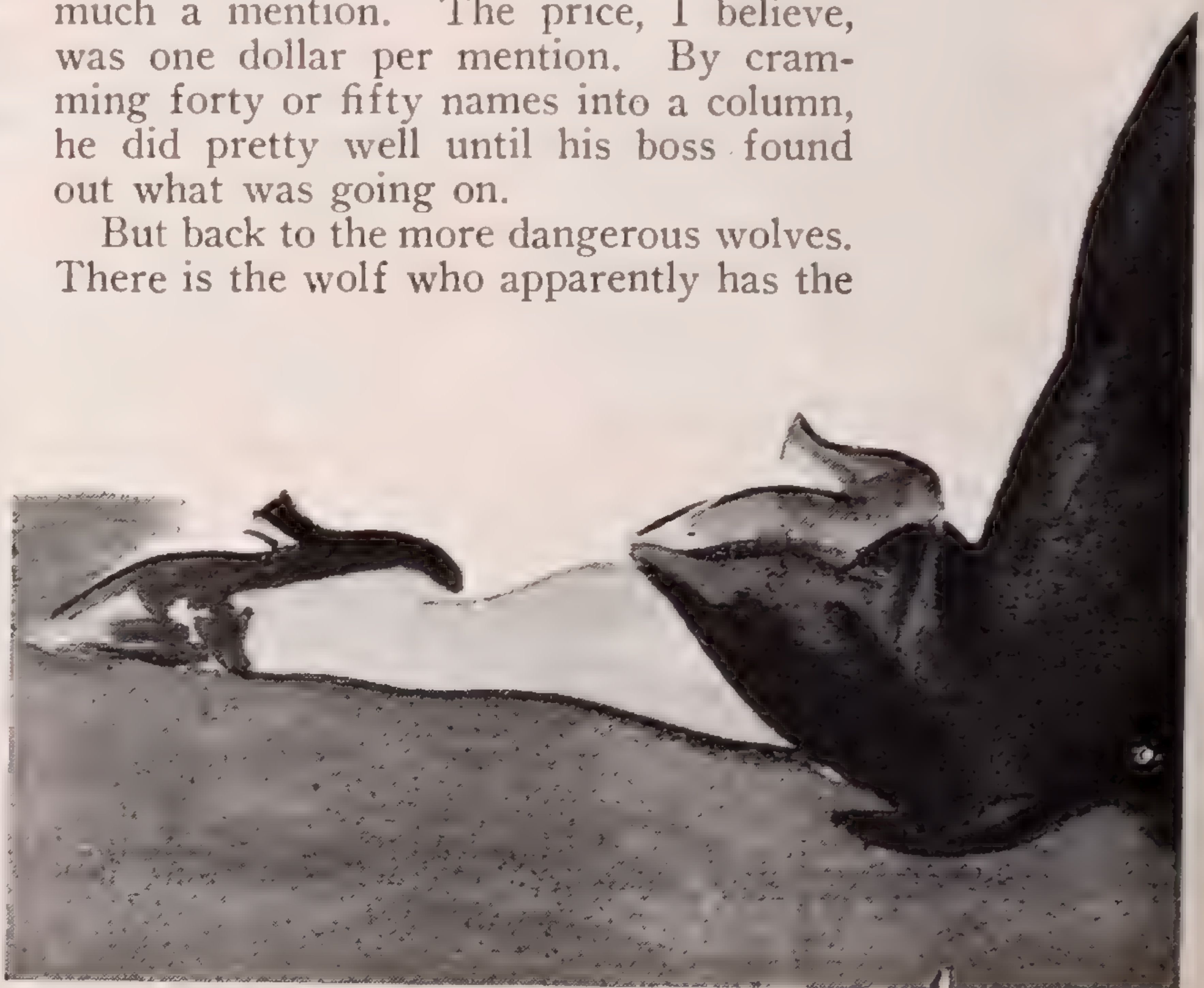
Then there are certain operators in Manhattan who manage to make a living out of the ambitions of the singers and entertainers who have had a little radio experience, but want to crash the networks. These wolves have managed to obtain periods on the air and present radio programs. Sometimes they manage to sell these programs to third-rate advertisers. Their next problem is to obtain talent for their programs without paying for it. They insert advertisements in some of the less reputable publications seeking radio talent—then, after they audition the dozens of young artists who answer the advertisement, they take the cream of the talent and persuade these youngsters to work for nothing.

"If you are on the air in my program, you'll be heard by the big advertisers," is a favorite argument.

As a matter of fact, some of the successful performers have been heard in these free-talent air programs years ago. They succeeded, but not because of being heard in the *Blah Blah Revue* on Station *WBLAH*. If you're good enough to go on the air in a commercial program, you're good enough to be paid for it. If there isn't any pay, it's a good sign that a racketeer figures in the proceedings somewhere. This statement, of course, is not meant to apply to the legitimate amateur hours.

Beware of the smooth press agent who tries to convince you that all that is necessary to get you on the air is to get your name in the papers. Some of these press agents can get your name in the papers. They can get your name in certain papers because of certain money arrangements with certain newspaper writers. It is common gossip in Manhattan that one conductor of a newspaper column offered to mention any name in his column at so much a mention. The price, I believe, was one dollar per mention. By cramming forty or fifty names into a column, he did pretty well until his boss found out what was going on.

But back to the more dangerous wolves. There is the wolf who apparently has the



Whom can you believe?

Whom can you trust, in seeking a radio career?

job of selecting talent for a weekly variety program but whose real job is to find young and pretty women who will attend the wild parties given by his boss. He does put his "finds" on the air on one of the smaller stations and some of them are paid small fees. But these broadcasts, more often than not, are followed by wild studio parties and it's just too bad for the young and pretty singer who isn't able to cope with a difficult and dangerous situation.

Then there is the shady advertising man who uses an imaginary radio program as a lure to attract pretty playmates. He calls in some gullible station representative and talks about a client who wants a radio program. Auditions are arranged. The playboy manages so to arrange things that there are a number of attractive girls called for the auditions. He also manages to meet them and it is part of his technique to try to make the girls believe that an important job depends on his friendship and that it is up to them to be friendly.

Among the reputable advertising agencies the standard of ethics is high and every effort is made to be fair and honest to every applicant for an audition and to stamp out any improper methods on the part of any individuals connected with the agency. The agency wolves are comparatively few.

Newcomers to radio face another financial hazard however; one that becomes serious if they achieve any success at all. There are a number of casting agencies operating on Broadway where the applicant for a job is asked to sign a little slip. The slip is actually an agreement whereby the performer agrees to pay ten per cent. of all incomes received for a period of years. These casting agencies keep a close watch on all successful newcomers and check their files frequently. Often enough they find a slip signed carelessly a year or so before—and the suddenly successful singer is faced with a demand for ten per cent. in commissions. One successful young singer, who had registered at every casting agency in town, was faced with claims for commissions totalling more than forty per cent. of her income. It took a good lawyer to clear that up.

No, the unknown in radio is not going to find things going easy. The networks (Continued on page 60)

Drawing by RALPH SHEPARD

RALPH SHEPARD



Bright star of "Rhythm at Eight," Ethel Merman, with Al Goodman's orchestra and Ted Husing, is a Sunday night treat.



Norman Taylor

The Candid-cameraman catches her as she sings the songs that thrill your listening ear: "I Got Rhythm," "Rise and Shine," "Eadie Was a Lady."

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

Love waits aro

"Before a man stays,



ONE day Ethel Merman was a stenographer. The next she was a blues singer, under contract at two hundred dollars a week. Proving once again that anything can happen. Proving once again that there's no telling what's just around the corner. It may be love. It may be wealth. It may be fame. All we need to do is keep going.

Ethel Merman keeps going. Graduating from High School, where she had prepared herself for the practical business of earning a living with a commercial course, she found a job in a large office. She took letters from anyone who rang for a stenographer. She filed. She typed orders. Every morning she left a modest, brown-shingled two-family house in Astoria to wedge her way into a crowded subway train bound for the city. With a quiver of nervousness when there were delays and she thought she might be late.

Every week she saved some part of her salary—to buy trim little suits and crisp blouses in the spring, and in the autumn dark dresses, and, one affluent year, a fur coat.

At noon Ethel and the girl who was secretary to Caleb Bragg, a millionaire sportsman and president of the firm, would order black and white sodas and toasted cheese dreams at a drug-store lunch counter and quite simply settle those problems of life and love which always have bewildered the philosophers. Sometimes, too, they patronized a gypsy tea-room, where their fortunes were read in the tea leaves.

"Is he dark or fair?" Ethel asked when her fortune

was being read one day. The gypsy peered more intently into the cup. "*Men come and men go; you are popular,*" she said. Not that it would have taken any seeress to know that, considering Ethel's dark hair and eyes, and the happiness of her laughter. "*Yes, men come and go. But before a man stays you have much to do. You must become famous, so that everybody knows your name.*"

Ethel was a little disappointed. She had a crush at that moment. And as for fame, well, it seemed remote, unlikely. Besides, hurrying to the office in the morning and returning home to her mother and father and her grandmother and aunt and uncle and cousins who lived on the first floor of that brown two-family house she found enough. Especially with that tall, lean, blond young man calling on Wednesdays and Saturdays and telephoning in between times.

"I really was very happy," Ethel Merman told me, talking of those days. "I lived in a modest neighborhood and had everything which my pattern of life required. A comfortable home. Pretty clothes. Beaus. An adequate job. A devoted family. And occasionally, to make life more complete, I used to sing on an amateur night or even have an engagement to sing at a private party.

"I had given up seeing myself in a cream-colored Packard driven by a Jap chauffeur—which had been my constant dream when I was a freshman in high school. You see," she explained, "we lived just a short distance



Above, a scene from one of her recent pictures and, right, rehearsing, with her sad pianist.



und the corner

you must become famous," the gypsy fortune teller told Ethel Merman. Now she is famous. What comes next?

from the Paramount Long Island studios. With other kids from the neighborhood I used to spend my entire afternoons and practically all Saturday outside the entrance on the chance of seeing some star go in or come out. Or peeking through the holes in the fence which surrounded the big lot on which outdoor scenes were filmed.

"Alice Brady worked in those studios then. She had such a car and chauffeur. It epitomized the greatest elegance I could conceive, so, of course, I pictured myself in possession of it. Often I didn't hear the teacher the first time she called on me for a recitation, I was so busy in my own mind stepping into the suede-upholstered interior of such a car, a discreet Jap at my silken elbow."

We were in Ethel's apartment. Beyond the windows was the far-flung green of Central Park. Her wire-haired pup, returning from his walk with a trimly uniformed maid, made a typical terrier dash across the room to jump into her lap and cover her hand with devoted kisses. Not many blocks away was the Alvin Theater, where all winter "Anything Goes" has been playing to capacity audiences because her name hangs over the marquee. Her telephone rings incessantly. Managers and agents want to talk to her about renewing the radio contract for the Sunday evening Pebecco program. To consult with her about the movie she will be making with Eddie Cantor at the time you read this. And to discuss the latest plans being made for the musical comedy in which she will star with Eddie Cantor on the Broadway stage next autumn.

What was it, then, that had uprooted her from Astoria to bring her to this new pattern of living? That had driven her from obscurity to such a bright fame? That had set her to dreaming again and to working as hard as anyone must work to turn every dream into a reality?

I soon discovered.

The girl who was Ethel's luncheon companion and secretary to Caleb Bragg resigned to get married. She was told to advertise for someone to take her place. Ethel, on the spur of the moment, thought she'd ask for consideration.

"Give me a chance," she said to Caleb Bragg, approaching him in his big office. "I'm sure I can please you. And if I don't—well, no harm's done. I can go back outside and you still can advertise for a new girl."

He probably admired her spirit. In any event, he gave her a chance. And she pleased him. So that it thereafter was Ethel—Ethel Zimmerman in those days—who took dictation and picked up his French telephone to announce: "Mr. Bragg's secretary. If he is calling, please!" Her throaty tones became familiar to the select few of Broadway—to many other young sportsmen and some beautiful showgirls and several famous stars—long before they were known to Broadway itself.

The letters Ethel took down in her red-inked notebook were in themselves enough to stimulate the imagination of a young girl and make her emotions for the modern Arabian nights existence in which they played their part. They invited (Continued on page 62)



keep young and beautiful

By Mary Biddle

Gracie Barrie, radio "blues singer" and a former protégée of Ben Bernie's, finds time to visit Rose Bernie's Milk and Health Farm and absorb its countless benefits. (Right) Rose Bernie, herself, sister of Ben, contemplates a mug of her famous milk.

RADIO stars are preparing for television by taking the milk route to sylph-like slenderness. Other feminine folk are preparing for more sylph-like "personal appearances" before the mirror, the dressmaker, and the public, by doing likewise. We are re-discovering milk as an aid to health and beauty.

On the outskirts of Harrison, New York, in the beautiful new Sunny Ridge development, is one of the most delightful estates in all Westchester County. It is the Bernie Milk and Health Farm, and it is run by Rose Bernie, the sister of the Old Maestro himself. Sophie Tucker, Gracie Barrie, Gertrude Berg and Mary Brown Warburton are but a few of the radio personalities you may find there, drinking in milk and sunshine and peace. After a visit to the farm, I was more than ever convinced that they ought to sponsor a weekly beauty-advice broadcast, and call their station KYAB (Keep Young And Beautiful).

The Bernie estate is set 'way back from the road, and a private driveway leads one to a lovely long rambling house, with rolling lawns, lofty shade trees, and flowering shrubbery completing the picture of lazy contentment. The hospitable veranda and the terrace were dotted with grass lounging chairs when I was there, and the occupants



were dressed in bathing suits, lounging pajamas, or just plain comfortable old clothes. They were having a grand time indulging in sheer unadulterated laziness, and loving it. You don't have to raise a finger toward doing anything on the Bernie farm, not even so much as pouring yourself a glass of milk. It's poured for you.

It was Saturday afternoon when I was there and I found Gracie Barrie lolling in a very comfortable porch chair. Perhaps you didn't know that this amazing nineteen-year-old "sweetheart of the blues" was a protégée of Ben Bernie at one time, and received his Blue Ribbon of Honor for her work. Gracie is fortunate in having the kind of a figure that doesn't need reducing or building up, but she loves the relaxation she gets from a week-end at Rose Bernie's, away from the hustle and bustle and confusion of Manhattan. The farm is only forty-five minutes away from the Grand Central station in Manhattan, so it is easy for Gracie to commute there for occasional week-ends.

The Bernie Milk Farm isn't to be confused with a nursing home or sanitarium. It's a place where anyone who desires keeping in condition may spend a week or so and build up, reduce, or just "un-lax." (Continued on page 61)

Would you lose weight? Or add it? Page the milk diet!

for distinguished service to radio

No woman, we were told, could ever make America sit still and listen.

Well, one woman is doing it. She began at nine-thirty o'clock on Sunday evening, June 2nd, 1935. She was introduced to America as Cornelia Otis Skinner, pinch-hitting for a vacationing columnist.

That name which meant much along America's Broadways meant little to Main Streeters. Skinner—Skinner—wasn't there a great actor named that twenty years back? This pinch-hitting Skinner might be a relative . . . a daughter, perhaps.

Cornelia inherits much of her father, Otis Skinner's, tremendous ability. Today, I am told by many of those who read this magazine that she is radio's most distinguished newcomer. Her amazing monologues and readings are making America sit still and listen.

Because of that and because her broadcasts in behalf of Jergens have added new prestige to an already glittering Sunday evening period, we bestow on her Radio Stars Magazine's Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Curtis Mitchell



With the ease of the old-timer, and the enthusiasm of the new adventurer, Cornelia Otis Skinner goes on the air, to win further success in a new medium.





Dick Powell

After the broadcast, Dick Powell, ever-popular singing star of Hollywood Hotel, relaxes with a contented smile. It went pretty well, didn't it, he most justifiably may be thinking. In the East to make a new picture, Powell now broadcasts on this regular Friday night program from the New York studio.



Mildred Monson

When the Modern Choir comes on the air, to mark the Goodrich program, on Friday nights, the lovely voice of Mildred Monson, the soloist, delights countless listeners with its charming rendition of beautiful melodies. And Mildred herself, in the words of a popular song, is "lovely to look at!"



Bernice Claire

Having won fame on the musical comedy stage, in the concert field, and in the movies, Bernice Claire has achieved another success in her radio work. You have heard her sing, with Frank Munn, in the charming "Lavendar and Old Lace" radio series. She likes to swim, play tennis, and ride horseback.



Nelson Eddy

Nelson Eddy himself, girls! And according to all we hear, he is "a grand guy!" He has reversed the usual route of the singing star, from concert to radio, to movies, where his success in "Naughty Marietta" made him an instant sensation. But he worked for twenty years to achieve that success!



Patti Chapin

Lovely young Patti Chapin is winning ever-increasing popularity on the radio. You have heard her as featured singer of the "Family Hotel" program, starring Jack Pearl. And now, on Mondays, you may hear her in her own program. She also is a featured singer from time to time on other outstanding broadcasts.



Singin' Sam

Singin' Sam didn't want to get another dog, after they had lost theirs. His wife did. Result: They got two! The wire-haired terrier is Sammie Boy, and the German Shepherd puppy is just plain Shep. Mrs. Singin' Sam was known as Helen (Smiles) Davis and she once was a popular vaudeville comedienne.



Above, the Old Maestro in his winter golfing outfit. Upper right, Bernie wields a mean cigar! And on the opposite page you see Ben Bernie and his Hotel Roosevelt orchestra.



WVA

\$15.

**That was all Ben Bernie
needed to stave off a fearful
catastrophe! And how could
a penniless fiddler get it?**

By Jay Kieffer

"TEN bucks on the nose. That's what I said."

The old Maestro hung up the receiver and popped his cigar back into his mouth. "That's a sure horse!" He grinned at us.

"Do you always bet 'em on the nose?" we asked seriously.

"Not always—only when I've got a hunch. There was a time when I'd bet on anything, even if I had to borrow money to do it. And once I put everything I had on a long shot—It was fifteen grand or nothing; I got the fifteen grand and placed the bet . . . *P. S. I got the job!*"

Today Ben Bernie gambles for fun. It's swell when he wins, and he can afford to lose. But once he placed a bet when the odds were at least two hundred to one against him.

It was in New York City, in 1920. A huge crowd was milling around the roped-off plot of ground near the Grand Central Depot. Two bands played stirring music, pennants fluttered in the breeze. Top-hatted dignitaries moved inside the enclosure, shaking hands and talking in important tones that carried beyond the colorful bouquets and floral horseshoes to the eager, watching mob. Al Smith, himself, was there to make a speech and turn the first shovelful of ground which would start construction for the new Roosevelt Hotel.

Ben Bernie was there, too. He had wandered up from the Bowery where he had been playing violin in the old



NOTE!

O.O.O.O.O

Haymarket Café, one of the toughest dives on the lower East Side. He had played there for "throw money" and meals because he was broke, and played for men too drunk to listen—until one day when he arrived late and found another violinist in his place.

He knew well enough what that meant, so he wended his way uptown. He was no longer the hopeful, happy-go-lucky lad who had started out thirteen years before to astound the world with his music. Then he had dreamed of building a great house somewhere overlooking the Hudson—a place to which he could turn at night, to hide away from fame. Instead, at twenty-seven, he was a small, hungry-looking young man, dressed in worn clothes that just didn't seem to fit. People passed by him, elbowing their way roughly in and out of the crowd. Suddenly Ben started with glad surprise. In that crowd of strange faces, was one he recognized.

"Paul!" he called out.

Years before, Ben had known Paul Whiteman, when both had played on the same bill at the Palace Theatre—the King of Jazz with his band and Bernie filling in a number two spot with a dash of Kreisler on his fiddle. Now things were different. The years had not been as kind to the shabby violinist as they had been to his friend. Ben wished he hadn't let out that spontaneous yell of joy—but it was too late. Paul had seen him.

When they came out of the grill across the street, the

"Young Maestro" had a good meal tucked away under his belt. A long black cigar shifted nervously in his mouth, and in his genial brown eyes there gleamed the spark of his old ambition.

Quietly he watched the crowd for a while from an advantageous position atop a fire plug. Then he suddenly jumped down and began to edge his way persistently toward the inner sanctum of officialdom. Paul Whiteman had told him that he should have an orchestra of his own. Well, he would have one—and this was the place to start it!

Within a split second he had dodged his way beneath the ropes and past the protecting arms of several forbidding policemen. As he ran, Ben singled out one man who seemed more pompous and important than the others. To this man he somewhat breathlessly poured out his story. He pointed out that this fine new hotel which they were building would need an orchestra. He, Ben Bernie, was prepared to furnish it. Vividly he drew on his imagination for previous engagements which his non-existent orchestra had filled. He offered to accept whatever terms the hotel would make—and he apologized profusely for having disturbed the nice celebration.

"But I knew I couldn't see you in your office," he explained. "That's why I dropped in to see you here. I can't afford to wait—I can hold my band together only if you'll promise us the job now." (Continued on page 52)



Goodbye

father

IF I were a Catholic, the story I heard the other day would make me take my pen in hand, I think, and write a letter. It would be addressed to the Vatican, Rome, Italy. It would be about the best-known Catholic in America, Father Charles E. Coughlin, and would run something like this:

The Vatican
Rome, Italy
Gentlemen:

"I am a layman, a citizen of the United States, and an admirer of Father Coughlin for as many years as he has been on the air. I should like to ask a few respectful questions.

"Question One: Did Father Coughlin quit the air on Sunday, June 9, at the direct orders of the Pope?"

"Perhaps that is too brusque an approach, but I believe the importance of the answer justifies it. We have only a few facts over here—and we're not even certain they are facts. At any rate, we do know that Father Coughlin suddenly discontinued his series of midnight broadcasts. He said something about a rest during the sum-

mer and promised that he would return in the fall.

"I admit that it is perfectly reasonable for as hard a worker as Charles E. Coughlin to desire a rest, but he had previously intimated that he would broadcast right through the summer. More important, smoke signals have been burning on the hills about his camp for some time and some of our less friendly expert observers have read in them some secret and surprising things.

"For instance, the sudden trip to Washington, D. C., taken by Bishop Gallegher of Detroit early in June.

"That trip was the beginning of the end of Father Coughlin's broadcasting, according to my own information. The inside story is this:

"The summons to Washington came not from any Archbishop or Cardinal, but from the Pope's own personal representative in America, the gentleman known unofficially as the Papal Nuncio. Most people in America do not understand that it was Bishop Gallegher of Detroit alone who stood responsible to the Pope for Coughlin's political talks. Most people don't know that Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago or Cardinal O'Connell of Boston or Cardinal Hayes of New York have no

EXTRA SPECIAL! FATHER COUGHLIN QUITS!



coughlin ?

*By Anthony
Candy*

disciplinary authority over Bishop Gallagher of Detroit.

"Even if they wished to order Father Coughlin off the air—and some of them did—they could not do so. But the Papal Nuncio, representing the Pope himself, could . . . and did.

"He seated Bishop Gallagher in his office, my authority tells me, and spoke of the distressing state of Gallagher's Detroit bishopric. Without naming names, he indicated that His Holiness Pope Pius XI was sorely distressed that so much noise should be emanating from that portion of his holy realm. If that noise were promptly abated, Bishop Gallagher might look forward to a long and happy residence in his comfortable bishopric. If it continued . . . well, I understand that certain duties in the swamps of Florida or the Utah badlands were suggested.

"That was on Thursday. Father Coughlin signed off on the following Saturday.

"These facts, if they are facts, have come to me on the highest authority. Many of us don't like the story because it isn't the straightforward treatment such a situation deserves. Nor can we believe that the courage

which caused Bishop Gallagher to support Father Coughlin in the past would fail at the mere threat of personal discomfort. Yet, he made the trip to Washington and Father Coughlin did quit broadcasting.

"I'd like to know the truth of the matter.

"*Question Two: When is a priest not a priest?*

"In other words, I ask that because I need a bit of settling in my mind, and so do millions of others who find their religion and politics mixed up.

"Specifically, can I accept the doctrines of the Coughlin broadcasts, which come from the Shrine of the Little Flower near Detroit, as being what the Church stands for, when on a week-night he visits Madison Square Garden in New York and states the same or similar doctrines to 20,000 people whom he is seeking to enlist in his political National Union for Social Justice?

"I believe in Father Coughlin as a man. As a priest, his creed seems often to be at variance with mine.

"For a long time a great many people are saying this thing should be settled one way or another. If he is off the air for good, that will be that. If he isn't sincere admirers and believers will (Continued on page 63)



■ ■ a

"Don't call me
a baritone,"
says Bing. "I'll
tell you why . . ."



THERE are a lot of thing I would rather be doing than setting down my ideas in one of these first-person stories. I'm at home before a "mike," not a typewriter. But a fellow said something to me the other day, and I've been thinking about it ever since. . . .

He dropped into my dressing room after we'd been shooting some stuff for "The Big Broadcast of 1935." What he said got in my hair because the part I was taking in "The Big Broadcast" put me in the mood to give him an argument. People in the radio business, you know, are acquainted with the facts. Too many of those on the outside aren't.

This fellow cracks out:
"Of course, you've got a couple of horses, some cars, a lot of success, movie and radio contracts, but howdya really feel, Bing, when some guy, with nasty emphasis, calls you a 'crooner'? I mean, don't you get kinda mad, sometimes, when you hear cracks that people

Bing Crosby, who is
really proud of being
called a crooner!

Crooner complains

By Bing Crosby

sometimes make about crooners and crooning?

"There are plenty of guys who think crooning is a pretty low business, and that singing is something else again. They make cracks about wanting to 'croak that crooner' when your voice comes in through the loud speaker in the living-room and every woman in the room rushes to the radio to sit mooning around until your songs are over. Those guys don't mince words when they say what they think of crooners. Doesn't it kinda gripe you, sometimes, when they call you that?"

Well, he had me for the moment. "No," I said. "I don't mind." And then after he picked up his hat and left, I began to think about what he had said. Was I ashamed of being called a crooner? If I was, I had never been conscious of it before. Plenty of fellows in our profession (if I may dignify radio singing by calling it that) had "burned" to me because the public, the press, their fans, called them "crooners." They preferred to be called "singers," "artists," what-have-you?

But I never had felt that way. I was always glad that they called me a crooner, instead of tacking on to me some fancy name like "troubadour"!

I sat there in my dressing-room and did a little analyzing. It was the first time I ever had brought to the surface my feeling about crooning. I had known right along, at least for the five years that I have been a radio crooner, that there was some big and good reason for my being actually grateful for being called a crooner. I think I was even a little proud of the appellation. It's because I know that I'm not an accomplished, trained, skilled artist.

I have the most humble and the most profound respect for great artists like Lawrence Tibbett, John Charles Thomas, Reinald Werren-rath, Richard Bonelli, and that great baritone of another race, Paul Robeson. I know that they have come into their well-earned success because they have worked day after day, year after year, season after season, to perfect the marvelous techniques that have won them the world's applause. They have not taken the easy

road to fame. They have taken the hard, circuitous, tough road. The road that means constant work, sacrifice, self-denial. And I haven't. I'm just a fluke in the entertainment world. I'm just a crooner, who, by chance, sings a little differently from the next guy. Not much, but a little.

It is because my voice developed, without training, without aid, with only the help of Nature, and not because of long, gruelling hours of study and vocalizing, that I hold these artists of the concert and operatic worlds in such esteem. Even in reverence.

Sometimes I read in a paper, or a magazine, that I am a baritone. I'm not. A baritone is a fellow who knows what music is all about. I don't. He knows, for instance, *High C* (or some other note) when it is sounded on the piano. Actually, if you punched *High C* on the piano board right now, I doubt if I'd be able to identify it. Instinctively, I know when I hear a flat note. I know, instinctively, how to stay in key. But I'm no baritone.

I only wish that by some magic I could become a baritone with the ability to sing arias, opera, heavy and important compositions. I envy them their breath control, range and tone placement. But, alas, these are acquired only through years of arduous study. It's too late now for anything to help me.

About six months ago I got peeved at the publicity department of the studio. Usually, I'm a pretty easy-going fellow, not complaining about minor things like Mulligan stew for dinner two nights a week, and the blurbs the publicity department sends out. But one of the local papers came out with a story that the studio was about to star me in an operatic picture. In other words, I was going to warble some famous arias and thus set myself up in competition with the big shots of the opera world. I don't like anything that suggests the comparison of my singing with the big-leaguers of the classic and operatic fields. I stay in the popular ballad class, dispensing my particular (and peculiar, some people say) brand of melody.

Before that, there (Continued on page 66)



"She was a 'chorus girl out of a job. She was crying. She said her name was Lucille La Sueur." You know her now as Joan Crawford.

"If it hadn't been for that lucky chance," N.T.G. said, "Barbara Stanwyck would never have graduated from the chorus to stardom!"

Who is "N. T. G.?" Read this amazing revelation of the



FIFTY THOUSAND chorus girls can't be wrong!

Sez who?

Sez the man who is the guiding spirit behind nine out of ten chorus girls in New York.

Sez N. T. G., the most unusual new comet to startle the radio scene.

Who is this N. T. G.—this brash young man known only by those odd initials?

To the fifty thousand rouged little darlings who dance in the dim New York night clubs he is "Granny." *Granny* is an abbreviation of his name: Nils Thor Granlund. But, strangely enough, it also signifies the protection and fatherly devotion of a real "granny." Which, take it from these fifty thousand, is just what he is to them.

And to N. T. G., these fifty thousand kids who live by night, who are in the most hard-boiled and most maligned business in the world are "my babies."

And now he's bringing them—these peroxide, platinum blondes, these hip-swinging, rhumba-quivering gals, these Broadway babies, these—these *chorus girls*, to the air!

N. T. G. and His Girls every Monday night. Bringing them to radio, the radio—mind you—which is the prim aunty of show business. Bringing them straight into your home!

It was a hard fight N. T. G. had to wage to get radio to lift its ban on his girls. And now that that battle is won, he's waging an even tougher one to change the opinion of the whole country about chorus girls.

What have *you* heard about chorus girls? "Gold diggers" . . . "hard boiled" . . . "I wouldn't let *my* daughter become one" . . . "beautiful but dumb" . . . "indecent."

"It ain't so!" sez Granny.

Come with me to the popular Paradise Cabaret in New York, where the lights are soft and the music loud, where "the most beautiful girls in the world" cavort around on the stage while you struggle with your filet mignon, and where N. T. G. holds sway over all. Come with me, because we're going to get the lowdown on that much-talked-about, but little known species known as the "chorus girl"—told by the man who knows her better than any person in the world.

He's a lean, long bundle of dynamo with a quick, stac-



50,000 chorus girls



Fay Carroll, N.T.G. and Bunny Lee. "Nothing pleases me more than to see my babies make good," says this man who has helped so many.



Rita Ria, another of N.T.G.'s talented chorus girls. "The hard-working and dependable girls are most in demand," "Granny" declares.

truth about chorus girls

By Helen Hover

cato voice and a broad *A* which he acquired in Brown University. Not at all the tough Broadway guy we expected him to be. It is now the dinner hour. The place is jammed with diners and winers, the show is going full-blast out on the raised floor in the center, and "Granny" sits at our table and talks to use between numbers.

"If you want to lead a gay life, don't become a chorus girl!" was his warning. "The hours are the toughest, the work is hard and your time is never your own. Why——" his expressive lips curled, "mention the words 'sugar-daddy,' 'penthouse,' 'mink coats and diamonds' to the average chorus girl and she'll laugh in your face. Wait—this will give you an idea——" he looked around at the group of chorus girls running past our table on to the floor.

"Oh, Peggy—Peggy, come here honey," he called to a blonde, baby-faced cutie who appeared about as capable of deep emotion as the pretty china doll she resembled.

"Pegg McAllister is a typical chorine," he continued after she again had left us, "so perhaps her story will set you straight on the whole bunch. In the palmier days

her father made money and bought a large house out on Long Island. Then, with the depression and worry, he became very sick and Peggy had to shoulder the family burden, so she got a job here. In the afternoons she'd model and pose to make an extra five dollars. She saved her pennies—didn't even buy as many clothes as a fifteen-dollar-a-week stenographer—and sent her father out to California to recover. Then there was the house—mortgaged up to the ears. She didn't need the house herself, but she knew it meant everything to her mother, so she skimped and saved until she managed to get the house in good shape again. This past spring she received a marvelous offer to appear in a London revue. The pay would be double and the opportunities in Europe were limitless. It was a wonderful chance and I congratulated her. But—and get this—she turned it down. Cold! Why? You'll never guess." The gray eyes narrowed. "She said to me: 'Granny, you'll think I'm crazy to turn down that chance. I'd love to go to Europe as much as any girl, but Dad is in California and all he looks forward to is seeing mother and (Continued on page 78)

can't be wrong . .



Wide World

Thrill-Hunter Floyd Gibbons
tours a mine and is treated
to apple pie by the miners.



Foto-News

Mason McGuire hands Irene Wicker Radio Stars'
award for Distinguished Service to Radio. Center,
Mrs. John Sharples Fox of Parent-Teachers' Assoc.

Wide Wo



radio's merry-go -round

Willie Morris, singing housekeeper of Our Home
on the Range, starring John Charles Thomas.
Below, Block and Sully enjoy their country home.

Miss Florence Schmitt (left) of Buffalo, and Mrs. Bessie
Hogge of Salt Lake City, winners of a magazine-sell-
ing contest, visit in New York and meet Rudy Vallee.





J. Walter Thompson

The Music Hall band weaves a lovely melody and Maestro Paul Whiteman on the podium indicates a balance between strings and wind instruments.

Thirty thousand people fill Cleveland's Public Hall, even on the stage, to hear radio priest Father Coughlin attack President Roosevelt's bank bill.



Blanche Sweet of stage and screen now reveals beauty secrets on the networks. Below, Rubinoff, famed violinist of the air, leads Detroit's baby orchestra (ages 2 to 6).

Percy the Playwright (Donald Stuart) wows Carefree Carnival listeners. Below, Helen Claire, little rebel of Roses and Drums.

Wide World



incomparable *Cornelia*

A HOST of pleasant adjectives—tall, lovely, charming, direct, sincere—flocked to my mind as I was introduced to Cornelia Otis Skinner.

I sat down beside her. It was an hour before her program was to go on the air, but already the musicians were rehearsing and the program director was arranging the sound effects. We chatted for a few moments, although our interview properly was to come after her broadcast. Then the orchestra leader beckoned to her and she rose to go over the music cues with him. She read through her script, while the music was timed in its proper intervals and the sound effects cued in. And in the control room the engineer and the director listened and gave directions for securing the desired results.

Presently Miss Skinner retired to change into an evening gown. And then it was time for the program to go on the air. The audience had been ushered in to its seats. A light flashed on the switchboard. The announcer made his introductory remarks. And the broadcast had begun. Cornelia Otis Skinner's third Sunday on the Jergens program.

If you are one of those who have heard her monologues on the stage, you knew what was in store for you when you tuned in on that program the first Sunday after Walter Winchell had departed on his vacation. But if you are one of the greater multitude who till now have not heard this gifted young artist, you felt, I am sure, a real thrill when Miss Skinner's first program came over the air to you.

I, myself, though I have seen and heard her on the stage, felt, as I listened that first night, that radio suddenly had grown in stature—that through this instrument, so often the medium of the commonplace, something rare and memorable was coming into countless homes.

That first program, as well as those which have followed it, brought vividly to the listener, as if he actually were seeing and hearing them, characters and speech of a quality new to broadcasting.

How does she do it? And why did she choose this particular field of entertainment, rather than the "legitimate stage" toward which her first aspirations directed her?

The career chose her, really, Miss Skinner confessed to me.

"I didn't get anywhere on the stage—and one summer I had no job, and I started doing these monologues. I used to do them at school and college, and I did them at parties, to amuse my friends. Then people began calling me up and asking me what I would charge to do some for this or that affair. . . . And so it began."

It is easy to believe that the career in which she is so successful chose her. It is so precisely her field. And her flexible voice is a perfect instrument for conveying to her audience a full and rounded picture of the character she is creating. And it is a creation—not an imitation, such as one so often hears over the air, of everything from a barnyard chicken to a darling of stage or screen radio.

They come before us—the American society woman, making ready for her presentation at the British court. . . . The characters casually encountered in a brief stroll through Times Square—the forlorn vendor of chewing gum, her sick baby in her arms; the young woman and her husband, going to see *La Boheme* together the night before he is to start for Arizona, a journey from which both know, but bravely deny the knowledge, he will not come back. . . . *Sailing Time*—a graphic re-creation of the frenzied and futile farewell messages exchanged between two friends, one on the ship, the other on the pier. . . .

These are people whom Cornelia Otis Skinner has observed and understood. Their futilities, their hopes and heartaches, are sympathetically reproduced. We laugh or weep with these people, and know that we have had a real glimpse into their hearts and lives.

I asked her if she enjoyed the radio work and she said sincerely that she did, although she missed that stimulating element which the response of an audience always gives to an artist.

She told me of a program she had given in a Philadelphia theatre. It was on a night following a severe

Below, Walter Winchell chats with Cornelia Otis Skinner, who takes over his microphone for the summer period. (Right) Miss Skinner broadcasts.





Who is this young artist whose work wins four stars from the Board of Review?

By Ethel M. Pomeroy

snowstorm, and the city had not yet dug itself out. The audience had come largely from Philadelphia's suburbs, struggling long distances through drifts and bitter cold to get to the performance.

Never, Miss Skinner said, her eyes glowing softly with remembrance, had she had a more enthusiastic audience—and never, she felt, did she give a better performance.

That response, which challenges and brings out the best that an artist has to give is, of course, absent from a broadcasting program. True, there is a small audience in the studio—not more than sixty can be accommodated in the NBC studio in Radio City where Miss Skinner's programs originate. And, too, circumstances there are very different from those under which the stage performance is given. On the stage there is nothing to come between actor and audience. Such technicians as must be present for music or lighting or sound effects are behind the scenes or otherwise invisible. But in the studio the eyes and attention of the watchers are distracted by the mechanism of the broadcast.

There is the small orchestra, grouped about the piano, with their microphone. Close by them is a small raised platform on which the actress stands, her mike before her. Behind her, facing a switchboard and another microphone, is the announcer. Above him on the wall is a clock, whose large red second hand marks the split second when the broadcast begins, when the commercial talk finishes, when the actress is introduced. To the right of Miss Skinner's platform bulk various equipment for sound effects, and nearby, scripts in hand, stand the sound effects man and the program director.

Nevertheless, despite these inevitable adjuncts to broadcasting her program, the actress, when she begins to speak, stands within a scene of her own creating, its mood established with her first words. The tone and timbre of her voice build up the drama. Her face portrays the emotions she is feeling—not for effect on the few who may be watching, but because, for the moment, she is real within a world that is not real.

Miss Skinner prefers to base her monologues on sketches which she herself has written, as it gives her more freedom of interpretation. Some are developed from observation.

"Some," Miss Skinner says, "just come. . . . I wish I knew from where. . . . I'd have more of them!"

It is not surprising that Cornelia Otis Skinner should be a rare artist. Multitudes have known and loved her famous father, Otis Skinner, whose brilliant career on the stage stretches back over more years than many of us can remember. Naturally his daughter would be gifted.

Then, too, all her schooling was directed toward a career on the stage. Cornelia studied at the Baldwin School in Bryn Mawr, and, for two years, at Bryn Mawr college. After that, the Sorbonne in Paris, the Comédie Française, and the School of Jacques Copeau. She has appeared in a number of stage plays, including *Will Shakespeare*. In the Next Room. (Continued on page 68)

What the well-dressed radio star will wear a-holidaying—Elsie Hitz, star of "Dangerous Paradise," in a cool play suit.



For relaxation from the radio, Virginia Rea goes a-fishin'.

Benay Venuta, blonde California songstress, finds tennis pleasant and stimulating fun.

Nature's bridge takes Charles J. Correll (Andy of "Amos 'n' Andy") across a brook.



Here is The Hour of Charm in a sylvan setting, as Maxine and Gypsy Cooper vie for piscatorial prowess and fun.

Upon the terrace of his mid-town apartment, Announcer Ted Pearson raises his prize-winning and gorgeous tulips.

Life takes a
holiday



born to be *gay*

Page the caveman who will
tame gay Virginia Verrill

By Mary Watkins Reeves

AS modern love stories go, this one rates the overstuffed dilly-pink bird. About Virginia Verrill, I mean. Cute, funny little Virginia Verrill who does tuney things, Friday nights, to the song lyrics on the Socony Sketchbook program.

It won't send a single tear rolling down your rouge because there's nothing sad about it. You won't get any thrills, I'm sorry, but then Virginia herself isn't getting any these days. And you won't exactly laugh over it either, because there's not a thing to laugh at. But darned if it won't make you feel like the luckiest gal in captivity, the next time your current Big Moment announces:

"Tonight, angel, we're gonna sit home and talk—*whether you like it or not!*" Or: "Don't look at the dollar dinner, babe—I haven't got the dough!"

Because, despite the fact that Virginia Verrill's date-book is only a shade thinner than the Manhattan telephone directory, starting with Dick Powell and Lanny Ross and going right on down the line—despite the fact that she has thirty-three evening dresses, a standing order for brown orchids every night, and the fondest affections of Western Union, the A.T.&T. and the Special Delivery corps—(not to overlook two roadsters, a ranch, and a signature Mr. Paramount, of Hollywood, is still trying to wangle on to a contract)——

She hasn't got half as much as you've got.

What she has she'd part with—well, the date-book item anyway—for just one thing. To use her own word for it—a *meanie*. A man who would treat her like a down-to-earth regular girl, for a change, and not a celebrity radio star all wrapped up in tissue paper and tied with a big pink bow.

Because, for just that reason, Virginia Verrill can't find romance.

Something very neat in network, Virginia Verrill, ready for a swim in a hotel pool.

Now that may seem a little bit phoney to you. It did to me until she explained it. I had my own ideas too about these famous rich girls who presumably pine away for the (Continued on page 80)

i cover the studios

GHOSTS

I have been in haunted studios.

This afternoon I went to the building which the National Broadcasting Company used before it moved to Radio City late in 1933. I wandered through the deserted corridors and peered into dim, forgotten chambers.

The halls that had known the quick, gay laughter and the bustle of the famous were quiet. I looked down them from one end to the other, and not a thing moved.

Yet the abandoned place was alive to me. Its starkness was softened by the memory of voices that long since had left it, and their hushed sounds followed me as I moved quietly around through the rooms.



Gertrude Berg, who comes to you as Bessie Glass in *The House of Glass*. Joseph Greenwald plays her husband.

If you have ever been in the big studio there at 711 Fifth Avenue—the Cathedral Studio—you will remember it: softly lighted, alive, important. Now it's a tomb. I entered it and lit a match, for the darkness was dense. In here had been, once upon time, Jessica Dragonette and Rosario Bourdon, working over their *Cities Service* program. And the *Magic Carpet*, with B. A. Rolfe and his flashing rhythms, Walter Winchell and his "Okey, America," Walter O'Keefe and his "Man on the Flying Trapeze." Now they all are at Radio City. All, that is, except O'Keefe, who is a Columbia artist—and the *Magic Carpet*, which lies forgotten in the darkness and the dust.

I went into each studio, and in each studio there were these memories. Studio B, lofty and silent. In there Russ Colombo had started his grand career—the career that ended so tragically. In another, Jane Froman stuttered her first instructions to an orchestra leader, and the Revelers started Jimmy Melton, Frank Parker and Frank Munn to fame and fortune.

As I left, I came across the caretaker.

"What," I asked, "are they going to do with this?"

"Well," he said, "they could make a museum of it. But they'll probably rent it out to a hairdresser. Won't that be nice?"

Won't it, though?

THE GALS

We are standing beside Beatrice Lillie, the Auntie Bea who has left radio, believing it not to be her medium. It is in one of the studios in Radio City, and while you and I see one of the band men disappear into an odd slot in the wall to get the instrument he keeps there, she doesn't notice him. She turns just in time to see him come out, instrument in hand. She looks very thoughtful.



Two brothers on the *Pleasure Island* broadcast. Carmen Lombardo sings, Guy directs the Royal Canadians.

"I see," she says wisely. "So that's where musicians come from!"

—o—

Now you and I have journeyed across Times Square and into the little theater where Gertrude Niesen, who started by imitating other girls'

singing, is rehearsing the songs other girls now imitate. Gertrude, who had her face remodeled, sings all the time during the number, whether the arrangement calls for her voice. She whistles, too, very badly. After a moment, we see something funny. Paul Douglas, the announcer, comes over and tells her she has been given a couple of lines of dialogue in the sketch.

"I won't do it," she snaps. "That's a very idea!"

They don't give her dialogue.

—o—

Now we're back at Radio City watching Gertrude Berg rehearse her cast for her *House of Glass* series. Gertrude, who doesn't like to have people watch her, is dissatisfied, too. A new member of the cast is doing poorly, forgetting her lines and taking directions as to the way in which they are to be read. For instance, the new character is to say, "Yes, Mrs. Glass," in answer to a question. Instead, she says, "Yee-esss," giving the word lots of play. Gertrude tries several times to correct the error, finally looking in at us in the control room and shrugging as though she has about given up hope. Later, she does.

WHAT THEY SHOULDN'T WEAR

A recent survey has named Rudy Vallee the best dressed man in radio and has listed as second and third Ray Noble and Paul Whiteman. On the day it was announced, I saw them.

Blind Jeanette Kunter, speaking for the Red Cross, is the first to broadcast with the aid of the Braille system.



BY Radabout

latter two. Noble was wearing an old, unpressed sand-colored suit just a size too small for him; the top button was gone from Paul's fancy waistcoat. As a matter of fact, most of the big artists spend little time on their wardrobes. Fred Allen dresses nicely, but he never buttons the collar of his shirt. Whispering Jack Smith doesn't, either. Bing Crosby wears a battered old cap so he won't have to wear his bothersome toupee. John B. Kennedy is probably the poorest dresser, showing much less taste in the selection of his suits than he does in the selection of his words.

REVISE

Now that Joe Penner is off the air and Bob Ripley (who received three stars from us on his last spot) is appearing in his place, the rumors that Joe battled continually with Ozzie Nelson should be stepped on—and hard!



Louis A. Witten, Ed Wynn and Eddie Duchin honor the radio Fire Chief's third anniversary.

There *were* scraps on the show—loud and strenuous objections to the fact that Ozzie got such important billing. But believe me when I say they were the fault of Joe's managers.

(Continued on page 70)



Above, Jack and Mrs. (Mary Livingstone) Benny introduce their adopted daughter, Joan Naomi. Below, a pre-broadcast discussion of *The Breakfast Club*. (l to r) Don McNeill, Jack Owens, Walter Blaufuss.



Helen Stevens Fisher (National Farm and Home Hour) teaches the boys to croon! (l to r) Norman Barry, Charles Lyon, Everett Mitchell, Louis Rœn. (Back Row) Don McNeill, George Watson and Bob Brown.



take a tip from *Benay*

who made the end a new beginning

"AMERICAN girls should not marry titles!" Benay Venuta tossed her golden head, straightened her slim shoulders.

"Even if your boy friend hasn't a nickel, if he's a clean-cut lad, take a chance on him—any day! Even if you have to work after you are married. If titles are a dollar a dozen, it is



De Mirhian Studio

Benay Venuta

sheer economy to forget 'em! They're not worth a nickel apiece. Take it from one who knows."

To look at Benay Venuta today, slim, poised, self-assured, glamorous, you'd never believe there could have been anything in her life to make her so bitter, so pitiless in her judgment.

But there was. A love affair with a German title. And though it happened four years ago its memory still hurts.

Born Benvenuta Crooke, of Italian-American parentage, Benay at fifteen first tried her wings in Hollywood, as a member of Grauman's ballet. For three years she tried to make the grade without success; then her family, awakened to the perils of dizzy, erotic Hollywood, shipped her off to a Swiss finishing-school at Beaupre. There thirty-odd girls, members of the wealthiest and most aristocratic European families, led the lives of cloistered nuns.

The only American girl there, she had no one to talk with or to confide in. She was appalled by the strict discipline, in contrast to her American freedom. She still shudders when she thinks of the two long, lonely years in that exclusive school.

insisted she couldn't understand his French, and refused to go riding with him. Into the cloistered quarters she brought the record, "*I Can't Give You Anything But Love*," and all the girls played it over and over on the gramophone Saturday nights. Playing that victrola was their greatest pleasure, and only allowed on holidays, which affords a pretty good picture of what the gay, undisciplined Benay was up against, and why what happened later affected her so deeply.

The winter passed slowly. Christmas came. And one of the girls, Freda L., the daughter of the second wealthiest family in Germany, invited Benay to spend the vacation with her at St. Moritz, where Freda's entire family was staying. Since all the girls went home and Benay didn't enjoy the prospect of staying at the school alone, she accepted with alacrity.

"Honestly," she told me, her eyes widening at the recollection, "I've never seen people so terribly wealthy! They had rented an entire floor at the Suvretta Villa, one of the five places in St. Moritz where the nobility and social leaders stay for the season."

She de- (Continued on page 83)

The girls weren't allowed to smoke. Benay smoked. They had to dress for dinner. This independent young American wore a leather lumberjack over her evening gown every night pleading coldness. Since she didn't like the old fossil who gave them riding lessons—the only male in the school—she

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Kaufman and Caryl Lee

lazy wanted

... and radio

IRVING KAUFMAN— you know him as Lazy Dan and Mr. Jim, the Singing Chef and Salty Sam the Sailor—wanted a home.

He knows that suburban home-owners are considered Caspar Milquetoasts and that men who don't use tobacco and liquor are thought of as "nice": still, there's nothing he likes better to do than sit at home beside one of his nine fireplaces and not smoke a cigar and not drink a highball.

There is a reason, but we must go back about thirty years to really get it.

In the cold, closet-like dressing room of the little tank-town theater somewhere in Pennsylvania, Irving Kaufman, seven years old, sat on a trunk. There was a cigar in his mouth—he was billed as a Russian midget—his long trousers were gay, and his derby set jauntily on his cherubic head.

He took the cigar from his mouth and looked at his nine-year-old brother, Phil, thoughtfully. "Phil," he said, "I'm going to have a big house some-day and I'm going to do a lot of living in it."

He had been literally railroaded into the theatre the year before. It had been his custom, while living with his mother and sisters in Syracuse,



why *Reisman* turned rebel

Would you dare to do what he did?

dan a home

gave it to him

to ride in the smoking car of a Syracuse short line on its daily trips. One day a new conductor, who was not in sympathy with youngsters unable to buy tickets, put him off at a way station.

Darkness found the boy still there, facing a night of lonely misery. At length, a freight train passed and Irving crawled into an empty box car. He was discovered almost immediately by the train crew; so, in a desperate attempt to forestall being put off again, he went through an amazing repertoire of minstrel songs. At the end of the trip the hat was passed: Irving found himself in possession of five dollars!

Irving's father had brought him, together with his mother, four brothers and three sisters, from Kavno, Russia. Their finances were not in the best possible condition, but Irving had been considered far too young for a regular job. Now, with five dollars as proof of his ability . . .

Irving and his brother, Phil, joined the Jenny-Eddie Trio as Itsky and Philotsky, the Russian midgets we were telling you about. They stuck for nine months of one-night stands with the burlesque, "Wine Women and (Continued on page 64)

LEO REISMAN is the bolshevist of syncopation, the Red of rhythm.

Had he brought his tactics into politics instead of music, he might have been hanged in effigy in public squares, reviled from pulpits. Instead, he has been the object of vitriolic diatribes in the smoke-filled cubicles of music publishing houses.

Before telling how he attracted those broadsides and how he stuck by his guns until he had established his revolutionary ideas, it is well to note the forces that shaped his personality. They were two: a mother who insisted that he think, and the spinster daughter of a Methodist minister who insisted that he think straight. On those principles, this man's life has been built. Because of them, he has succeeded.

He was a dreamy little Jewish boy in the Boston ghetto when they were planted firmly in his mind—a quiet little boy who didn't know that in Manhattan's ghetto, Eddie Cantor, Georgie Price and Al Jolson were learning similar things. He was practicing the violin, not because he wanted to, but because his mother made him. And he remained rebellious about it until one day he produced a lovely sound.

"It was marvelous," he told me. "It must have awakened a longing for more, because I kept sawing away, hoping to produce another sound as pretty. I never have."

The minister's daughter was Maria Wood, who taught the seventh-grade class at the Dudley Grammar School. One day, Leo went to her home to practice for an impending school



Ray Lee Jackson

Leo Reisman

concert. You can imagine him standing on her threshold, a small untutored boy with a shabby fiddle case under his arm, looking hungry-eyed at things he had only read about: a formal table laid with white linen and gleaming cutlery; late afternoon sunshine streaming in through long windows that

showed a glimpse of an old garden. The lady must have heard his silent cry, because she made her home his home thereafter, and her faultless background his background.

"She taught me the value of simple, straight thinking," Leo said. "To this day it affects my whole artistic point of view."

When, six years later, he left English High School in Boston, he already was somewhat of a radical. He had defied the tradition that seniors should receive recognition for their work in the school band and, as director, had filled his positions with the best from any class. As a result, the school organization was one few of the Hub City's professional bands could equal. He received two offers to join the Boston Symphony and a scholarship to the New England Conservatory of Music. He accepted the scholarship.

At first his interests were not with jazz, which was something done with cow-bells, tin pans—anything that could be relied upon to give forth a loud, crashing noise. His gods were the famous concert violinists appearing in Boston from time to time. He remembers vividly the pleasure of standing on the steps of Symphony (Continued on page 74)

would you trade your

"I got a break. I was born in a house," Stella Friend told me today.

The dusky, half Mexican songbird who heads the "male quartette" on Fred Waring's program was talking confidentially, revealing for the first time the unbelievable prologue which preceded her brilliant career.

Maybe being born in a house doesn't mean much to you. But did to her. Radio, like Hollywood and Broadway, has its glittering luminaries, its four-star personalities which are as celebrated as Park Avenue's Four Hundred. And Stella Friend is one of them today. But

she was not always one of them.

Stella is the youngest of seven girls, and the only one born outside the small rude hut of a Mexican mining camp. When her sisters were born, in that ore-laden region far from civilization, there were no white-uniformed doctors nor sanitary hospitals to go to. So two wrinkled old Indian squaws, expert midwives, attended Stella's frail little mother.

But before Stella arrived on the scene the mines shut down and her family migrated northward, past the Rio Grande. In a little California town called Anaheim, they paused

long enough to invest their hoarded nuggets in a small home, supplied with gilt-edged first and second mortgages. Here the seventh child was born.

"So you see I did get a break. It was a real house, with beds and glass window panes and doors that swung on hinges."

Almost as soon as she could walk, Stella learned to work. But the training stood her in good stead. Only a few years later the mortgage company foreclosed and took their home away. Her father's dreams and hopes were shattered; he had

She had grit,
this girl; when
she sang to
keep her heart
from breaking.

Today life is rosy,
but what of Stella
Friend's yesterday?
Here is her story

By Jay
Kieffer



life for hers?

worked hard to get the little place, only to lose it! And he was too old to laugh at life. He asked his family to return to Mexico; when they refused, he left alone, to plunge disconsolately back into his work in the re-opened mines of his deep mountain hide-away.

That she could not speak English did not stop his wife from carrying on without him. Nor did the grim realization that she would have to support those seven girls make her flinch. She had seen the benefits her daughters would have as American-bred girls. They should have them.

The few bits of furniture which remained after the crash—most of it was sold—she crowded into a cart, and began to look for a new home. They were nomads now, wanderers in a foreign country. Finally, in an almost trackless sea of mud, the plucky woman found a homestead site—just a vacant lot, surrounded by drooping eucalyptus and gnarled palm trees.

"We put up a tent," Stella confided. "And there we lived. My mother scrubbed floors, took in washing and slaved away at any kind of work a woman could do. And she never appealed to charity. But people gave us clothes and we girls were always dressed nicely, because Mother could make beautiful things from almost nothing. She still can."

"Often we were hungry, and sometimes in the night we were numb with cold. But we didn't have time to worry. There was never a home so crowded with happiness as our little tent."

Stella was only nine years old at this time, but she went to work. Out in the fields, among the Japanese and Mexican laborers, she found a job picking berries. All summer long beneath a blazing, scorching sun she worked—and got very little salary besides her board and room. But even that helped.

When September came, there was no more work; the berry-picking season was over. Stella returned to her home the day school opened. Here, at recess time, she met her new classmates—happy, well-fed youngsters, girls whose crisp new dresses her mother had sewed and laundered. The ones Stella wore for best were

these girls' cast-off garments, made over to fit her. The children asked her name, wanted to know where she lived; they invited her to join in their games. But Stella could not, would not share their gayety.

"I ran away when they asked where I lived," she told me. "How could I tell them we had no house? They wouldn't believe anyone actually lived in a tent. I felt very badly—but I am sure my sisters must have felt it even more keenly than I. They were fourteen and fifteen, you see—old enough to have boy friends, and go to parties. We tried to be happy at home, singing together—but the only songs we knew we had learned out in the berry fields. Even they sounded different from the songs the other girls sang."

Their classmates had play time, too, and special hours in the evening for study, in well-lighted homes. But Stella's homework was sandwiched in between hours of housework and snatches of exhausted slumber. There were a cow, a vegetable garden and a tiny flower bed to tend.

"I would rush home from school to dig and weed until the sun went down. Then I'd milk the cow, and after pouring off two quarts for us to drink at home I'd go out and sell the rest."

Then, too, there were piles of clothes to iron—large, damp rolls of laundry which must be ready in the morning. Her mother was always busy, so Stella often prepared the evening meal. While it cooked there was sometimes a little time to study before the daylight was gone.

In a corner lay a 'cello. Years before, Stella and her sister had taken violin lessons together. But not for long. Her father thought it silly. "Two girls in one family playing the violin," he said, "is foolishness." So he traded Stella's violin for a 'cello. She hated the deep-throated instrument, and flatly refused to go on studying.

But now, in the evenings, her house and school work finished, she would sit and play for hours. She had come to love music above everything. The languid, sorrowful notes floated from the little lamp-lit tent on summer nights, and as Stella played to her mother the tired little woman told stories of her own girlhood in Mexico. Stella still remembers them—sad tales of climbers lost on snow-capped mountains, and happy ones about gay fiestas.

This was their chief entertainment.
(Continued on page 87)

WHOA...!

If you've read this far, you're wasting your time unless . . . UNLESS . . . but look here! This is a thing we must be very careful about. This announcement, we mean. It is important to almost five hundred men, women and children, who will receive through the mail surprise packages of cash, merchandise, and whatnots in a few short weeks!

Sh-h-h-h, don't tell a soul but the first six people you meet and tell them to tell the first six people they meet to tell the first six people to tell the first six people, etc.

RADIO STARS MAGAZINE

and

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Have concocted such a contest as you've never dreamed of . . . a brain-tickling, pulse-prodding teaser of a contest for youse guys and gals who can aim straight with a pencil and think straight with a brain. Or half-a-brain, yet.

Right now, make a note that you mustn't miss seeing "*The Big Broadcast of 1935*" with Bing Crosby, Burns and Allen, Ray Noble, Ethel Merman and a dozen other stars. Then, with a copy of next month's RADIO STARS Magazine in your hands, a song in your heart, a twist like thisa and a twist like thata with your pencil, you'll be in the RADIO STARS Money-Merchandise-or-Mirth Sweepstakes.

Don't miss this contest in
next month's

RADIO STARS

"*The Big Broadcast
of 1935*"



EXPLANATION

1. This is the fourth and final set of "Scrambled Stars." The first three were published in June, July and August. If you missed them you can obtain them for ten cents each from the office of RADIO STARS. All four sets of pictures, or facsimiles thereof, must be sent in together, to compete for the prizes.
2. To win the prizes offered:
 - (a) unscramble as many of the sixteen pictures as you can, cutting out and putting them together.
 - (b) Name as many of the stars as you can.
 - (c) In thirty words or less, contestant must name his favorite radio star and tell why he or she is chosen.
3. The four sets of star pictures should not be mailed to us separately. Follow the rules printed below.
4. When you have unscrambled as many stars as you can, named as many as you recognize, and written your thirty-word reason for liking your favorite, mail them all together to the

Scrambled Stars Contest
Radio Stars Magazine
 149 Madison Avenue
 New York City

scrambled stars

604 Prizes! \$1,600-worth! \$1,250 cash! 3 RCA Radios!
First Prize, \$250.00; Second Prize, 1 RCA-Victor radio worth \$200.00; Third Prize, 1 RCA-Victor radio worth \$100.00; Fourth Prize, 1 RCA-Victor radio worth \$50.00; Fifth Prize, 100 \$5.00 cash prizes; Sixth Prize, 500 \$1.00 cash prizes.
 (Pictured on Page 60)

RULES

1. Contest is open to anyone living in United States or Canada, with exception of employees of RADIO STARS MAGAZINE and their relatives.
2. Contestants must submit four sets of "Scrambled Star" heads of four pictures each, one set to be printed in the June, July, August and September issues each of RADIO STARS MAGAZINE.
3. Contestants must unscramble as many of the heads as they can, assemble them as correctly as they can and name as many as they can identify.
4. In thirty words or less, contestant must name his favorite radio star and tell why he or she is your favorite.
5. All four sets of four pictures each (from June, July, August and September issues) or facsimiles thereof and the thirty-word statement about why you like your favorite radio star must be mailed in one envelope or package between the dates of August 1st and September 1st.
6. Address them to:
Scrambled Stars Contest
RADIO STARS MAGAZINE
 149 Madison Avenue, New York City
7. Prizes will be awarded to those contestants who unscramble correctly the greatest number of scrambled stars, who correctly name the most, and in thirty words or less name their favorite star and explain in the most original and sensible way the reason for their choice.
8. Judges shall be the editors of RADIO STARS MAGAZINE.
9. In the event of contestant missing one or more issues, such numbers may be secured from the office of RADIO STARS MAGAZINE for ten cents.
10. If contestant desires, he may make facsimile drawings of scrambled stars and assemble them.
11. There is no limit to the number of entries each contestant may submit, but each entry shall consist of all four sets of pictures, names of the stars you recognize, plus your 30-word paragraph on why you like your favorite radio star.
12. In case of ties, each contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.
13. Contest shall close at midnight of September 1st, 1935.

Radio Stars Junior



Exploring among the planets might be very dangerous business, if it were not for the rocket gun. Dr. Huer Edgar Stiehl holds it, Wilma Deering (Lela Ranson) and Buck Rogers (Curtis Arnold) examine it.

PROGRAMS FOR CHILDREN

9:00 EDST (1)—Sunday Morning nt Aunt Susan's.

(Sundays only.)

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WGR, CKLW, WFBM, WCAU, WEAN, WFBL, WMBR, WQAM, WDBO, WGST, WPG, WLHZ, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WLAC, WDSU, WDBJ, WMAS, WIBX, WWVA, WSPD, WORC, WDNC, WHP, WDOD, WNAC, WKRC, WHK, WJAS, WBIG, WBRC, WICC, WBNS, CKAC, WREC, WTOC, WSJS, WSFA.

9:00 EDST (1)—Coast to Coast on a Bus of the White Rabbit Line. Milton J. Cross conducting.

(Sundays only.)

WJZ and associated stations.

9:30 EDST (1/4)—Junior Radio Journal—Bill Slater.

(Saturday only.)

WEAF and network.

11:00 EDST (1)—Horn and Hardart's Children's Hour. Juvenile Variety Program. (Sunday only.)

WABC only.

4:30 EDST—Our Barn—Children's Program with Madge Tucker.

(Saturday only.)

WEAF and network.

4:45 EDST—Adventure in King Arthur Land. Direction of Madge Tucker.

WEAF and network.

5:15 EDST (1/4)—Grandpa Burton—humorous sketch with Bill Baar.

(Monday, Wednesday and Friday.)

WEAF and network.

5:30 EDST (1/4)—The Singing Lady—nursery jingles, songs and stories.

(Monday to Friday inclusive.)

WJZ, WBAL, WBZ, WHZA, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WLW, CRCT, CFCE, WFIL, WMAL, WSYR.

5:30 EDST (1/4)—Jack Armstrong, All American Boy.

(Monday to Friday inclusive.)

WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WMAS, 6:30—WBBM, WCAO, WGR, WHK, CKLW, WJSV, WOWO, WHEC, WFHL.

5:45 EDST (1/4)—Mickey of the Circus.

(Friday only.)

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WHK, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WSPD, WJSV, WDBO, WDAE, KHJ, WGST, WPG, WLHZ, WICC, WBT, WBIG, WDSU, WCOA, WHEC, WIBX, WKRC, WTOC, WDNC, KSL, WBNS, WMBR, WHP, WOC, WVOR, KTSB, WSBT, WDOD, KOH, WBRC, CKAC, WGKO, WACO, WNOX, WHAS, KOMA, WFHL, WDBJ, KMBC, KLZ, KRLD, WFAE, WALA, KMOX, KTRH, KERN, KFPY.

5:45 EDST (1/4)—Little Orphan Annie—childhood playlet.

(Monday to Friday inclusive.)

WJZ, WBZ, WHZA, KDKA, WHAL, WGAR, WRVA, WIOD, WJAX, WHAM, WJR, WCKY, WMAL, WFLA, CRCT, CFCE, 6:45—KWK, KOHL, WKHE, KSTP, WEBC, KPYR, WSM, WMC.

WSB, WKY, KPRC, WOAL, KTHS, WAVE, WSMB, WHAH.

5:45 EDST (1/4)—Nursery Rhymes—Milton J. Cross and Lewis James—children's program.

(Tuesday.)

WEAF and network.

6:00 EDST (1/4)—The Little Old Man—children's adventure story.

(Thursdays.)

WJZ and network.

6:00—EDST—Orgets in the Air.

(Tuesdays only.)

WEAF and network.

6:00 EDST (1/4)—Buck Rogers in the 25th Century.

(Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday.)

WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WCAU, WJAS, WFHL, WJSV, WBNS, WHEC.

6:15 EDST (1/4)—The Ivory Stamp Club with Capt. Tim Healy—Stamp and Adventure Talks.

(Monday, Wednesday, Friday.)

WJZ, WBZ, WHZA.

6:15 EDST (1/4)—Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim.

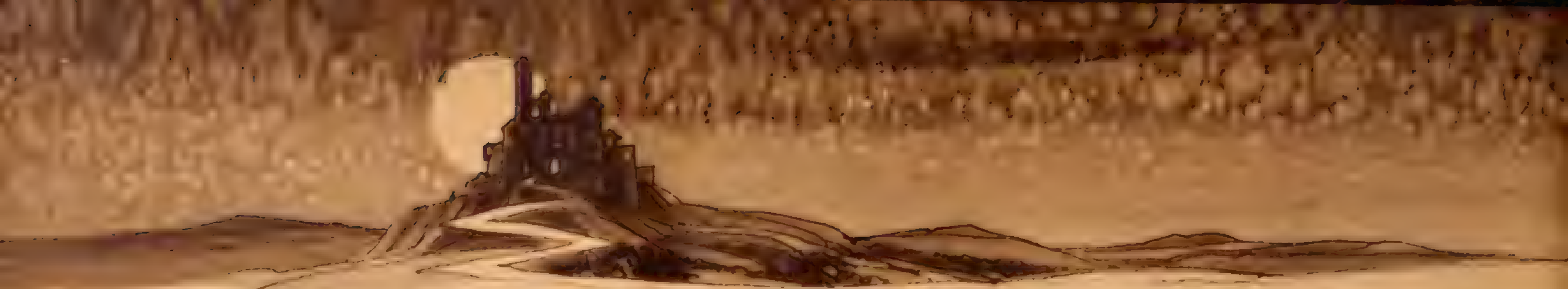
(Monday, Wednesday, Friday.)

WABC, WOKO, WAAB, WGR, WDRC, WCAU, WEAN, WFHL, WHEC, WMAS, WLEZ.

6:15 EDST (1/4)—Winnie, the Pooh—children's program.

(Tuesdays.) (6:00 EDST—Friday.)

WJZ and network.



THE SILVER

Like every young girl, the Princess Laurel dreamed of love and of a knight in shining armor who would come to her one day. . . .

So when her father, the King, sent for her one afternoon, Laurel was cruelly shocked when he told her that she was to marry the Emperor Salue of Tulogia. The Emperor's ambassador, Lord Baton, had come to her father's court to ask for her hand, and to take her with him, back to Tulogia.

Laurel's heart almost stopped beating. She had heard of the Emperor Salue. He was dreadful! Cruel and selfish! Almost an ogre, really!

"You—you don't mean I am to marry that monster!" she gasped.

But the king silenced her. She was a lucky girl, he told Laurel, to marry the great and powerful and wealthy Salue. She should be proud to marry him.

"But I don't love him! I despise him!" Laurel wept. "Oh, Father—don't force me to marry this horrible brute!"

"Silence," said the King sternly, though he loved his daughter. "I have given my word. I cannot break it. You leave in a few days."

And so, in a few days, the unhappy Princess, accompanied by her faithful maid, Margot, journeyed through the great forest on her way to Tulogia. Ahead of them, in another carriage, rode the Ambassador Baton. As they rode along they heard someone singing a lovely song.

"This is the third time we've heard it," Laurel mused.

"I wonder who it is," Margot said.

But just then they heard another sound. It was a cry. A cry for help!

Laurel ordered her carriage to stop and she and Margot jumped out and ran toward the place from which the call had seemed to come. There, leaning against a tree, they found a poor old woman.

"Help," she moaned feebly, "I am dying—of hunger—and thirst."

Laurel sent Margot for some of their provisions and water, and together they helped the old woman to eat and drink.

"Are you better now?" Laurel asked anxiously.

"Yes, Princess Laurel, much better," she said.

"You know my name?" Laurel looked surprised.

"I know more about you than you think," said the strange old woman. "You are in trouble, and to repay you for your kindness to me, I will help you."

Laurel was amazed. How could this old woman know? And how could she help her?

"I *can* help you," the old woman was saying. "Don't worry—all will be well! You will not marry the Emperor Salue!"

Laurel gasped, as she went on.

"There is a young and handsome knight. His name is Lochnivar. He will rescue you. You will know him by his beautiful singing voice." She drew out a lovely comb and gave it to Laurel. "Should you ever need help, put this comb in your hair and call me. And I will come. Farewell." And she disappeared.

Thoughtfully Laurel got into the carriage with Margot. "A beautiful singing voice . . ." Could it be the one she had heard as she journeyed through the forest? And hope warmed her sad heart.

But in the castle at Tulogia she grew sad again. The Emperor Salue was so dreadful! She could not bear him! Every time he looked at her she shuddered and trembled.

"I am tired of your evasions," he said one day. "Tomorrow we wed—or you die!"

Laurel paled. "I was brought here against my will! I never wanted to marry you!" she cried.

But the Emperor dismissed her and sent for heralds to proclaim his marriage to the Princess. And while poor Laurel wept with despair, plans were made for a great fête in honor of their wedding.

And so the day came.

Laurel sat in the royal box, watching a mock battle between the Black Legion and the Dragon Horsemen. A knight in silver mail was fighting valiantly. Her eyes, following the movements of the silver knight, grew startled. He had withdrawn from the battle now, and was riding straight toward the royal box!

And, before amazed onlookers could stir to action, he swung a mailed fist at the Emperor. Knocked him down! And seizing Princess Laurel in his arms, he

Princess Laurel

The Silver Knight

Margot

Emperor Salue

Laurel's father

The Old Woman

The Page

Ambassador Baton

Vivian Block (12)

Donald Hughes (14)

Florence Halop (10)

Walter Tetley (14)

Albert Aley (15)

Estelle Levy (10)

Charles Belin (11)

Billy Halop (12)

KNIGHT

swung her on to his horse and rode furiously off!
"A thousand ducats reward!" the Emperor Salue gasped. "After him, men!"

But the knight and the Princess were far away.
"Tired, Princess?" the knight asked as they rode.
"A little," she confessed.

"It's not safe to rest yet." And they galloped on.
"I wish I knew your name," Laurel said presently.
"I am Sir Lochinvar. I am called the 'Silver Knight'."
Lochinvar! Laurel's eyes shone.

And Lochinvar explained: "I've long admired you, Your Highness. In fact, a year ago—I fell in love with you. I followed you to Tulogia. I have guarded you, waited to rescue you—to tell you of my love."

"Oh!" Laurel flushed. "You—love me? A stranger?"

"I'm not a stranger," the knight insisted gently. "I've loved you for over a year. Oh, Princess, look into my eyes—do you love me?"

"I do—love you," Laurel confessed happily.

"Then you will marry me?"

"Yes. . . . I fell in love with you the first time I heard your voice—singing in the wood," Laurel told him.

But just then they saw the Emperor's guard riding toward them. Quickly Lochinvar hid Laurel behind some bushes, and turned to draw his sword.

Behind the bushes Laurel prayed fervently for Lochinvar's safety. Suddenly she thought of the old woman's comb. Putting it into her hair, she cried: "*Old Lady of the Forest, come to me—quickly!*"

"I was wondering when you'd send for me, my dear," said a voice behind her. And there was the old woman!

"Oh, do something!" Laurel wept.

The old woman smiled. "Calm yourself! Look!"

And as Laurel watched, the soldiers disappeared.

"Godmother!" the Silver Knight exclaimed, riding up. Laurel looked surprised.

"I'm his godmother, child," the old woman said, smiling fondly at the tall, handsome knight. "And now I must go. Don't forget to ask me to the wedding! Farewell." And she vanished.

"We'd better go—it might not be safe to linger." Lochinvar lifted Laurel again to the saddle. "Comfortable?" he asked.

"Anywhere, with you," the Princess Laurel said.

"I have no rich kingdom for you," he went on, "but we have youth and love—and each other."

"Hold me tight," Laurel said. "Always hold me—and I'll ride to the ends of the earth with you!"

"Hold me tight," Laurel said softly, "and I'll ride to the ends of the earth with you!"

Illustrated by Jim Kelly



How to make Phoithboinders, or, maybe, it's something else!



Courtesy Campfire
Marshmallow

Dawn sits on the kitchen table to watch Uncle Stoopnagle open the olive jar, while Daddy Budd spreads her a sandwich. (Above) Budd's favorite Devil's Food Cake.

Wide World

radio stars' cooking school

GREETINGS friends and Radio Fans:

The history of exploration and discovery is full of stories of people who set out to find one thing and hit upon something else entirely as a result of their endeavors. This then is another such story—the story of my researches into the true nature of *Phoithboinders* and the astounding outcome of my quest.

Phoithboinders, as you doubtless know, are the invention and exclusive property of those two inimitable zanies of the air, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd. I have always been intrigued by the mellifluous cadence of that beautiful word but my interest in Phoithboindery was aroused positively to fever pitch when I was told that Budd and the Colonel were about to join Fred Waring's program. Furthermore, I was informed that at that very moment they were preparing to move and with some diligent research of my part I might discover the boys in the act of packing their folding studio organ, chopsticks and Phoithboinders!

But what, actually, is a Phoithboinder? Did you ever really know? No? Well, neither did I. (For that matter did you ever even know how to spell it before?)

Maybe you can *eat* a Phoithboinder, I thought hopefully—ever on the alert for new culinary suggestions to pass on to you! Perhaps you can serve Phoithboinders



By Nancy Wood

on Toast! Or they might be delicious with Horseradish Sauce—or perfectly *peachy* as dessert! Only Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle or Budd, however, could give me the desired information on this interesting subject. So, like Columbus seeking the way to the Indies, I set out to find these two crazy comics of the air waves.

The office gave me a photographer for the expedition, the Columbia Broadcasting Company supplied charts, directions and data, the Yellow Cab Company provided transportation and we were off into the vast unknown!

Right at the outset I think I should state that there is something really terrifying about interviewing comedians. By reputation all comics away from stage, screen and mike are serious to the point of grimness; possessing all the cheery characteristics of a sour pickle. Before a

broadcast just single out the man who looks as though he had lost his last dollar on the races, had just murdered the guy who stole his best gag and would cheerfully bite a dog and you will have picked the show's comedian! Or so *they* say—whoever "they" may be. And so I firmly believed until I met the Colonel and Budd.

It was Budd himself who hospitably opened the door of the Hulick penthouse apart- (Continued on page 58)

"Are Blackheads due to Faulty Cleansing?"

YOUNG WOMEN ARE ENDLESSLY TROUBLED BY BLACKHEADS. THEY FREQUENTLY WRITE: "ARE BLACKHEADS JUST DIRT? IF SO, WHY ARE THEY SO STUBBORN? WHAT CAN I DO TO GET RID OF THEM?"



Here is an answer that sets these questions at rest. It explains the real nature of this common difficulty, and the approved method of combating it.

BLACKHEADS are not "just dirt"—that is, dirt from the outside.

Did you ever press a blackhead out? Behind that black speck on the surface came a little plug of cheesy matter. That cheesy matter came from the oil glands *inside* your skin. It choked and clogged the pore opening just like a tiny cork.

Till finally outside dirt lodged in it—You had a blackhead!

Proper cleansing will remove that blackhead. Cleansing and stimulating will prevent new blackheads.

With clean finger tips, spread Pond's Cold Cream liberally over your face—pat it in briskly till it has made your skin warm and supple. Pond's sinks deep into the pores and softens the thickened accumulations in them. Wipe the cream and loosened dirt off. Then, with a clean cloth, gently press the blackhead out.

That is all! Do not force it. Do not use your bare fingers. A stubborn blackhead is better left alone. Or, it may yield after hot cloths have been applied to the face, to relax the pores further. You can close the pores after this by bathing the face with cold water.

Now this rousing Pond's treatment does more than clear the pores. It invigorates the underskin! Stirs the circulation. Wakes up the faulty oil glands. As the underskin functions actively again, further clogging of the pores is avoided.

These Common Skin Faults all begin in your Under Skin

Practically all the common skin faults have their start in the underskin. You can ward them off with the steady use of Pond's Cold Cream.

EVERY NIGHT, give your skin this pore-deep cleansing and underskin stimulation. It flushes out every speck of dirt, make-up, as well as waste matter from within the skin.

IN THE MORNING and the daytime before making up, freshen and invigorate your skin again with a deep-skin Pond's treatment. It leaves your skin satiny, ready for make-up.

Just send for the special 9-treatment tube offered below. See your skin grow clearer, fresher—smoother.

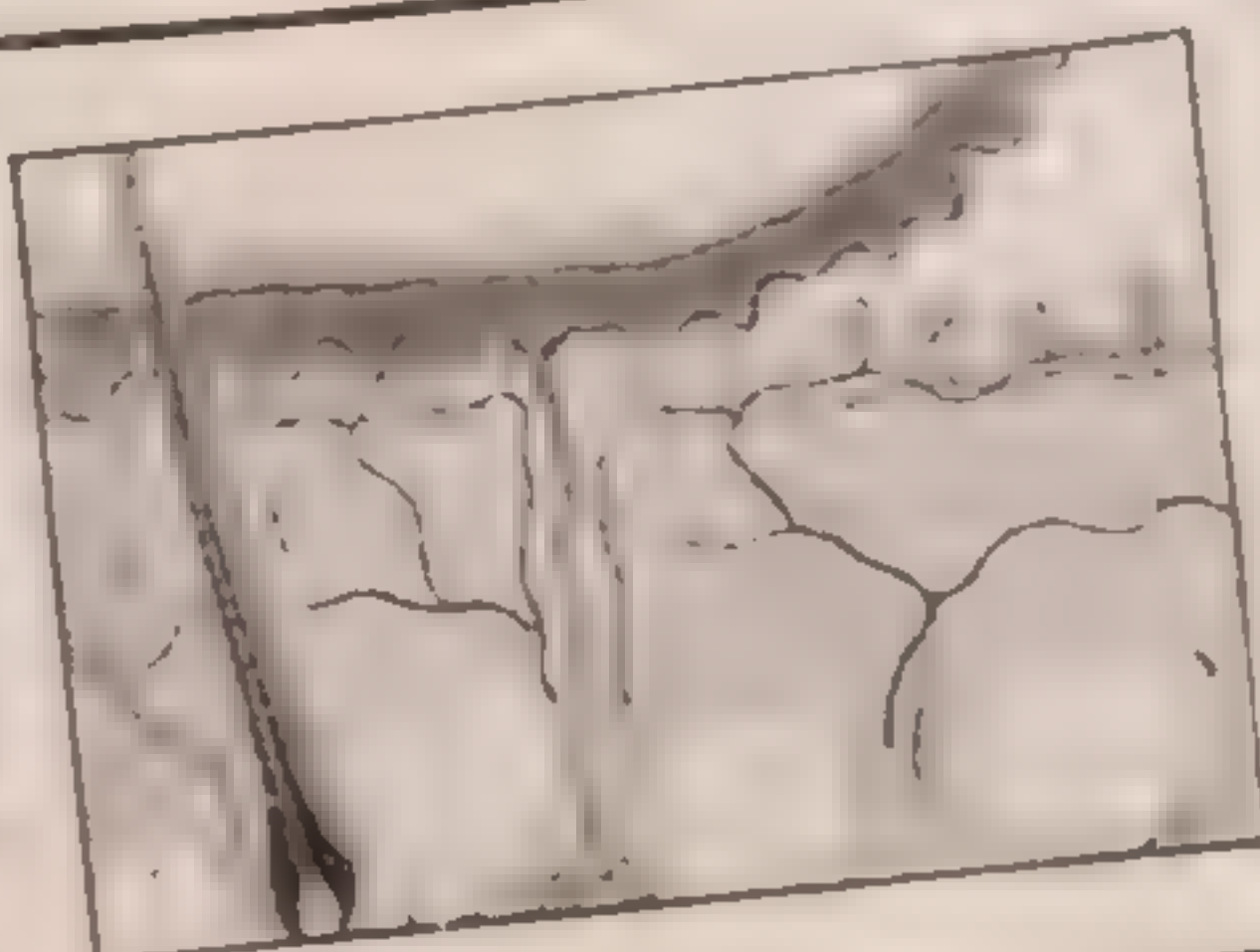
Pond's is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.



Marjorie Gould Drexel

now Mrs. John Murton Gundry, Jr., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel and granddaughter of the late George Jay Gould, says: "Pond's Cold Cream cleanses every pore and smooths away tired lines. I am never without it—even for a day."

If you could see into your underskin, you would discover a network of tiny blood vessels, nerves, fibres, fat and muscle tissues, oil and sweat glands. When these grow sluggish, look out for skin faults!



1. **LINES** form when underskin grows thin.
2. **PORES** stretch and grow larger when clogged by impurities from inside the skin.
3. **BLACKHEADS** form when the pores stay clogged with matter from within skin.
4. **BLEMISHES** follow when the clogging matter is not removed from the pores.
5. **DRY SKIN** occurs when oil glands cease to supply oils that make skin soft, supple.
6. **TISSUES SAG** when circulation slows, under tissues grow thin, fibres lose their snap.

Mail this Coupon — for Generous Package

POND'S, Dept. J128, Clinton, C.

I enclose 12¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name _____

City _____

State _____

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company

Wanted: \$15,000.00

(Continued from page 27)

Ben was surprised at his own daring. An hour before he had been a beaten man; now inspired by Paul Whiteman, he stood trembling before a prominent man, asking for work for an orchestra that didn't exist. Ben doesn't even remember that man's name today. He knows it was Colonel Something-or-other, but that's all—and he'd like to find him now, to thank him properly for giving him a new lease on life.

The Colonel must have liked the way Ben held up his chin, must have overlooked the shabbiness of the bantam Kreisler's clothes, because he didn't call a strong arm squad to throw him out. Perhaps it was the fast and furious way Ben talked, or the sincerity and desperation in his voice that compelled him to listen. Whatever it was, the Colonel promised that if the Maestro wished, he might bring his orchestra to the hotel two months before its opening, for an audition. Even he could not tell just when that would be—but Ben could watch the papers.

Here was his chance. Everything he had ever dreamed of lay at last within his reach.

"You've probably had the impulse yourself," Ben told me today, "to step out from your home or office and borrow every cent you could, just so you might bet it on the horses or play the market. You're always sure, when you get a hunch like that, that after one good fling you'd be a millionaire. Most of us think a lot about it. *Well, a few of us do it!*"

And Ben played his hunch for all it was worth. He haunted the Musician's Union, trying to find a pianist or drummer who would gamble with him. He hung around the theatres, hoping some fiddler would be looking around for just such a job as he had to offer. But no one seemed impressed. They weren't even interested in his new idea. One day some one told him jokingly about a group of musicians who were stranded in a little town in Pennsylvania.

These were hectic days for Ben. An idea, a suggestion was enough to send him anywhere on a wild goose chase. So he went out in search of these vagrant minstrels. Several of them were in a rooming-house, asleep; some were in a local poolroom "setting them up" for anyone who had a nickel. And all of their instruments were in hock!

When he finally herded them together in the musty parlor of the boarding-house, Ben enthusiastically told them his proposition. He knew where he could borrow enough money to get their saxophones and fiddles out of pawn. But if he did that, would they be willing to stick it out with him if things got tough? Or would they balk at rehearsing for long hours? He explained that this was the most important point in his career—perhaps the fulfillment of his dreams—and theirs.

Finally Al Gering, the piano player of the outfit and the only one who hadn't traded his baby grand for a little pink ticket at Uncle Moe's, settled the question for

the gang. "We'll gamble with you," he said calmly.

Jubilantly Ben rushed back to New York. In Paul Whiteman's office, as he sat waiting his turn to see his friend, he looked around at the anxious faces of the other people waiting. They were better dressed than he, but all were there for the same purpose—to ask some favor of Paul Whiteman. Some day, he thought, these same song pluggers might be sitting in his outer office.

But that did not lessen the ominous sinking feeling inside his vest now. He, of all these people, was probably the only one who had come to borrow money. He realized, too, that he had nothing more than an idea to sell the King of Jazz. It hurt his pride to be asking Paul for help again—but his last hope of success hung in the balance, outweighing even pride.

In a few hours he was on his way back to Pennsylvania, his pockets comfortably filled with borrowed dollars. Al Gering, Mickey Garloch (who is to this day Ben's assistant conductor) and Leonard Kavash were at the station when his rain-swept train pulled in. The other fellows had stayed at the rooming-house because the soles of their shoes were too thin to go out on such a wet day.

Ben got all their instruments out of hock that night. He bought them shoes; he stocked the cupboard with food when Kavash revealed that they had cooking privileges. He had no time to think about hiring a practice hall, and when they thought about rehearsing it was almost midnight and his nerves had nearly reached the breaking point.

The rest of the house was silent as they descended the carpeted stairs and grouped themselves about the battered old upright piano. But Ben didn't care how many people he awakened; he was determined not to wait another day to test his new-found gold mine. He held his breath as he raised a thin piece of curtain rod in place of a baton.

But he needn't have worried. Those boys played that night as they had never played before. Roomers, awakened by the racket, started down the halls to complain, and ended by staying in the parlor applauding for more. Ben watched, thrilled by their reception of his boys' music; he could hardly believe that he was, at last, a real maestro! After two hours, during which he put the boys through everything they knew, he knew it wasn't all a dream. These boys were *good!*

For months they rehearsed in an atmosphere of feverish excitement and expectation. Night after night Al Gering, still chief arranger of the Bernie band, sat up with Ben going over arrangements until they were perfect. When they finished, they might snatch a cold morsel from the ice box—if not, it only meant another meal postponed on account of rehearsal.

Finally, almost broke but hopeful, they arrived in New York. It would be months, they discovered, before the Hotel Roosevelt would open. This was all right for

Ben; his family lived in New York so he could eat and sleep at home. But he couldn't take his band home with him.

"After all," he chuckled today, "there were eleven kids already at the table. And what that crowd of musicians could do to a pot of borscht after rehearsing all day was nothing human. So I stayed in town with the gang. I knew we could get enough to do to tide us over."

They began auditioning anywhere and everywhere—it didn't matter much who hired them, just as long as there was something in the ice-box. They would all be in clover when that hotel opened. More often than not there was only bread in the house; a few "coffee-and-cake" dates around town netted them nothing and only keyed their appetite for juicy spare-ribs. And much as they all loved music, none of them could get much nourishment out of their own rendition of "Japanese Sandman."

On one of these auditions a strange old man sat down to listen. He happened to drop in at the restaurant in which Ben Bernie and his lads had hoped to find work. The café had no place for the Old Maestro, but the little old man had. Ben stood dazed, uncomprehending, as Marcus Loew offered the orchestra an engagement on his vaudeville circuit. It wasn't much of an offer as old time vaudeville salaries go, but it saved Ben Bernie's band. It meant that now they could at least hold out until the Roosevelt opened.

They had played only a few weeks on the Loew circuit when Ben got word, through grapevine channels, that other and better known orchestras were trying out for his job at the new hotel. What could he do about it, he wondered? If they quit working now, they couldn't live until the hotel opened. If they didn't quit, the hotel job might be lost to them.

It was no easy thing to tell the boys this disheartening news when they had worked so hard, and especially when they had placed all their trust in him. Ben was already in debt because of this problematical job. What should he do?

Well, he quit vaudeville and went back to New York to fight it out. And he never had to fight for anything so hard in his life. Several orchestra leaders, he learned, had already bought stock in the Roosevelt Hotel Corporation, to insure their getting in on the ground floor with their bands. Frankly, coldly, Ben was informed that he'd have to out-buy the top man.

Fifteen thousand dollars was all he needed now. *Fifteen thousand dollars*, he repeated to himself ironically. And he had to have it in three months, because at the end of that time the decision would be made. Ben never had seen that much money, never even dreamed of holding such a sum long enough to transfer it to some one else.

"But I knew that job was worth it. So I became a gambler. I speculated with my reputation and the money of other people, just to get it. I knew that, if I lost, the savings of my family and my friends, and

**"YOU'RE EASY ON THE EYES, JEANIE—
I COULD LOOK AT YOU FOR LIFE"**



**Romance comes
to the girl who guards
against COSMETIC SKIN**

SMOOTH, LOVELY SKIN wins romance—and keeps it. So how foolish it is to let unattractive Cosmetic Skin destroy the loveliness that should be yours!

***Cosmetics Harmless if
removed this way***

It is when cosmetics are not properly removed that they choke the pores—cause the ugly pore enlargement, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps—that are signs of Cosmetic Skin.

Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores, gently removes every trace of dust, dirt,

stale cosmetics. Use all the cosmetics you wish! But to protect your skin—keep it lovely—use Lux Toilet Soap ALWAYS before you go to bed at night and before you renew your make-up during the day. 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap!



USE ROUGE AND POWDER?
YES, OF COURSE! BUT
THANKS TO **LUX TOILET
SOAP** I'M NOT A BIT
AFRAID OF COSMETIC SKIN

**JOAN
BENNETT**

RADIO STARS



Courtesy J. Walter Thompson Co.

So successful was the performance of Leslie Ruth Howard and her famous father, Leslie Howard, in "Dear Brutus" on the Vallee Variety program that Rudy returned this same guest star act to his program on Thursday, June 27th. But Leslie Ruth declares she does not plan to be an actress. She would prefer to be a "lady vet", she thinks.

their respect for me, would be gone. But I did it just the same.

"I went out and borrowed every cent I could to buy that stock. Sophie Tucker, Lou Holtz, Paul Whiteman, my uncles and aunts and cousins—all of them kicked in. Everyone I ever had met in vaudeville, I tackled for some dough. The job at the Roosevelt was my horse in that race—and it was a long shot. But I played it just the same—on the nose."

No one failed him. Everyone had grown to love the ambitious little fiddler, and everyone admired his courage. Those in the big money, like Sophie Tucker and Al Jolson, loaned thousands. His family knew that he never had given a thought to anything except a musical career. As young Bennie Ancelowitz, he never had wanted to become a doctor or lawyer, as most Jewish boys do; he wanted only to be a violinist. So now all the family's penny banks and old cream pitchers, hidden away for years with their small hoards, were poured out to help him.

He rushed from one friend to another, from his father's relatives to his mother's family. But as the last day drew near, he realized that he still lacked five thousand dollars! He'd never be able to make it! Bewildered and disappointed, he told the orchestra that they could go out and hock their instruments again if they wanted to. He was through, no longer worthy of their trust. Then he went out to return the money he had borrowed. The last vain hope to which he had clung during all these hard months was gone.

In Lou Holtz' dressing-room he told his sad story. But his friend would not let him down now. He pressed the money he

had loaned back into Ben's hand and told him to wait in the wings till he finished his act. There was one man left, Lou said, who still might save the day. They would hurry to him, right after the show. The man was a gambler, too. Perhaps the biggest gambler in New York.

Ben was still confused when, two hours later, he sat in the pretentious office of the small, sandy-haired man who Lou Holtz had said might help him.

"Arnold, this is Ben Bernie." That's all the introduction there was before Lou went into the championship oration which he hoped would net five grand for Bernie and his dark horse hope. When Lou had finished talking, Arnold Rothstein asked a few questions.

"How soon will you be able to pay it back?" was one of them.

"I'll give you five hundred dollars on the first of every month," Ben promised eagerly.

"You better had. . . . Here's the dough."

That's all there was to it. No contracts signed, to be sure, but just the same it was a cold, hard business proposition. Ben Bernie had his fifteen thousand dollars now—and Arnold Rothstein had Ben's promise. The greatest gambler in New York, perhaps in the world, had gambled on the new maestro.

But Ben's troubles were not yet over. The shrewd manager of the glittering hotel had more time in his office than the pompous Colonel had had at the groundbreaking ceremonies—more time to investigate this Ben Bernie. The long list of imaginary engagements were confessed to be the product of an eager young man's imagination. Still—Ben had the stock in

his pocket. That was his biggest selling point.

And it worked like a charm. The manager could do little except hire Ben and his lads—on trial and without contract, for six months.

They opened in the Roosevelt Grill and there they stayed for five brilliantly successful years. Long before Arnold Rothstein was murdered in the gang war, he had received the last installment of Ben's debt to him. He had even lived to listen, as Ben's guest, to the orchestra he had backed sight unseen and rhythm unheard—and to sell Ben a big insurance policy!

Ben Bernie's band might still be packing 'em in at the Grill except for the sensation they created. For London heard about them and made tempting offers, and soon all the king's men and their ladies were dancing to their music at the famous Kit-Kat Club. Not to mention the Prince of Wales.

When the Blue Ribbon Company planned production for their most pretentious radio campaign, not many ballots were taken before a decision was made.

Yowzah, it was the Old Maestro or no one for them! This time Ben didn't have to beg or borrow his way in; in fact, NBC officials had to talk him into going on the air.

"Success is always a gamble," Ben Bernie says today. "A few of us are lucky in playing the right horse. Sometimes we get a hunch and don't play it—that's when we aren't even starters in the race of life. That's why, if I get a hunch, it always means ten bucks on the nose to buy my gelding oats."

THE END

RADIO STARS

Fashion says—

LIPS AND FINGER TIPS
NOW MUST MATCH



Cutex offers you
4 harmonizing lipsticks
and nail polishes

YOU must be just as careful—fashion now says—about matching your lips and your fingernails as you are about matching your hat and your dress!

Cutex has worked it all out. Just put on your favorite Cutex Liquid Polish. Then smooth into your lips the creamy Cutex Lipstick which corresponds! There's one to match or tone in perfectly with each one of seven lovely polish shades.

And once you've seen yourself with harmonized lips and finger tips, you'll wonder how you ever went around all these years wearing purply-red nail polish with

orange-red lipstick, or vice versa!

The new Cutex Lipsticks are velvety smooth...but not the least bit greasy. They go on...and stay on...they're wonderfully permanent. Yet *never* dry your lips.

With Cutex working out this matching idea so beautifully, there's really no excuse whatever for letting your lipstick and nail polish "fight."

Go to your favorite store today for Cutex Liquid Polish—Crème or Clear—and the new Cutex Lipsticks in shades to match.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

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NAIL POLISH

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IMPORTANT—READ!

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day by day

SUNDAYS
(August 4th, 11th, 18th and 25th)

10:00 EDST (1/2)—Southernaires Quartet. WJZ and an NBC blue network.

10:00 EDST (1/2)—Dr. Charles L. Goodell. WEAF and an NBC red network.

11:30 EDST (1)—Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ. (From Utah.) WOKO, CKLW, WIBX, WSPD, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WPG, WLBZ, WORC, WMBR, WFEA, WCOA, WNAS, WBT, WBNS, WBIG, WDBJ, WSJS, WCAO, WJAS, WFBL, WALA, WBRG, WADC, WGST, WDSU, WNAX, KWKH, KLRA, WREC, WKBN, KRDL, KTRH, WCCO, WLAC, WMBD, KSCJ, KLZ, KSL, KERN, WDNC, KOMA, WIBW, WOC, KTSB, WACO, WTOC, WHP, WDOD, KRNT, KFAB, WJSV, KFH, WSFA, KOIN, KTUL, WOWO, KGKO, KFBK.

12:00 Noon EDST (1/2)—Tasteeast Opportunity Matinee. Johnny Johnson and his orchestra; guest artists. WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, KDKA, WJR, WLW.

12:30 P.M. EDST (1)—Radio City Music Hall. Symphony orchestra; Glee Club; Soloists. WJZ and an NBC blue network.

2:00 EDST (1/2)—Sally of the Talkies. Dramatic Sketches. (Luxor, Ltd.) WEAF, WSSH, WRC, WTAM, WTIC, WJAR, WTAG, WGY, WWJ, WCAE, WEEI, WBBR, WBNB, WSAI, WMC, WAVE, KYW, WMAQ, WOW, WDAF, WJDX, WSMB, WHO, WSM, WSB, WAPI.

2:30 EDST (1/4)—Between the Bookends. WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, KRNT, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, KFAB, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WGST, WBRG, WBT, WBNS, KRDL, KLZ, WOWO, WCCO, WLAC, WDNC, KOMA, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KSL, WNAS, WIBW.

3:00 EDST (1)—Symphonic Hour. Howard Barlow, conductor. WABC, WKRC, WLBZ, WADC, WDNC, WHP, WMBG, WKBW, WCAO, WEAN, WPG, WKBN, WMBR, WBNS, WIBX, WHK, WDBO, WICC, WDBJ, WSJS, WOKO, CKLW, WJAS, WSPD, WDAE, WBT, CKAC, WNAS, WORC, WFBM, WREC, KWKH, WDSU, WQAM, KRDL, KTRH, WIBW, WTOC, KOMA, WHAS, KGKO, WDOD, WNOX, KTSB, WSBT, WOC, KLRA, WBBM, WDRC, KMBC, KMOX, WGST, WBRG, WCCO, KSCJ, WLAC, KFH, WALA, KLZ, KVOR, KSL, KHJ, KOIN, KOL, KGB, KERN, KFPY, KRNT, WMBD, CFRB, WACO, WSFA, WFRG, WFBL, KFBK, KDH, KWG, WSMK, WGL, WFEA.

3:30 EDST (1/2)—Penthouse Serenade. Charles Gaylord's sophisticated mu-

sic; Don Mario, soloist; Dorothy Hamilton, beauty adviser; guest stars. (Maybelline Co.)

WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, CFCE, WRC, WBNS, WTAM, WJAR, WSSH, WFBM, WGY, WCAE, WWJ, WMAQ, WOW, WDAF, KYW, WHO, KSD, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WHIO

4:15 EDST (1/4)—Dream Drama with Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly. (Western Clock Co.)

WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WSSH, WFBM, WRC, WGY, WBNS, WCAE, WTAM, WSAI, WWJ, KYW, WMAQ, WDAF

5:00 EDST (1/2)—Roses and Drums. Civil War dramas. (Union Central Life Ins. Co.)

WJZ, WMAL, WBZA, WHAM, WGAR, WJR, WBAL, WBZ, WSYR, KDKA, WLW, WENR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WMT

5:00 EDST (1/2)—America's First Rhythm Symphony—De Wolf Hopper, narrator, with 86 artists from the Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra. (United Drug Co.)

WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, KSTP, WTMJ, WHO, WOW, WHIO, WRC, WJAR, WSSH, WFBM, WGY, WBNS, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WMAQ, WDAF, WIBA, WEBC, WRVA, WPTF, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WAVE, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KYW, KHQ, KFYR, KFSD, KTY, WEEI, WCAE, KVOO, WBAF, KTHS, KTES, KPRC, WOAI, WKY.

5:30 EDST (1/2)—Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit, Jack Shilkret's Orchestra. (General Baking Co.)

WABC, WOKO, WAAB, WHK, WIBX, WSPD, WBNS, WWVA, WADC, WCAO, WGR, CKLW, WJSV, WHEC, WORC, WDRC, WCAU, WEAN, WFBL, WICC, WNAS, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WDSU, KOMA, KFH, KTUL.

5:45 EDST (1/4)—Bob Becker's Fireside Chats About Dogs. (John Morrell & Co.)

WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WFIL, WHAM, WGAR, WJR, WCKY, WENR, WMT, KSO, KDKA, WBAL, WMAL, KWK, WREN, KOIL

6:00 EDST (1/2)—National Amateur Night. Ray Perkins, Master-of-Ceremonies; Arnold Johnson's Orchestra; Amateur Talent. (Health Products Corp. Feen-A-Mint.)

WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, KMOX, WFBL, WJSV, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WGST, WBT, WBNS, KRDL, KLZ, WREC, WCCO, WDSU, WHEC, KSL, CFRB, KFAB, WOWO, KOMA, KTSB.

6:30 EDST (1/2)—Grand Hotel. Anne Seymour and Don Ameche. (Campana Co.)

(Continued on page 82)

Eastern Daylight Saving Time		Central Daylight and Eastern Standard Time		Mountain Daylight and Central Standard Time		Pacific Daylight and Mountain Standard Time		Pacific Standard Time	
1 A. M.	1 P. M.	12 Mdt.	12 Noon	11 P. M.	11 A. M.	10 P. M.	10 A. M.	9 P. M.	9 A. M.
2 A. M.	2 P. M.	1 A. M.	1 P. M.	12 Mdt.	12 Noon	11 P. M.	11 A. M.	10 P. M.	10 A. M.
3 A. M.	3 P. M.	2 A. M.	2 P. M.	1 A. M.	1 P. M.	12 Mdt.	12 Noon	11 P. M.	11 A. M.
4 A. M.	4 P. M.	3 A. M.	3 P. M.	2 A. M.	2 P. M.	1 A. M.	1 P. M.	12 Mdt.	12 Noon
5 A. M.	5 P. M.	4 A. M.	4 P. M.	3 A. M.	3 P. M.	2 A. M.	2 P. M.	1 A. M.	1 P. M.
6 A. M.	6 P. M.	5 A. M.	5 P. M.	4 A. M.	4 P. M.	3 A. M.	3 P. M.	2 A. M.	2 P. M.
7 A. M.	7 P. M.	6 A. M.	6 P. M.	5 A. M.	5 P. M.	4 A. M.	4 P. M.	3 A. M.	3 P. M.
8 A. M.	8 P. M.	7 A. M.	7 P. M.	6 A. M.	6 P. M.	5 A. M.	5 P. M.	4 A. M.	4 P. M.
9 A. M.	9 P. M.	8 A. M.	8 P. M.	7 A. M.	7 P. M.	6 A. M.	6 P. M.	5 A. M.	5 P. M.
10 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	9 P. M.	8 A. M.	8 P. M.	7 A. M.	7 P. M.	6 A. M.	6 P. M.
11 A. M.	11 P. M.	10 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	9 P. M.	8 A. M.	8 P. M.	7 A. M.	7 P. M.
12 Noon	12 Mdt.	11 A. M.	11 P. M.	10 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	9 P. M.	8 A. M.	8 P. M.

**The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow
you must take Today**

What can bring back the mood and meaning of a precious hour — like snapshots? First aid to romance — how well they tell "the old, old story." Don't take chances with these pictures that mean so much — your camera is more capable, surer in performance, when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. You get people's real expressions, their naturalness. Your snaps turn out. Always use Verichrome ... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

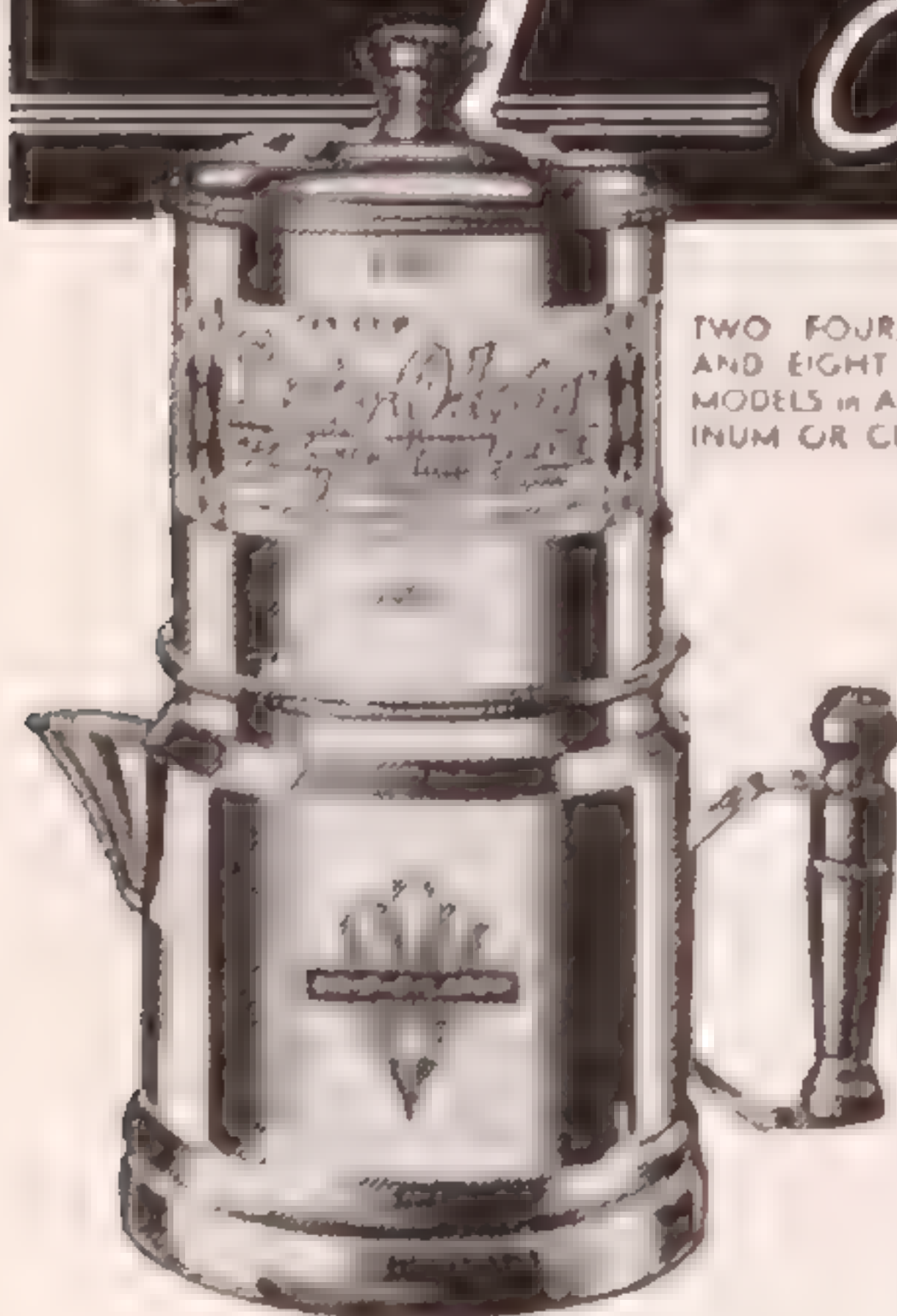
The loveliest day of all



Radio Stars' Cooking School

(Continued from page 50)

-and I'll serve Drip-O-lator Coffee



TWO, FOUR, SIX
AND EIGHT CUP
MODELS IN ALUM-
INUM OR CHINA



TRY THIS MENU

STUFFED CELERY
Celery stalks filled with
pimento, onion, cream,
cheese, heavy cream &
Worcestershire sauce
CLUB SANDWICHES
Three Grapes
Toast, Lettuce, Canned
Beef, then Toast, Cream
Cheese and Pickles. Top
with Toast
DRIP-O-LATOR COFFEE

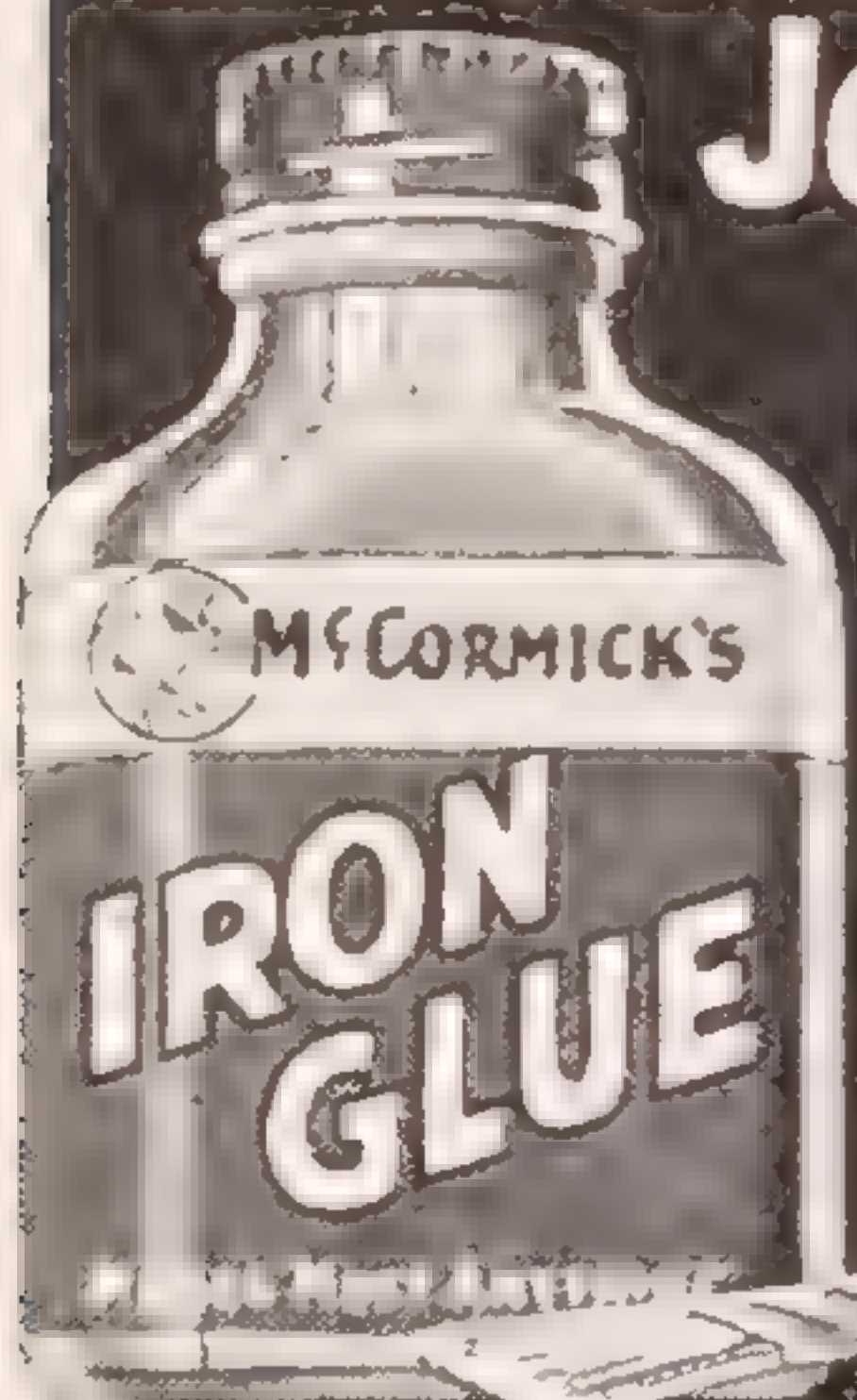
When You Plan That Next Party--

remember the universal preference for coffee made the Drip-O-lator way. To you as a hostess the Drip-O-lator conserves your time, assures perfect results always and quick service when encores require a second brew. When purchasing a Drip-O-lator, be sure you get what you ask for. The trade mark is stamped in the bottom to identify the original. You'll find a Drip-O-lator display at all utensil counters.

A PRODUCT OF
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MASSILLON, OHIO

THE ORIGINAL DRIP-O-LATOR IS SOLD BY
ALL LEADING CHAIN, DEPARTMENT AND RETAIL STORES

MENDS LOOSE FURNITURE JOINTS



Holds tight. Mends most
anything. New larger bottle.

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At Ten Cent Stores, Drug and Hardware Stores

Your Iron Fairly Glides!

ELASTIC STARCH



This modern way to hot starch offers you advantages worth knowing. Simply add boiling water to dissolved Quick Elastic--no mixing, no cooking, no bother as with lump starch. Ends sticking and scorching. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness.

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FREE

THANK YOU--

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 976, Keokuk, Iowa.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please,
and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

ment (Budd's name really is Wilbur Hulick, you know) while the Colonel (known to his broker as Frederick Chase Taylor, no less) came forward with a broad grin lighting up a face that was just *made* for smiling and for making others smile.

The situation looked promising. It appeared that the secret of the essential characteristics of Phoithboinders was within my grasp. It might be around the next corner, out of sight but not out of reach. It might be in the very room to which "the boys" were directing my exploring footsteps!

Well, let me set your mind at rest right now—it wasn't there! But Dawn, Budd Hulick's darling little girl was there! And without shame I confess that from that moment I forgot the purpose of my visit—dropped the question of Phoithboinders cheerfully over the rail of the penthouse terrace and concentrated my attention almost exclusively upon the little brown-eyed, brown-haired darling you see pictured with her adoring daddy, Budd, and her devoted slave and court jester, "Uncle Stoopnagle." Yes, I must announce that though the Colonel and Budd richly deserve their featured spot as stars of the Waring broadcasts, it is Dawn who is the bright particular star of mine.

Dawn, aged three and a half at present writing, was christened Ann Louise according to early records. I didn't think to ask the young and extremely attractive Mrs. "Budd" Hulick when or how she acquired the nickname of "Dawn." It seemed a perfect name for anyone so lovely and I for one hope she never changes it again. Actually I couldn't imagine changing anything about Budd's baby except perhaps to wish she were twins or even quintuplets so that there could be more of her!

Just *one* Dawn, however, managed to keep us all entertained. You can imagine, too, my joy when I discovered that her daddy and mother would allow her to appear in the photographs we were about to take. A real "scoop" I thought it. So, out into the kitchen we all went!

It happens to be a very complete kitchen but not a very large one. You can imagine, then, that it was a trifle crowded, what with Budd and his pipe, the Colonel and his avoirdupois (he *admits* to weighing 190 pounds) the photographer and his camera—plus Mrs. Hulick in a crisp cotton house dress, the colored maid in a state of near collapse and your Cooking School correspondent in her element! The only place left for Dawn therefore was the kitchen table, upon which she was placed, to queen it over us all while Budd made up her favorite sandwich, (peanut butter) and Stoopnagle opened up cans and bottles to illustrate the extra-special Stoopnagle and Budd After-Broadcast-Snack.

After the pictures were taken and the snack *partaken*, Dawn went out on the terrace with her comical daddy and uncle where loud shouts advertised the fact that a merry game of ball was in progress.

But Mrs. Hulick kindly consented to give a few minutes to a serious discussion along culinary lines. After all, though I had forgotten one of my missions I could not think of leaving before learning about the sort of foods that help keep the Colonel and Budd in a happy state of mind.

Wanda Hulick was most helpful in telling me about Budd's food preferences and one or two trips to the terrace helped fill in the missing details.

"What do you like to eat?" I asked the Colonel on one of my visits to the terrace playground.

"I like to eat. . . ." said the Colonel.

"What?" I continued. "Anything in particular?"

"Yes," said the Colonel helpfully, "anything in particular!"

Then, with a bright smile he added, "Eggs! Any kind of eggs. But get Budd's wife to tell you the kind she invented for lunch the other day. They *were* fine, weren't they Budd?"

"Simply *peachy*," admitted Budd, "but I like chocolate better."

I had already been told about Budd's liking for chocolate by his wife. It seems that Dawn has inherited this preference or acquired it through constant association with chocolate pudding and chocolate cakes. That quite simplifies the problem of sweets in the Hulick household. For instance, a "Chocolate Sponge," a dessert which has been given the name of *Sponge* because of its soft, smooth, *spongy* consistency. A small mold of this dessert is made up and served to Dawn with milk poured over it. A larger mold for the grown-ups is garnished with sweetened whipped cream and chocolate sprinkles. You'll find the recipe at the end of this article.

The most favored of all Budd's chocolate-flavored desserts, however, is "Devil's Food Cake," the kind pictured at the beginning of this article. Of course all you can see of the cake in the picture is the thick, smooth, marshmallow icing. But you have my word for it that the cake lives up to the promise given by its tempting white crown. I'm telling you—and I know—for I took Mrs. Hulick's favorite Devil's Food Cake recipe home with me and tried it out. No wonder Budd asks for it often and Dawn licks each last little crumb from her chubby little fingers. You really must try it and prove to yourself that none of us is exaggerating.

And of course, by now, you know that all you have to do, *ever*, to get your copy of the favorite recipes of your favorite radio stars is to fill in the coupon accompanying each Cooking School article. You then mail this coupon, promptly, to us, and we in turn mail the Cooking School leaflet to you—without cost—yes, it is not even necessary to enclose a stamped envelope.

This month, for example, you will receive (in return for just a little effort) a recipe for the Devil's Food Cake, together with detailed instructions for making the sort of delicious Marshmallow Frosting

without which no such cake is complete. Besides those two recipes, you will find that the leaflet contains two others that are sure to be just as welcome. The one is the "Stoopnagle-and-Budd-After-Broadcast-Snack." Yes, that's a long name for what turns out to be an extremely easy-to-make (meal-in-one) sandwich. But what can you expect, after all, from two fellows who invented Phoithboinders!

The fourth recipe card contains the egg dish so highly praised by the Colonel. I have named it, myself, in his honor, "Eggs Stoopnagle." I'm not fooling, either, when I assure you that I've never eaten any egg combination that I liked better. All I'll tell you in advance is that the method of cooking these eggs is original, tasty and easy.

And just imagine!—this recipe and the three others are yours for the asking . . . four dinner-table Aristocrats, favorite foods of the "Stoopnocrats," to make you feel like Plutocrats.

Yes, taken all in all, I thought the Stoopnagle and Budd interview a great success. For, though I didn't find out how to make Phoithboinders, I did meet those two amusing fellows and secured recipes for their favorite dishes. And of course I had the joy of finding out about Dawn!

One last word, before I leave you . . . cut out and keep the following recipe . . . cut out and send this coupon, quick, now, before you forget!

This is your Cooking School director signing off until next month when we will have the Pickens Sisters with us for a special broadcast—all about traditional Southern dishes.

CHOCOLATE SPONGE

1½ squares chocolate, melted

¼ teaspoon salt

⅓ cup sugar

¼ cup boiling water

¼ cup boiling water

¼ cup cold water

1 tablespoon gelatin

3 eggs, separated

1 teaspoon vanilla

Melt chocolate over hot water. Add salt, sugar and boiling water. Cook over direct heat, stirring constantly, until mixture comes to a full rolling boil. Remove from heat. Meanwhile soak gelatin 5 minutes in cold water, then dissolve in hot chocolate mixture. Cool slightly. Separate eggs. Beat yolks and add to slightly cooled chocolate mixture. Place in refrigerator for a short time. When mixture begins to thicken, add vanilla and fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Turn into mold which has been rinsed in cold water. Chill in refrigerator. When firm, unmold and garnish with slightly sweetened whipped cream. Add a few chocolate sprinkles.

RADIO STARS' Cooking School

RADIO STARS Magazine

149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me the Stoopnagle and Budd recipes.

Name
(Print in pencil)

Address
(Street and number)

(City) (State)

**MY HUSBAND'S
GONE BACK
ON ME**

*Here's a spaghetti he
likes better than mine*

AND SO DO I — THE SAUCE IS GRAND!

I THOUGHT I cooked pretty good spaghetti—at least my husband often told me so. But I cheerfully admit that Franco-American chefs can do it better. When we tasted theirs with its perfectly marvelous sauce, I decided then and there I'd never bother with home-cooked spaghetti again. Franco-American saves me time and trouble—costs less, too! And it's the *best* spaghetti I ever ate. You'll say so, too!"

Skilled chefs prepare it, using eleven different ingredients in the sauce. Big, luscious tomatoes. Prime Cheddar cheese. Spices

and seasonings that give delicate piquancy . . . subtle appetite allure. No wonder women everywhere declare that even their own delicious home-cooked spaghetti or macaroni can't compare with the zestful, appealing taste of Franco-American.

All the work has been done: you simply heat, serve and enjoy. A can holding three to four por-

tions never costs more than ten cents—actually less than buying dry spaghetti and ingredients for the sauce and preparing it yourself. Ask your grocer for Franco-American Spaghetti today.





Here are three of the beautiful prizes waiting for winning contestants in our SCRAMBLED STARS contest. (See Page 46 of this issue). Waiting for YOU, perhaps! And don't you want to own one?

Second Prize (above, left) An RCA VICTOR GLOBE TROTTER console—An eight-tube range covers from 140 to 18,000 kilocycles, which includes aviation and weather reports, standard domestic broadcasts, police, aircraft and amateur signals, as well as the principal international entertainment bands.

Third Prize (above, center) An RCA VICTOR GLOBE TROTTER Table Cabinet Radio—six tubes. Range includes standard domestic broadcasts, police, amateur and aircraft broadcast signals, as well as principal international entertainment bands. Height, 20 inches; width, 16¾ inches; depth, 11½ inches.

Fourth Prize (above, right) An RCA VICTOR STANDARD SHORT WAVE TABLE MODEL—five tubes, covering standard programs, "High Fidelity" Band, police band, aircraft bands, an amateur band and foreign entertainment.

Amateurs, Beware!

(Continued from page 15)

are swamped in applications for auditions and while the search for talent never ends, a clipping from the hometown paper and a certificate showing that the bearer won first prize in the county amateur radio auditions isn't enough to get much attention in the important studios. Therefore, look out for anyone who seems too interested. The persons who arrange auditions are very busy. Even if you get to see them, you can't expect more than a five-minute interview. If the person you talk to seems to have a lot of time for conversation, it's a good sign that he is either a very unimportant person or he has intentions that have little to do with a radio career.

Regard all advertisements seeking radio talent with suspicion. Some of them may be legitimate but there is so much talent available in Manhattan that it would be the height of foolishness to advertise for it.

Stay away from schools of microphone technique unless such a school has the official and unquestionable stamp of approval of organizations as reputable as National or Columbia.

Keep an eye on casting directors who get rather personal in their interviews. These gentlemen are probably harmless if kept in their places but they work on the theory that one thing leads to another. Casting directors don't have to take prospective performers to lunch or dinner to find out whether or not they have ability. If they suggest luncheon or dinner, you can be sure they are more interested in you than in your career.

Don't sign anything without studying it carefully and if the document involves

commissions or any payments of money, it is safest to have a reputable lawyer examine it for you.

Look out for anyone who tells you that the place to meet the right people is at a party and that if you're nice to Mr. Q. Amos Tilliver, you'll probably get on the program Mr. Tilliver is planning. If Mr. Tilliver is planning a program, he isn't going to give that important part to a girl who looked good after the fifth Manhattan. Big business men, contrary to popular belief, just don't operate that way.

Regard with extreme suspicion the lads who, on the briefest acquaintance, promise to introduce you to the presidents of both networks and the heads of all the big advertising agencies. You can safely be suspicious of anyone who promises an easy pathway to fame. There isn't one.

Remember at all times that radio is a business and that business-like methods are more likely to succeed than any others. Remember, too, that even though you may meet a well-known singer or a well-known announcer, he can't get you a job on the air. He might be able to introduce you to someone who might help—but even the stars have very little to say about the people who are selected to support them on the air. The casting of a radio program is a serious business and all friendship usually is forgotten when the business of picking talent is taken up.

Whom can you believe? Whom can you trust? Trust in God, in yourself and in a priceless but fairly uncommon virtue known as Common Sense.

THE END

Free! THIS LOVELY NEW MAKE-UP MIRROR

Given to Induce
You to Try
**YEAST FOAM
TABLETS**

... the dry health
yeast that brings
quicker relief from
constipation, indi-
gestion and skin
troubles.

YOU'LL be delighted with this new kind of mirror that you can get absolutely free with a purchase of Yeast Foam Tablets. It's tilted at an angle so that you get a perfect close-up of your face without having to hunch way over your dressing table.

Set it anywhere and have both hands free to put on cream or make-up comfortably. Women say it's one of the grandest beauty helps they've ever seen. Send the coupon, with an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton, for your mirror now before the supply is exhausted.

This offer is made to induce you to try Yeast Foam Tablets, the modern yeast that gives greater health benefits because it's dry.

Scientists have recently discovered that dry yeast, as a source of vitamin B, is approximately twice as valuable as fresh, moist yeast! In carefully controlled tests, subjects fed dry yeast gained almost twice as fast as those given the moist, fresh type.

Get quicker relief from indigestion, constipation and related skin troubles with Yeast Foam Tablets. You'll really enjoy their appetizing nut-like taste. And they'll never cause gas or discomfort because they are pasteurized. At all druggists.



NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send me the handy new tilted make-up mirror. MM-9-35

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Keep Young and Beautiful

(Continued from page 18)

Rest and fresh air, Rose Bernie explained to me, are the essential features of the milk diet. It has been found that a milk diet is effective not only for reducing and building up, but is a helpful factor in eradicating skin eruptions and improving a sallow complexion; in restoring sleep and curing insomnia; and in rectifying faulty conditions caused by excessive coffee drinking or smoking. The specially prepared milk served at the Bernie farm contains certain bacilli friendly to health. It is pure fresh milk, cultured with a hardy strain of bacilli in accordance with the formula of a famous European physician.

Of course, it isn't possible for all of us to secure specially prepared milk, or to have the de luxe solarium sun baths, Swedish massages and pine needle baths that are available at the Bernie Milk and Health Farm. We can't all get away for several weeks in order to take a reducing or building up treatment. We have to combine our efforts along those lines with housekeeping or office work, or a hundred and one different things. But if we can't, we'll have to concentrate on milk and the proper diet.

When guests of the farm leave, they are given a diet to help them keep off or keep up the weight they have lost or gained while there. They are generally so encouraged by the start they have made that they are anxious to keep up the good work. And because I want to encourage you to a good start, I have had some more copies multigraphed of my eight-day diet for reducing, and I have mapped out a program for weight gaining as well. I include milk in both.

Of course we know that milk is one of the most important items in the diet. It is really a food. They would tell you at the Milk Farm that milk should be sipped slowly because the gastric juices of the stomach cause milk to curdle shortly after it is swallowed, hence making the curds large and tough if the milk is drunk rapidly. Remember these two things about milk. First, don't use it merely to quench thirst. Second, don't drink it rapidly. If you are one of those persons who says "Milk doesn't ever agree with me," perhaps you'll change your mind.

The reason milk is the one food on which (Continued on page 69)



Miss Faith Corrigan, brown-eyed but fair-skinned, uses Pond's Rose Cream Powder. (below) Mrs. M. Bon de Sousa, medium blonde hair but creamy skin, uses Brunette.

Consult your Skin, not your Hair, Optical Machine Answers

BROWN HAIR AND EYES—and a skin as white as a baby's. Medium blonde hair—dark brown eyes—and a skin with a creamy undertone.

Brunette and blonde. But a *brunette* powder would dim the first girl's skin. And a *blonde* powder would make the second girl's look chalky.

THE FIRST THING to do in choosing a powder is to *study your own skin*. Is it fair? Or dark? Is it sallow? Does it need brightening up? Or toning down?

Whatever it is, there is a Pond's powder shade that will bring to it just what your skin lacks.

With an optical machine, Pond's analyzed the coloring of over 200 girls—every type. They found the secret of the sparkle in dazzlingly blonde skin is the hint of *bright blue* in it. The creamy allure in brunette skin is due to a touch of *brilliant green* hidden in it.

They found what each girl's skin needed to give it life! They blended these colors *invisibly* in their new powder shades.

What shade powder shall I use?



Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed—to find the hidden beauty tints in skin, now blended invisibly in Pond's new powder shades.

Send for these shades *free* and try them before your own mirror:—

Natural—makes blonde skin transparent.
Rose Cream—gives radiance to fair skin.
Brunette—clears creamy skins.
Rose Brunette—warms dull skin.
Dark Brunette (Sun-Tan)—gives a lovely sunny glow.

Notice how smoothly this powder goes on—never cakes or shows up—How natural it looks on. And it stays that way *hour after hour*. Fresh—flattering!

5 different shades FREE!

MAIL COUPON TODAY (This offer expires November 1, 1935)

POND'S, Dept. J 126, Clinton, Conn. Please send me free 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

NAME _____ STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

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Love Waits Around the Corner

(Continued from page 17)

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAYON)

romantic
alluring



FAOEN No. 44—warm,
vibrant . . . romantic



FAOEN No. 19—Fresh,
elusive . . . alluring



FAOEN No. 3—cling-
ing, oriental . . . exotic



FAOEN No. 12—cool,
delicate . . . intriguing

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAY-ON)

10¢

In ten cent tuckaway
sizes as illustrated
at all 5 and 10
cent stores.

*Beauty
Aids*

friends to yachting parties in which they sailed over seas blue as truth as they followed the sun. They gave the luxurious specifications for town cars which were inlaid with rare woods out of the jungle.

Then there were the bills Ethel laid on Caleb Bragg's desk in a precise little pile every morning. For shoes at forty dollars a pair. Neckties which cost what she paid for her dresses. Orchids with centers of royal purple. And bills from Cartiers, famous for their sapphires and their square emeralds, which were enough to take any-
one's breath away.

There was, at this time, a famous star who called on the telephone. She had come into her prominence as a singer. And from the first her confident, rushing voice stimulated Ethel's imagination—to such an extent that she bought herself a balcony seat in the theater where this star was playing. And one Saturday matinee she listened carefully, critically too.

"And," Ethel told me. "I decided then and there that I could sing as well as she did. Even if I never had had a lesson. She wasn't a great singer. There was just something pleasant and catchy about her voice.

"I began to learn the new songs. And to take more singing engagements in the evening. I had sense enough to know that the more experience I could get the better equipped I would be."

Spurred on by her contact with the fascinating world of wealth and the theater, you see, Ethel began to feel it was pretty silly for her to sit back in a brown-shingled two-family house and let this golden parade pass her by. Besides, if she could accomplish her end through her singing her gain would be twofold. For she adored to sing more than anything else in the world.

And the future the gypsy had seen in the tea leaves began to shape itself. . . .

You've undoubtedly heard how Caleb Bragg gave Ethel a letter to George White of Scandals fame. How she typed this letter herself and took it to White's office. How he doubted her ability to sing but offered her a job as a show girl. And how she thanked him kindly but went back to her typewriter.

However, in the evenings, she came to sing in a little Russian restaurant in the midtown district, near all the theaters. She wore a maize chiffon dress. She brushed her dark hair back from her white forehead with a dramatic sweep. She touched her dark eyes slightly with mascara and her provocative mouth with bright lipstick. And while she sang she moved in and out among the little tables. Her songs were "Moanin' Low," "I've Got a Feelin' I'm Fallin'" and "Singing in the Rain." It was the latter part of 1929.

One night a theatrical manager by the name of Lou Irwin heard her. He insisted she meet a Warner Brothers' executive who was arriving in New York from California the following morning. Ethel called the office and announced that she would be late. She went with Lou Irwin to meet this motion picture mogul. And three days later she was under con-

tract at two hundred dollars a week, every week, whether she worked or not. Whereupon she resigned her job.

"The trouble was that I didn't work," Ethel explained. "My check arrived every week. But that wasn't enough. I wasn't getting anywhere. So I had Mr. Irwin, who was my manager then as he is now, go to Warners' and get their permission for me to take other engagements. With the understanding that they wouldn't be obliged to pay me while I was engaged."

She sang with the Paul Ash band at the Brooklyn Paramount. And her one-week engagement extended to seven weeks. Then she played the Palace. She was big time. "Girl Crazy," the George Gershwin hit, came next.

On the opening night of "Girl Crazy," Caleb Bragg and many of the celebrities to whom she had written letters over a period of years were in her audience. They heard her sing "I Got Rhythm"—which is exactly what she did have and does have. And "Sam and Delilah." And they stormed her dressing-room following the final curtain to tell her that she had put over two song hits and turned herself into a star.

It was noon the next day when George Gershwin, who had been calling since nine o'clock, got her on the telephone.

"Do you realize what's happened?" he demanded. "You're made, Merman. Made! You're a hit! You're a sensation! From now on you can write your own ticket! Broadway's goofy over you!"

Following "Girl Crazy," Ethel played in "Scandals." George White had changed his mind about her as a singer now. "Take a Chance" came next. With her number "Eadie Was a Lady" catching on like wild-fire.

Nights, following her triumphs in the theater, she sang for the supper crowds at the smart Central Park Casino. And in between times she repaired to the Paramount Studios in Astoria outside of which she once had stood to watch Alice Brady arrive and depart in a cream-colored Packard driven by a Jap chauffeur. Now Ethel belonged inside these studios. In a star dressing-room.

"Hello, Ethel," you used to hear a stage-hand bellow down from the rafters. Or "Hi, Zimmy!" might come from a young electrician. For many of the boys with whom Ethel had gone to school had gone into the studios in various capacities.

Today Ethel is an important figure in that gay, amazing world she used to touch only through the letters she took down in her red-ruled notebook. You don't find her squandering her money on square emeralds and sapphires big as robins' eggs or driving about in a car inlaid with woods imported from Africa. She lives comparatively simply and quietly with her mother and her father and works, works, works.

She likes to work for one thing. And besides she has learned that if you keep going anything can await you—just around the corner. Just around the corner she has found fame. She has found wealth. What awaits her next? Love?

THE END

Goodbye, Father Coughlin

(Continued from page 29)

continue to admit times when they are sorely puzzled.

Question three: Is it true that his political talks were harming the Catholic Church?

I have heard that two dangerous things have been happening: First, the clergy and the laity were splitting on Coughlin's right to disport himself in the same ampitheatre with such undignified performers as Huey Long. Second, important and wealthy members of the Church, whose donations formerly were offered regularly and liberally, now refuse to support a Church which tolerates such a firebrand.

You must know that many a solid citizen considers Coughlin a revolutionary and a menace to our capitalistic system. I know he denies this with all his might, but the point is that certain rich men reject his denials and find in his exortations to the poor and discontented masses enough sparks to set off a national calamity. And they shut their hitherto open pocketbooks.

Certainly men of fortune cannot be expected to contribute even indirectly to a man who threatens their fortunes. If church contributions have diminished, I wonder if it is Father Coughlin or economic conditions that are responsible?

Question four: Instead of depriving us of Father Coughlin broadcasts by forbidding him the use of radio, cannot His Holiness direct him to continue broadcasting this fall—with the proviso that controversial and political arguments be replaced by things more becoming to a representative of the Holy Roman Catholic Church?

Father Coughlin has already answered the story that he was ordered off the air. This telegram was received by Martin J. Porter and published in his famous New York Journal radio column:

"Report of my going off air either at command or suggestion of my ecclesiastical superiors is absolutely without foundation. Moreover the remark about the unlikelihood of my broadcasting again next October is without foundation. If my present health continues I shall be on the air waves next October. (Signed) Rev. Charles E. Coughlin."

I for one hope his present health continues many, many years and gives him the strength to broadcast again his inspiring and soul-stirring messages. I hope, too, that you may see fit to temper your ban—if there is a ban—so that the inspiration of a great mind and a great heart may not be denied to those who have need of it.

Very respectfully yours,
ANTHONY CANDY.

That is the letter I would send to the Vatican. That is the letter I hope some one with power and prestige in American Catholic affairs will send. Father Coughlin's gift for leadership should not be wasted. But let that leadership be spiritual rather than political. I know I express the sentiment of millions when I say we don't want him to be gagged.

THE END

EYES

like shimmering stars



TATTOO YOUR EYELASHES
with this new form of mascara

NO WATER - NO PREPARATION NEEDED

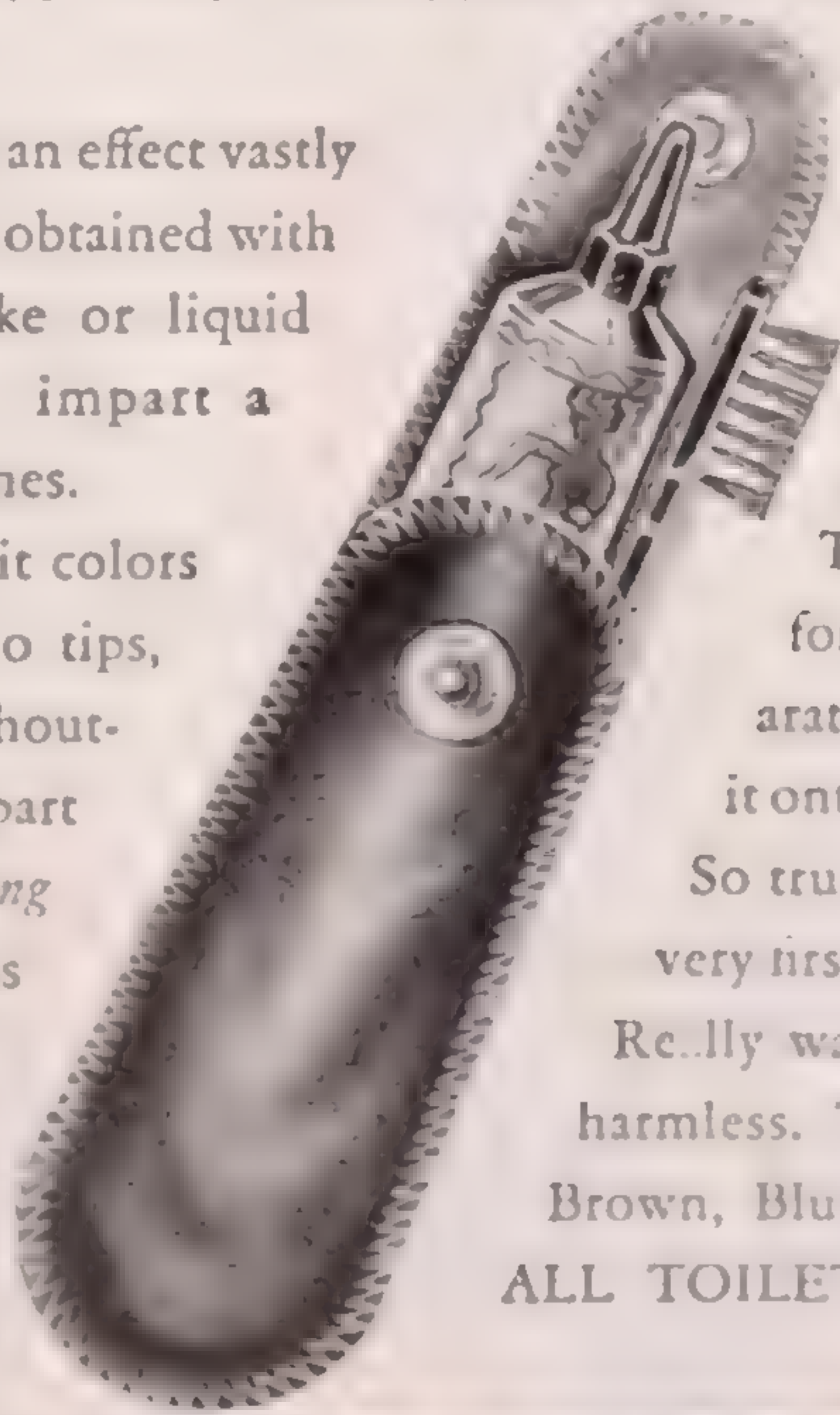
HERE is a mascara that gives an effect vastly more fascinating than that obtained with the ordinary, old-fashioned cake or liquid darkeners . . . for, it doesn't impart a rough, "grainy" look to the lashes.

Tattoo applies so smoothly; it colors the lashes so evenly from lid to tips, that the lashes, instead of shouting "mascara," are merely a part of a lovely illusion; a *stunning* illusion in which your eyes appear as shimmering stars, surrounded with mysterious darkness . . . your lashes seeming to be twice their

real length . . . each lash like a shaft of star-light reaching out to show the way to "heaven"!

Tattoo comes in a tube, ready for use. No water—no preparation needed. Simply whisk it onto your lashes with a brush. So truly easy to apply that your very first try yields a perfect result.

Really waterproof—smart-proof—harmless. *Tattoo your eyelashes!* Black, Brown, Blue. NOW ON SALE AT ALL TOILET GOODS COUNTERS.



TATTOO *for Eyelashes and Brows*



Bett Lawton

Elaine Melchoir, whom you know on the air as the villainous Ardala with Buck Rogers in the 25th Century, is in real life as charming as she is beautiful. She has blue eyes and brown hair. She loves animals.

Lazy Dan Wanted a Home

(Continued from page 43)

Song," starring Grace LaRue. Then Brother Phil's voice changed, and Irving had to go on alone.

He was still a pretty good midget—good enough to land a job with the Forepaugh-Sels circus for fifteen and found. The fifteen went home to mother; the tight-rope walker and the skinny man saw to it that Irving found patches for his pants and peanuts to eat. He sang with a band of fifty musicians until, in Texas, the sheriff padlocked the show to prevent the spreading of an animal plague.

Irving went home to his mother. Then, shortly, he was off again—this time to John Ringling, who had offered him a job after scouting the Sels layout. Irving had definitely added a few inches to his stature; nevertheless, upon reporting to Ringling in Denver for a tour of the south, he learned he was again to add color to a circus band as its midget vocalist.

He was then approaching the hoary old age of ten.

There was pretty much of a rush about things that first day, Irving remembers. He reported early in the evening, was given his costume and his music. By the time he had got the fat lady to read the words for him, it was time to dress and go on.

He stood on the little raised platform that had been hastily constructed for him. The music swelled; then it died down to an appropriate murmur. Irving opened his mouth. He closed it again almost immediately, to the immense satisfaction of everyone within shouting distance. The midget soprano's voice, unused for singing, after the layoff, unnoticed during the summer, had changed!

Of course, that ended the midget business. It also ended Kaufman for awhile. He spent four or five years back home in Syracuse. First he worked as an ele-

vator boy, then as a flunky in the L. C. Smith Typewriter company. Finally, he bought a slide lantern and sang in the nickelodeons. Then, he pulled out for the big town, New York City.

For some reason—possibly because he was pretty good—young Kaufman had no trouble finding a job. Leo Feist snapped him up almost the minute he got off the train and gave him thirty-five dollars a week to plug songs. For a little more than a year Kaufman plugged songs for all he and the songs were worth. Then he made tests on the cylindrical wax records for the phonograph Thomas Edison had just perfected. There was, immediately, much huzzahing and hurrahing. The Edison company had made a find. Kaufman has, since that day twenty-two years ago, recorded for twenty-two different companies under ten different names.

Though Kaufman was moving ahead, he still wasn't much nearer the home that he wanted. But he was doomed to do without it for a good while yet. His work had so swelled his reputation that, when Smith and Dale and Harry Goodwin decided the Avon Comedy Four sounded better than the Avon Comedy Three, they selected Kaufman as the only other comedian and singer in the country who could match them.

You know how the Avon Comedy Four went to town. How, after an extremely successful tour here, they left for an engagement in London, which lasted until the war came along. Then Kaufman, Goodwin and Smith and Dale returned to New York. So many were rushing home then, they had to accept steerage passage on the Aquitania—which is, incidentally, where Kaufman picked up those twenty-six dialects he uses on his Sunday afternoon programs.

Through another successful tour of the

country, Kaufman and his companions earned the reputation of being the best act in vaudeville. Kaufman recorded as fast as he could learn new songs. America entered the war and Kaufman's flat feet couldn't keep him out of it; he was a cantonment entertainer. Then, after the war, he spent three years making records.

He confesses that, at that stage, he just about gave up hope of a home. The theater, which gave him his living, was good to him; yet, at the same time, it was cruel. But there was something of which Kaufman was not fully aware, that was working for his hopes. Radio was coming.

In 1923, WJZ was just starting as a local New York City station. It is now one of the ace links in the National Broadcasting Company's chain; then, it aired phonograph recordings almost exclusively—and the records it used were almost exclusively those pressed by Irving Kaufman.

Irving considered this. "Now," he said to himself, "they use my voice on phonograph recordings. Why can't they use it off the recordings?"

He went down to the WJZ program director and station manager and asked.

The program director shrugged. "Darned if I know," he admitted.

So Kaufman broke into radio and the dream he had had backstage somewhere in Pennsylvania began to be realized.

Now instead of long sleeper jumps there were subway rides, for a small, black thingamajig carried a song or a gag for thousands of miles. That meant that Kaufman, who had been swinging from dreary hotel to dreary hotel, could settle down—sink his roots into the life of a community. It gave him and his wife a chance to have a home.

Yes, he had a wife by then—a very lovely one whom he had just married. We must tell you about that.

It was a number of years ago—about eight, perhaps—that he met her. He had gone up to the Marx publishing company to learn a song or two, and the manager, Belle Brooks, played the piano for him. She was so nice, he went up each week for the next two years to learn other songs.

"Belle," he said one day "will you marry me?"

Belle, sitting at the piano, looked up. "Of course," she agreed pleasantly; then she looked back at her music. "Maybe you'd better do this in G," she added.

When she became Mrs. Irving Kaufman, Belle decided that she, too, was all in favor of the quiet home life. Radio was treating Irving right: a number of sponsors entrusted him with the job of plugging soap, soup, meat, radio tubes, spark plugs and floor wax and Irving was taking good care of them. So there was no reason he shouldn't seek a home. Radio is a home man's business.

They settled down. He bought a house in New Rochelle and they have a cute baby called Caryl Lee. Mrs. Kaufman busies herself with raising her baby and making Irving change his ties oftener than once a month. He tends his garden religiously, and also has started what is now one of the finest collections of Dickens in the East; she worries about dinner menus, bridge, and how many orphan kids Irving will have at his next Christmas party. Caryl Lee worries about nothing at all.

THE END

MEN'S EYES ARE MAGNIFYING MIRRORS



HOW DOES YOUR SKIN STAND THE TEST?

By *Lady Esther*

Every man instinctively plays the part of a beauty contest judge.

Every man's glance is a *searching* glance. It brings out faults in your skin that you never thin' would be noticed. Even those faint lines and those tiny bumps that you think might escape attention are taken in by a man's eyes and, many times, magnified.

How does *your* skin meet the test? If it is at all dry or scaly, if there is a single conspicuous pore in your nose or even a suggestion of a blackhead anywhere on your face, you may be sure that you are gaining more criticism than admiration.

Many common complexion blemishes are due to nothing less than improper methods of skin care. You want to be sure to *really* clean your skin. You don't want to be satisfied merely to remove the surface dirt. You want a method that will reach the imbedded dirt. At the same time, one that will *lubricate* your skin and counteract the drying effects of exposure to the weather.

The Care The Skin Needs

The care your skin needs is supplied, in simple form in Lady Esther Face Cream. This cream does more than merely "grease" the skin. It actually cleanses. It reaches the hidden, stubborn dirt because it is a penetrating cream. There is nothing stiff or heavy about Lady Esther Face Cream. It melts the instant it touches the skin and gently and soothingly penetrates the pores.

"Going to work" on the accumulated waxy dirt, it breaks up and makes it—all of it—easily removable. At the same time, as Lady Esther Face Cream gently cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and scaliness and keeps the skin soft, smooth and supple.

When you give the skin this common sense care it's remarkable how it responds. Blackheads and enlarged pores begin to disappear. Those faint lines vanish. The skin takes on tone—

becomes clear and radiant. It also lends itself to make-up 100% better.

Make This Test!

If you want to demonstrate the unusual cleansing powers of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream, just do this: Cleanse your skin as you are now doing it. Give it an extra good cleansing. Then when you think it absolutely clean, apply Lady Esther Face Cream. Leave the cream on a few minutes, then wipe off with clean cloth. You'll be amazed at the dirt the cloth shows. This test has proved a source of astonishment to thousands of women.

At My Expense!

Let me prove to you, at *my* expense, the exceptional qualities of Lady Esther Face Cream. Let me send you a week's supply free of charge. Then, make the test I have just described—the clean cloth test. Prove the cream too, in *actual* daily use. In one week's time you'll see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you.

With the 7-day tube of cream, I will also send you all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. As you test the cream, test also the shades of face powder. Find out which is your most becoming, your most flattering. Learn, too, how excellently the cream and powder go together and what the two do for the beauty of your complexion.

To get *both* the 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream and the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, all you have to do is mail me your name and address on a penny postcard or on the coupon below. If you knew what was in store for you, you would not delay a minute in clipping the coupon.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (16)

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me without cost or obligation a seven-day supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your face powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

(If you are in Canada, write Lady Esther Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

FREE

(Continued from page 8)

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(Continued on page 67)



Scotty Welbourne

"A man's best friend is his dog!" So says Dick Powell of his Belgian shepherd "Ranger"—who also is the pet of the entire cast of Hollywood Hotel.

A Crooner Complains

(Continued from page 31)

was a tasty little news item to the effect that I was going in for German lieder, with an idea (I suppose) of giving Nelson Eddy and a couple of other genuine artists a bit of competition. According to the report, I had engaged a German teacher and was already polishing up on umlauts. Don't believe it, my friend. It was, and is, the farthest thing from my thoughts.

I'm proud to be called a crooner. But I think that there should be a movement toward liberalizing the definition of "to croon." So far, Webster has not, to my knowledge, included the word "crooner" in his columns. In one vast and weighty tome, I discovered that "to croon" is "to sing in a low, monotonous tone." Mr. N. Webster (the late Mr. N. Webster, perhaps I should say) reports it, "to hum or sing in a low tone."

My complaint is that, as a crooner, I don't "hum or sing" either in a low or a monotonous tone. I sing out, opening my mouth wide, giving every note its chance, instead of trying to smother it. I admit that I "baby" the microphone a bit. Sing-

ing too loud might blast it. And I have a couple of other precautions in broadcasting, but none of them fit in with the erudite dictionary gentlemen's description of "to croon."

Outside of this mild complaint, and that directed only at the getter-uppers of dictionaries, I have absolutely no reason to think that being called a crooner is a mark of opprobrium. Anyhow, what I'm called leaves me awfully disinterested and unconcerned—an attitude I intend to preserve as long as that ever-loving check is there at the end of the week. When they start listing me as a "baritone," then I'll want to write letters of apology to Messrs. Tibbett, Thomas, Robeson, Eddy, Werrenrath, Bonelli, Pinza, and the others. I don't want to go under false pretenses.

Incidentally, I'm not a writer, either, and if you agree with me after reading this ditty, you'll have to blame it, as I have, on the fellow who crashed my dressing-room and set me to thinking why I'm proud to be called a crooner.

THE END

(Continued from page 3)

Miss Catherine McWalters, 1019 Underwood Place, Cincinnati, Ohio; Miss Dorothy Fleishmann, 1706 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, Ohio; Miss Cleo Mae Lewis, Route No. 1, Box 895, Portland, Ore.; Miss Betty Korin, 336 West Spruce St., Mahanoy City, Penna.; B. M. Vandergrift, 2449 Amber St., Philadelphia, Penna.; Glenn Michael, R. F. D. No. 1, Felton, Penna.

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RUDY VALLEE, Chapter III: Miss Beatrice Gordon, Lefferto Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Anne Brignati, 358 Hawthorne St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Rosemarie Janish, 360 Watson St., Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss Gertrude Briden, 417 Washington St., Brookline, Mass.; Miss Audrey Ryder, 263 Grayson Place, Teaneck, N. J.; Miss Nina F. Comer, 906 E. Henry St., Savannah, Ga.; Miss Anne Romeo, 2624 S. 72nd St., Phila., Penna.; Miss Mable Culver, 73 Parkdale Terrace, Rochester, N. Y.; Miss Goldie Benedick, 32 Vesper St., Akron, Ohio; Miss Agnes M. Judge, 89 Bruce Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

RUDY VALLEE, Marconi Chapter: Miss Mary Matts, 124 Pleasant St., Hartford, Conn.; Miss Mildred Creaser, 1816 Albersoon St., Savannah, Ga.; Marie Cranford, 102 Hillside Ave., Lindale, Ga.; Miss Vera Mahaffa, Neal, Kansas; Miss Beatrice L. Dean, West Stockbridge, Mass.; Mrs. D. L. Williams, 45 Newark Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.; Mrs. A. V. Tunison, R. F. D. 3, Cortland, N. Y.; Miss Goldy Rabinovitz, 603 Linwood St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Marie Benjamin, 145 Whittier Ave., Floral Park, N. Y.; Miss Marie

Trezza, 259-01 86th Ave., Floral Park, L. I., N. Y.; Miss Marie Vizzini, 278 Jay St., Rochester, N. Y.; Miss Emilie Kleckner, 2515 Kimball St., Phila., Penna.; Miss Frances Strand, Coleraine, Me.

CARMEN LOMBARDO, Chapter I: Mrs. Helen H. Hemphill, 201 West 105th St., Los Angeles, Calif.; Mr. John R. Lange, 221 West 105th St., Los Angeles, Calif.; Miss Shirley Smith, 1834 East 66th St., Los Angeles, Calif.; Miss Betty Mulholland, 243 1/2 W. 74th St., Los Angeles, Calif.; E. Glingras, 207 W. 105th St., Los Angeles, Calif.; May Joslin, 157 W. 105th St., Los Angeles, Calif.; Miss Harriet Hemphill, 201 West 105th St., Los Angeles, Calif.; Mr. John Rouhanen, 1933 Oak St., Los Angeles, Calif.; Mr. Joel Hicks, 410 W. 109 Place, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sproule, 635 West 104th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

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GUY LOMBARDO, Marconi Chapter: Mr. Raymond L. Ashev, Box 144, Lebanon, N. J.

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JOHNNY MARVIN, Chapter I: Mr. Harry Tinker, 2880 Briggs Ave., Bronx, N. Y.; Bob Fisher, 2885 Valantine Ave., Bronx, N. Y.; Frank Paine, 872 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; John Hanafan, 715 Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; William Zimmerman, 6903-79th St., Middle Village, L. I., N. Y.; Mr. Edward Butler, 1406 Merriam Ave., Bronx, N. Y.; W. Skinner, 1821 Pilgrim Ave., Bronx, N. Y.; John P. Ertz, Jr., 1121 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Ted Rauert, 301 9th St., West New York, N. J.; Mr. Vincent Lalor, 209 West 94th St., N. Y. C.

JOHNNY MARVIN, Marconi Chapter: Uldene McCormick, 21 School St., Holyoke, Mass.; Miss Antoinette Minutello, 101 Walnut St., Holyoke, Mass.

CONRAD THIBAUT, Chapter I: Miss Margaret Tochiana, 1023 Elmwood Ave., Sharon Hill, Penna.; Miss Anna M. Hill, 620 Gay St., Phoenixville, Penna.; Miss Catherine Hill, 620 Gay St., Phoenixville, Penna.; Mrs. H. L. Prince, 144 Herman St., Germantown, Phila., Penna.; Miss Edith Read, 1033 Elmwood Ave., Sharon Hill, Penna.; Miss Marion Ruch, 1029 Elmwood Ave., Sharon Hill, Penna.; Miss Ruth

Ruch, 1029 Elmwood Ave., Sharon Hill, Penna.; Miss Ruth Ruch, 1029 Elmwood Ave., Sharon Hill, Penna.; Miss Ruth Ruch, 1029 Elmwood Ave., Sharon Hill, Penna.

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GERTRUDE NIESEN, Chapter I: Miss ...; Geneva St., Elmhurst, Ill.; Miss Lorraine ...; Leavitt St., Chicago, Ill.; Miss Lorraine ...; E. 3rd St., Elmhurst, Ill.; Miss ...; 197 Grantley Ave., Elmhurst, Ill.; Miss Bonita ...; 142 Geneva St., Elmhurst, Ill.; Miss ...; N. Duke St., Lancaster, Penna.; Miss Florence ...; Myrtle Ave., Elmhurst, Ill.; Miss Rose ...; 648 New Holland Ave., Lancaster, Penna.; Mr. P. Stearnes, 388 Kentlworth, Elmhurst, Ill.

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NELSON EDDY, Marconi Chapter: Miss M. ...; Howells, 1440 Allegheny St., S. W. Atlanta, Ga.; Miss Mildred Fisher, 247 Canal St., Ellenville, N. Y.; Miss Gladys O'Brien, 322 S. Walnut St., ...; Ohio; Mrs. Lart Nightengale, 2445 Boundary St., W. Hamburg, Va.; Miss Nancy Clark, So. Boundary St., Williamsburg, Va.; Miss Leah Leibowitz, 1814 W. Leigh St., Richmond, Va.

NANCY CLANCY, Chapter I: Miss Julia Dand, 78 Highland Ave., Clifton, N. J.; Miss M. ...; Franklin Ave., Bronx, N. Y.; Miss Anna ...; Miltmark, 950 Dumont Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss ...; Bradley, 1255 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; L. Wusing, 440 East 163rd St., Bronx, N. Y.; L. O'R...; 54 West 159th St., New York City; Miss Anna ...; 1546 Revisen Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Murray, 78 Highland Ave., Clifton, N. J.; Mr. Evelyn Brinkmann, 7501-88th St., Glendale, L. I., N. Y.; Mr. Eddie Brinkmann, 7501-88th St., Glendale, L. I., N. Y.; Miss Veronica Fraltes, 408 W. 57th St., New York City.

(Continued on page 76)

JOHNNIE GOES
PLACES!

Tennis Tournaments
at Forest Hills

America's Finest
15 Cent Cigarette

Call for PHILIP MORRIS

Beautiful Eyes

ARE YOURS FOR THE ASKING
WHEN YOU ASK FOR

Maybelline

says DOROTHY HAMILTON
Noted Beauty Authority of Hollywood

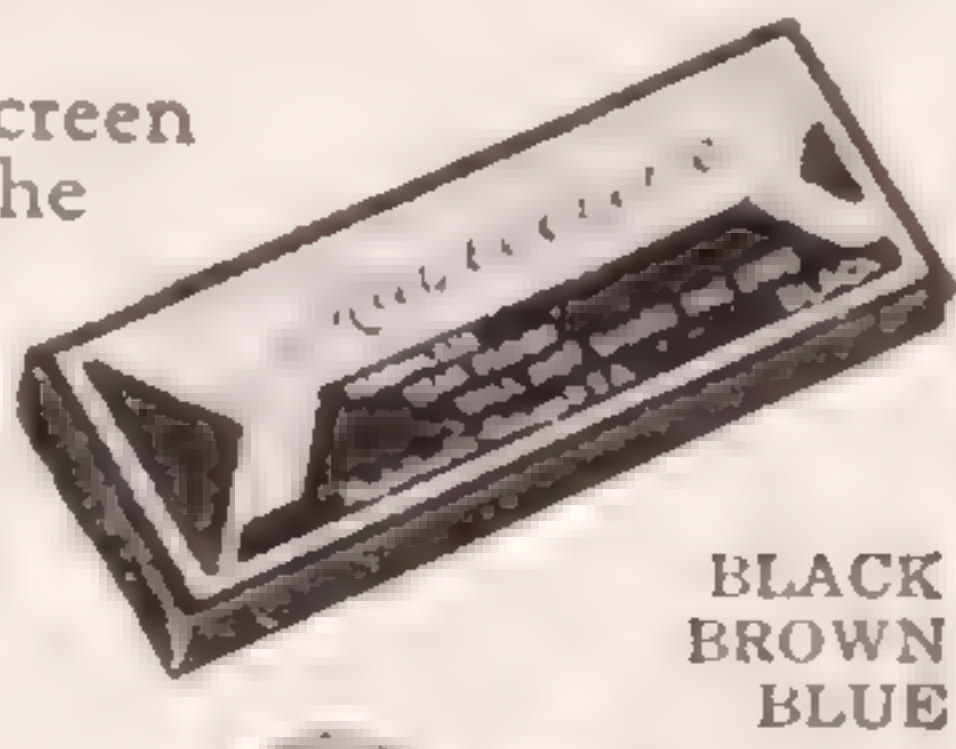


Dorothy Hamilton, heard every Sunday afternoon in the
"Maybelline Penthouse Serenade" over N. B. C. network

NOTICE your favorite screen actress, and see how she depends on well-groomed brows, softly shaded eyelids, and long, dark, lustrous lashes to give her eyes that necessary beauty and expression. More than any other feature, her eyes express her. More than any other feature, your eyes express you. You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are really attractive... and it is so easy to make them so, instantly, with the pure and harmless Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

After powdering, blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then apply a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline mascara to your lashes, to make them appear naturally long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold how your eyes express a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky by applying the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream nightly, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in introductory sizes at any leading 10c store. To be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness, accept only genuine Maybelline preparations.



BLACK
BROWN
BLUE



BLACK OR BROWN



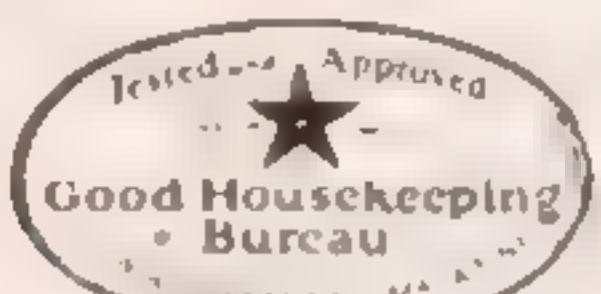
BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GRAY
VIOLET AND GREEN



COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE
BRISTLES



All Maybelline Preparations
have this approval



J. Walter Thompson



An artist in action! The Candid Camera catches Cornelia Otis Skinner in varying moods, as she broadcasts her delightful solo dramas on the Jergens Sunday evening programs. (Story begins on Page 36.)

Incomparable Cornelia

(Continued from page 37)

The Wild Westcotts, and other dramas.

I asked her if she would like to appear again in a play, and she confessed that she would, if she could get a good one. For one week this summer she will play Candida, as guest star for a Westchester summer stock company. "A rôle every actress loves to do," she said.

However, she loves doing her monologues, either on the stage or over the air. It gives her a degree of freedom that is denied by the routine of appearing eight times a week in a dramatic play. It permits of more home life, which, to her as to any normal young woman, is greatly to be desired.

As to that home life, one must yield to a decent reserve. Happy home life does not easily sustain ballyhoo. Neither Miss Skinner nor her husband, Alden S. Blodgett, want that.

"You can have both home life and a career," Miss Skinner said thoughtfully. "It means giving up certain things—things you don't really want—in order to have things you do want. I've given up a great deal—but nothing that I really wanted."

Which suggests a sound sense of values. Their home, in Gracie Square, New York, is filled with rare and historic treasures, for which both Miss Skinner and Mr. Blodgett have an abiding passion. In fact the youngest thing in the house, no doubt, is Otis Alden Blodgett, four and a half years old, and known as "Dicky."

Mr. Blodgett takes a proud interest in his wife's career. But beyond that, their mutual tastes send deep roots down into the essentials of life, in living fully, wisely and happily.

So, still in her early thirties—she was born in Chicago, Illinois, on May thirtieth, 1901—Cornelia Otis Skinner already has built for herself a fully rounded life, crowned with increasing fame, and, if not

with fortune, at least with a pleasant portion of this world's goods.

She had a happy girlhood, at home, at school, at college. She had the thrill of travelling to Europe at twenty-one, alone with a college chum of the same age. She has known success as a writer of verse and of articles on the theatre. She has been successful on the stage. She has seen her monologues grow in popularity, bringing her ever wider and more enthusiastic acclaim. And she has known romance and love, marriage and motherhood.

A full life—any one phase of which might seem completeness to a less gifted soul. All of which Cornelia Otis Skinner takes in her stride, with pride and patience and persistence, with the sensitivity of the artist and the strength that life somehow imparts to its rare souls, to sustain them. And with it all, she remains a natural, unspoiled young woman, with a merry humor and a ready laugh.

When she was rehearsing her Anne Boleyn script, reading the tragic lines the forlorn queen speaks to Master Kingston, who has come to lead her to the block where the executioner's axe awaits her: "Is my neck bare enough? See! They're only to hold my hair so!" ("It will be a permanent!") Miss Skinner interpolates with soft irony. Then, her voice shrill and shaken with tragedy, she continues in the words of the script: "The hunt is up! Death to the doe! To make sport for the royal whim! Off with my head!"

And the listener is wracked with the reality of the scene and the emotion conjured by her art.

Beautiful, gracious, charming, gifted—Again pleasant and appropriate adjectives flock to the mind, as I speak my pleasure in her program, and, with a reluctant good night, take my leave.

THE END

Keep Young and Beautiful

(Continued from page 18)

we can concentrate to the extent of an almost exclusive diet is because it contains practically all the elements required by the body, except roughage and certain of the vitamins. (A big glass of orange juice is served the guests who are on the exclusive milk-reducing diet at the Bernie Milk Farm the very first thing in the morning, in order to supply those few lacking vitamins.) Milk contains proteins for building bone and muscle, and for repairing the body's wear and tear; fats and sugar, to supply heat and energy; certain of the vitamins that are needed for growth and for warding off disease, mineral salts, particularly phosphorus and lime, needed in the blood, the bones, the teeth and the tissues; and water, which the body needs and uses to carry off waste.

We do not usually think of milk as an energy food, and yet a quart of milk of average richness supplies about one-fourth of the total energy required daily by a moderately active man or woman. Even the lowly regarded skim milk contains all the good qualities of whole milk, except fat and the milk-fat vitamin.

A pint of milk a day is a good daily allowance for an adult, and may be used either in fluid form or in any of the milk products such as butter or cottage cheese, milkshakes, eggnogs, cocoa, ice cream, custards, puddings, soups, creamed vegetables and escalloped dishes.

If you were going on a radio expedition to Byrd's Little America, you could still take your health and beauty quota of milk along with you in the form of evaporated, dried or condensed milk. Evaporated milk is simply milk from which about sixty percent of the water has been removed. When water is added, it can be used as a substitute for pasteurized fresh milk. The same substitution holds in the case of dried milk, from which practically all of the water has been evaporated. Condensed milk is evaporated milk sweetened with sugar.

All of which may seem like a dissertation on milk rather than on beauty, but the connection is so close that I felt justified.

I hope you're going to be full enough of enthusiasm to clip the coupon, check it, and send it in. Signing off from Station KYAB with three cheers for the milkman, and the Old Maestro's sister.

Mary Biddle
RADIO STARS
149 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me:

- (1) Your program for gaining ☐
- (2) Your 8-day diet ☐

Name.....

Address.....
Street

City..... State.....
(Please inclose stamped addressed envelope.)



It's Only
NERVOUS
POWDERING
But It Looks So
Common and
Artificial

Test This New Powder That ENDS "MAKE-UP WORRY"

Completely Moisture-Proof . . .
Lasts Hours Longer . . .
So Much Smoother

OF course, you don't like to powder constantly either! It makes any man think you vain—shallow—even a trifle "cheap." It's due almost entirely to consciousness of face powders that don't stay on—that soon lose their fresh charm.

But you can say "goodbye" to make-up worry! Try new Golden Peacock Face Powder. It's *really* moisture-proof! Skin oils can't absorb it. It clings for hours; but it doesn't cake in chalky lumps; doesn't clog your pores.

Like Natural Girlish Bloom

But that's not all—Golden Peacock Face Powder goes on with an utterly new smooth-

ness. Its skin-flattering tone blends perfectly with your skin. Result: A wonderful, natural effect, alluring peachbloom softness, that looks so young—so fresh!

Free Sample Offer

Get Golden Peacock Face Powder today. Only 50 cents at any drug or department store! For a test, get the handy purse size at any 10-cent store. Or, write us, enclosing 6 cents for postage, and get generous 3 weeks' supply FREE. Send name, address, and correct powder shade to Golden Peacock, Inc., Dept. M-205, Paris, Tenn.



Golden Peacock *Face Powder*

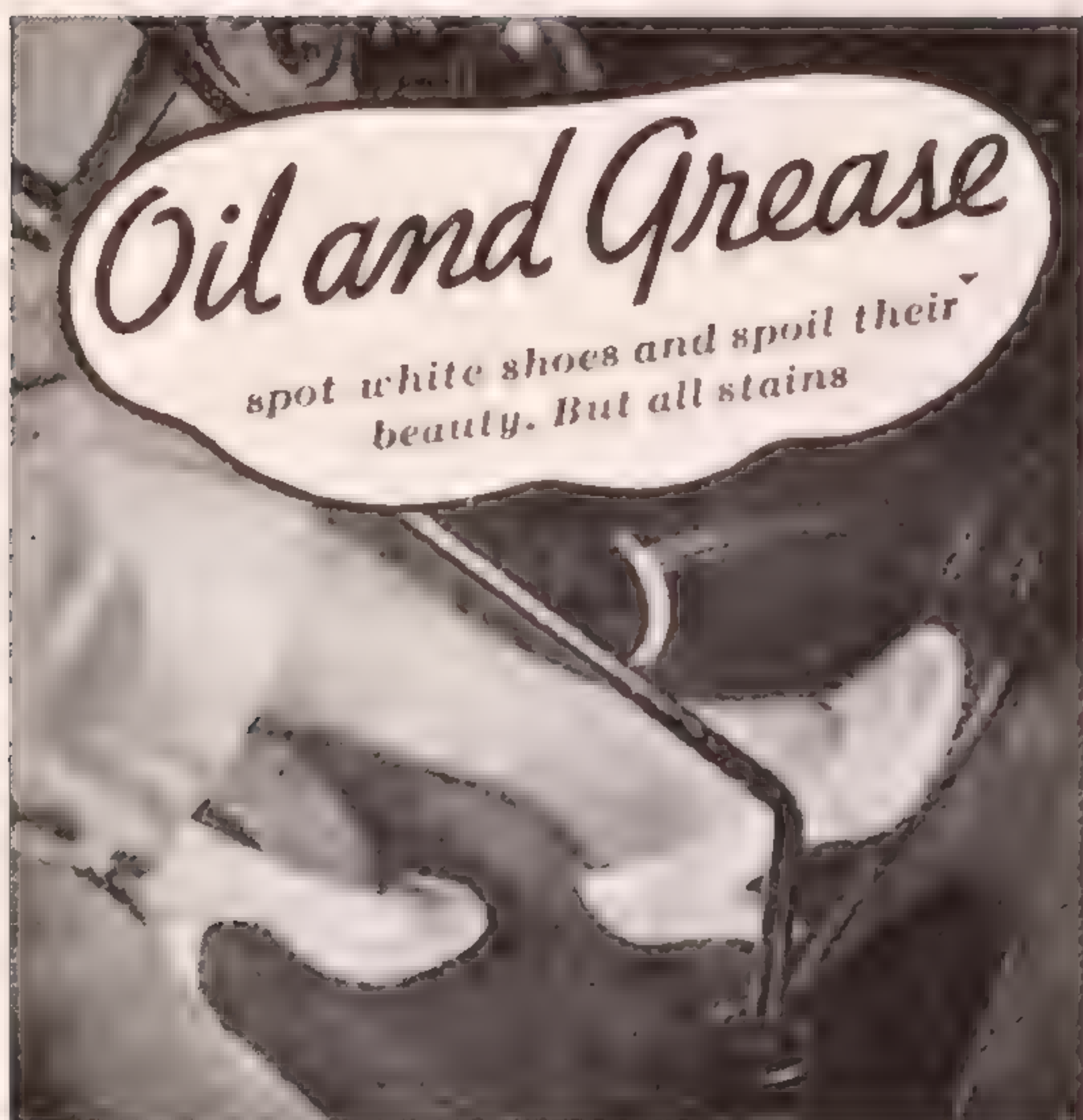


Thrilling Loveliness in REALLY WHITE SKIN

**Discover This Way to Help Nature
Shed Freckles . . Blemishes . . Tan**

The alluring charm no man can resist—and every woman wants—is easy now! Simply apply dainty Golden Peacock Bleach Creme five nights, as directed, and see how it speeds Nature's own method, to roll away that film of tanned, darkened skin. See how much clearer and healthier the skin looks, too, with disfiguring pimples from outward causes and blemishes banished! It's needless now to hide your charm under a mask of freckles, or dark skin! Get Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at any drug or department store today. Money back if you are not delighted. Handy trial size, 10c, at all 5-and-10-cent stores.

Golden Peacock *Bleach Creme*



10¢
AT ALL STORES

★ Shinola White Cleaner dries quickly. After drying, the shoe should be rubbed or brushed. Shinola cleans and whitens; removes all stains and will not discolor shoes.



An international broadcast of unusual importance will be heard over WEA and network on August 31st, from 2:15 to 2:45 p.m. EDST, featuring the Salzburg Music Festival in Austria. Every year this musical event brings to the tiny Austrian town the greatest singers and conductors from all over the world. Above are Lotte Lehman, of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, who will sing the leading rôle of Fidelio, and Arturo Toscanini, who will conduct the opera.

I Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 41)

MASTERS OF THE STARS

We're in a Paul Whiteman rehearsal. Paul has been working hard for several hours and he wants to rest; so he starts out of the studio. "Be back in five minutes," he warns a heavy-set man. Whiteman looks disgusted, *but he obeys!* . . .

We're at a Stoopnagle and Budd rehearsal. Although their gags are making the sound effects man miss his cues, a fellow wearing glasses rushes out of the control room and shouts, "That crack, my lads, is stinkin'. Cut it!" *They cut it!* . . . We're in a Rudy Vallee rehearsal. Rudy stands by while a young fellow, whose light hair is thinning on top, shifts the singers closer to the microphone and tells the band to play a little more quietly. The young man gesticulates to someone in the control-

room; then he gives instructions to Rudy. *And Rudy hurries to comply!*

Who are these men who can tell the stars what to do and bawl them out when they don't do it? We never hear their names, so how do they get that way? I've found out for you. They are "*production men.*" One of them, Norman Sweetser, has a story as interesting as any of the stars. So has Lester O'Keefe, the young man with the thinning hair, but it's about Norm that I want to write.

He began in radio on station WJZ back in 1927 and he started as a singer and announcer. He had been famous as a legit actor and as a war ace, and he became famous again. But after two years, radio men found that programs were better when a man who knew the business of entertain-

RADIO STARS

ment supervised their preparation. They gave him the job of handling a show and called him a *production man*. His job was to see that stars rehearsed properly, that music came over the mike correctly, that dramatic moments were properly built, that scripts were written and sponsors pacified. He's still doing it, and he's no longer famous.

His most interesting job, Norm says, was acting as production man for Al Smith in 1928 when the Happy Warrior was campaigning for the presidency. Smith, he remembers, was a poor broadcaster, though a swell speaker. He would slam the mike around, sway back and forth out of its reach, and, if the mood took him, even turn his back on it. Norm finally solved the problem by roping Smith to one spot. That gives you an idea of what the boys go through.

Norm likes production and says that it is vastly underrated. Since people don't know what "production man" means, they say, vaguely, "It's nice work if you can get it," when they hear that's his job. Then they'll add, comfortingly, "But he used to sing, didn't he?" They can't take that away from him.

That kind of talk makes him sore.

WHEN THE AUDIENCE IS AWAY

As you and I sit in a studio watching Guy Lombardo's orchestra rehearse, we notice a heavily-built man who comes in and sits near the back. When Graham McNamee practices announcing the show, the heavily-built man listens attentively. . . . There is drama in this. The heavily-

built man is Phil Carlin, a network executive. Eight years ago, he and Graham McNamee were rivals. They were called the *Twins* because their voices were so alike that, when they broadcast, people would lay large bets as to which was which. Controversy about their respective merits raged—until Phil abandoned announcing. . . . Now he often drops in on Graham, because it brings back old memories and because he can imagine he is listening to himself rehearse. Just a few weeks ago he filled in for Graham on that fifteen-minute review of world affairs—and few noted the substitution.

—o—

We now are watching John Charles Thomas, who looks like an older, handsomer Jack Oakie. He wears his hat on the back of his head with the brim flipped up college boy fashion, and lets his splendid voice swell into song. . . . William Daly, the orch leader, catches our eye. His arm-wavings and body-swingings while directing the band are even more violent than Reisman's, though he doesn't snap at his men. Just for fun, we watch the musicians. . . . Only once do they look at him during the number, and that is when he bumps against a music stand. He might as well be putting on a little acrobatic turn all his own. Later, after a bit of dialogue, the band is supposed to come in, on Daly's cue, with "Home on the Range." When the time comes, Daly waves his pencil violently—and since the men aren't watching him, nothing happens. "I can't understand," he complains, "why you fellows don't follow me."

MUCH TOOTING

Until just the other day, I thought I had been seeing things. I had dropped in to a Kostelanetz rehearsal, and there was Manny Klien blowing a trumpet. Later, at various intervals, I ran into the same Manny Klien playing with Red Nichols, Kel Murray, Leon Belasco, Lennie Hayton, B. A. Rolfe and Rubinoff. Finally I asked him just how much work he does.

Well, it seems that he, with one or two others, is just about the busiest musician in the world. Klien outlined a typical hard day for me. He's up at eight in the morning. At nine, he begins rehearsing and playing, hopping from studio to studio and from Radio City to Columbia theatre as his schedule requires. Lunch uses up half an hour and dinner more than an hour, but he works, on a busy day, until two the next morning. Manny says he tires of sitting sooner than he tires of tooting his horn.

FAN MAIL

A letter was delivered to the Chicago NBC offices the other day, just a year and a half late. It was addressed to Ben Bernie and marked: *Delayed because of transportation difficulties in Little America, Antarctica.*

IT'S GONE TOO FAR DEPT.

Winchell carried the item stating that Don Wilson and Gogo Delys have it bad, two national magazines picked it up as gossip and gosh knows how many people believe it. But, Don is a married man and batty about his wife and kids.

THESE YOUNG WIVES ARE WISE ABOUT WASHDAY



"Use Rinso for whiter, brighter washes," say makers of these 34 washers

A B C
American
Beauty
Apex
Automatic
Barton
Bee-Vac
Blackstone
Boss
Conlon

Dexter
Fairbanks-
Morse
Fardis
Lauress
Gainaday
Haag
Horton
Magnetic
Meadows

National
"1900"
Norel
One Minute
Prima
Rotarex
Roto-Verso
Savage
Speed Queen
Thor

Universal
Voss
Washday

Whitely
Washday
Zingy

I'M APPROVED BY
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING
INSTITUTE



IN tub washing, Rinso saves scrubbing and boiling. Rinso's suds (so rich and lasting even in hardest water) *soak* out dirt. Clothes come really white. They last longer washed this "no-scrub" way. Saves you money.

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

"I SUFFERED BY DAY I SUFFERED BY NIGHT



No One Will Ever Know
the Agony I Under-
went in Silence!"

IF there's anything will make you miserable and wear you down, it's Piles. The person who has Piles can't walk, sit, stand or even lie down in comfort. The agony writes itself on your face and makes you look years older than you are.

The worst part about Piles is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet, if there's anything in need of medical attention, it's this trouble, for it can develop seriously.

Piles may vary in form. They may be internal or external, painful or itching, or both. They may be bleeding or not. Whatever form Piles take, they are something to be concerned about and something to treat promptly.

Perfect Comfort

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All drug stores sell Pazo in the three forms as described. Get it today in the form you prefer and try it out. Your money back if it doesn't more than amaze you with the relief it affords.

Here are the Answers

(Continued from page 90)

another, he'll have to have a part he can play. They also do say that he's been carrying on negotiations with M-G-M.

Unkie: Thank you from the bottom of my soft old heart, Snooper. Hi there, Block and Sully. One of my readers wants to know if you're Burns and Allen.

Sully: Well, we weren't the last time we looked in the family Bible. We might be now—no, come to think of it, I'm sure we're not.

Unkie: Much obliged, ol' Sully, ol' keed. Oh, there you are, **Stuart Churchill**. Do tell me where you were born.

Stuart: Well, my native city is St. Francis, Kansas. Figure it out for yourself.

Unkie: I'll try. In the meantime, I'll try to pin **Virginia Clark** here down to giving me the cast of the "Helen Trent" dramas. What say, Jinny?

Virginia: To you, Unkie, applesauce. To your readers, how do you do? The cast is this way: *Helen Trent*, Virginia Clark (that's I, you know); *Agatha Anthony*, Marie Nelson; *John Haworth*, Eugene McGillen (that one in Myrt and Marge); *Dennis Fallon*, Ed Prentis; *Captain Saul*, James Blaine; *Mrs. Berrens*, Hazel Dopheide; *Captain Horton*, Jim Goss; *Gonzalez*, Henry Saxe; *Mary Steward*, Sunda Love. And the theme song is Victor Herbert's "Kiss Me Again," only don't go uttering any of your puerile flippancies now.

Unkie: Oh, my, you certainly wound me. Hello, **Nick Dawson**, I want to know—

Nick: Something about my life? Oke. I was born in Vineland, New Jersey. That's a little town near Atlantic City. I was really named George Coleman Dawson. When I was cutting up in school once, the teacher said I behaved like the Old Nick, and ever since the name's stuck and if you dare even start to say "So that's how you got your 'nick'-name," I'll trample you into the carpet! I played one-night stands with a stock company and then travelled with both Barnum and Bailey's and Ringling Brothers' circuses. I have been mixed up with revolutionists in Mexico, slept on park benches in New York and been shanghaied aboard a square-rigger bound to Hong Kong, worked as a cowboy, painted in Paris, fought in France as an American infantry officer, and written advertising copy in a New York agency. Aside from that, there's really been very little excitement in my life.

Unkie: Really a very quiet life, Nick! . . . Oh, there's **Bill Huggins**! Say, Bill, where the dickens have you been lately? Everybody's been asking for you.

Bill: Aw, just around. I'm starting a new series on WOR and perhaps by the time you print what I'm telling you I'll

have the program going out over the Mutual Broadcasting System network.

Unkie: And that'll be very nice for those of your listeners who can hear WOR, WGN, WLW, or any other stations Mutual may have by then. S'long, Bill, I got a little matter to take up with **Lanny Ross** here. Listen, Lanny, no matter how often I write it, there're always more readers who want to know your birth-date. Suppose you give it to me just once more.

Lanny: Oke, Unk. January 19th, 1906.

Unkie: Thanks, Lanny. Now I've got to catch **Nelson Eddy** before he gets into that elevator and ask him the same question. Hey, Nels, when and where were you born?

Nelson: Huh? Oh, hello there, Uncle Answer Man. Why—'mm—well, I was born in Providence, Rhode Island, June 29th, 1901. Hey, elevator. Going down!

Unkie: Very kind of him. And even if he is going down in the elevator, he's going up in the radio and movie world. Oh, Jerry, **Jerry Cooper**. Look, Jerry, here's someone who wants to know whether or not it's possible to get tickets for your *Roadways of Romance* broadcasts.

Jerry: Sorry, old boy. It's what we artists call a closed show.

Unkie: Well, much obliged, anyhow. I wish someone would tell me—oh, there he is now! Listen, **Johnny Marvin**, I want to ask you your wife's name.

Johnny: It's **Edna May Marvin**. And if you care to know, I met her in vaudeville and married her one month later.

Unkie: Thanks, Johnny, I do care to know. Ah, there, Mademoiselle **Peg LaCentra**, I would have you tell me a few things about yourself.

Peg LaC.: Well, I haven't quite figured out yet whether I'm going to end up as a singer or an actress. I sing on the "Circus Nights" programs, and act with Max Baer on the "Lucky Smith" programs. Anyhow, I started in radio as an announcer on WNAC in Boston in 1929. Before that, I'd studied to be a concert pianist. Then I came to New York five years ago and I found it pretty tough going for a while. Finally I got into the chorus of the musical show, "Music in the Air." Then I got parts on "Cape Diamond Lights," "45 Minutes in Hollywood" and the "Goldbergs." I am twenty-four years old, am five feet two inches tall and weigh ninety-three pounds, but just the same I have a temper, and if you insist on standing gaping at me like that I'll have you put out!

Unkie: But, Peg, I was only—

Peg: Pa-age boy! Pa-age! Throw this bum out.

Unkie: Here. Cut it out. Stop it. What do you think . . . oh, all right, I was going anyhow.

DO BLOOD AND THUNDER SHOWS FOR CHILDREN
ANNOY YOU? THE LISTENERS' LEAGUE WANTS
YOUR MEMBERSHIP. SEE PAGE 6.

Kilocycle Quiz

(Here are some ether puzzlers. Can you answer them in 5 minutes?)

1. Is Mario Chamlee on the Tony and Gus program, an Italian?
2. Who is known as radio's "Ambassador of Song"?
3. Guess what professions Joan Blaine of the Mary Marlin series was in before she became a radio star?
4. Who is the radio comedian who is one-16th Cherokee Indian and known in his home state, Oklahoma, as "Big Knife"?
5. How old is Mary Small?
6. Who are the best dressed man and woman in radio according to the poll made recently by fashion experts?
7. What popular team broke a precedent recently and for the first time in seven years added a third person to their show?
8. Do you know where Little Jack Little was born?
9. What is the name of radio's only six-sister act?
10. Do you know who the star is who turned from a soprano to contralto almost overnight?
11. Who plays the dual rôle of "Lazy Dan" and "Mr. Jim" over the air?
12. What program has ten vocal soloists?
13. What star is called "Greek Ambassador of Good Will"?
14. What noted ace of the air is known as the "Headline Hunter"?
15. What celebrated French composer and pianist gave a series of recitals over the air during the summer months?
16. How old is Ben Bernie?
17. Is Nelson Eddy married and how old is he?
18. How many children are in the Barbour family of the program "One Man's Family"?
19. Is there an admission charge to see broadcasts?

(Answers on page 77)

THERE'S A GIRL I'D LIKE TO MEET!



Yet 3 weeks ago they laughed at her skinny shape



NEW "7-POWER" ALE YEAST EASILY ADDS 5 to 15 LBS.—in few weeks!

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Why Reisman Turned Rebel

(Continued from page 43)

Tullio Carminati
CHOSE THE GIRL WITH THE
NATURAL LIPS
IN UNIQUE TEST



HERE ARE THE LIPS TULLIO CARMINATI SAW



Movie star
tells why
Tangee lips
were most
appealing



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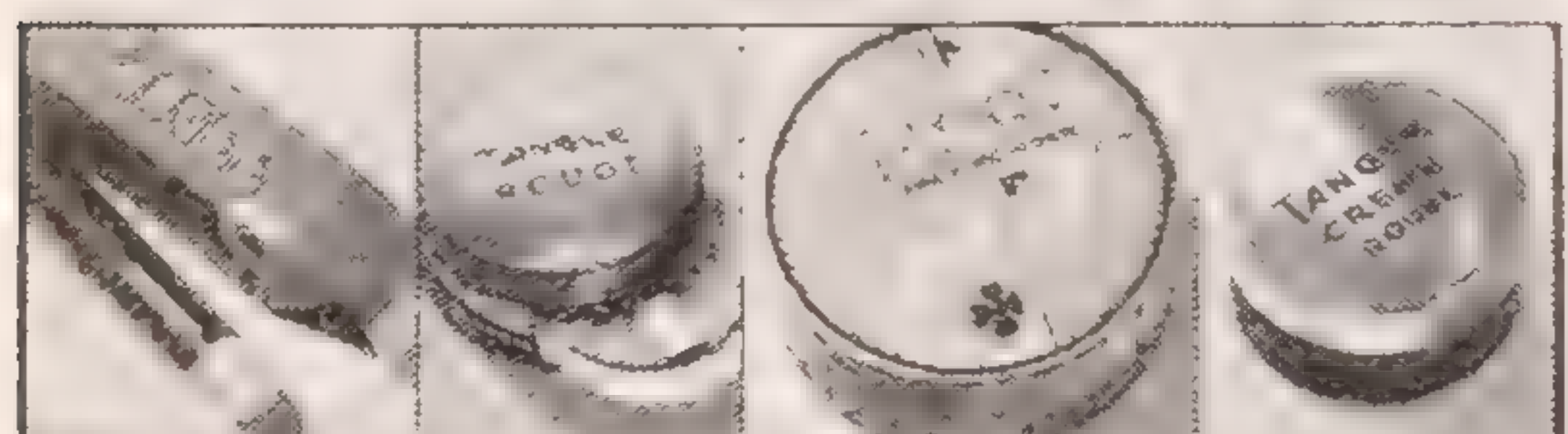
● Tullio Carminati, makes the lipstick test between scenes of the Paramount picture, "Paris in Spring."

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Hall so that he might be one of the first to purchase a gallery seat for Mischa Elman's recital.

His passionate longing to emulate the masters of his instrument made him visit historic Jordan Hall by stealth. There, in the gloom of midnight, he would play, his imagination filling tier upon tier of empty seats with a ghostly host and placing an accompanist at the shrouded piano behind him on the dark stage. The flickering beam of his flashlight would become the warm glow of the amber spot; the patter of mice in the walls would be the thunder of applause. Detectives, sent to account for the strange presence there, forced the door one night. He did not hear them, nor did he see them as they came down the dark aisles. He was lost in this world of his own making.

Yes, jazz was far removed from him. Then, an instructor asked him what he thought of it.

"Rubbish," snapped Leo. "It's not American. It's negroid and Hebraic."

"The people love it," the instructor pointed out.

Leo nodded. It was true! The fact bothered him as a mental rash would bother him. Maria Wood had taught him that were anything to conflict with his own views, the trouble lay either with his views or with it. So Leo Reisman decided to investigate dance music. He investigated—and didn't like what he found. There was only one thing he could possibly do: *He would blast it wide open!*

With that single idea in mind, Reisman, who had turned down offers to play with the symphony so that he might study more, accepted offers to play with these noise-mad lunatics.

You must understand that this, to the staid scholars with whom he learned Haydn, was blasphemy. But Reisman wasn't concerned with what they thought. During the day his violin sang the faultless measures of a revered sonata; during the night, it could hardly be heard above the thunder of the drums and the shrieking of the jazz clarinet. But he formed ideas—revolutionary ones.

In those days Lieutenant Jim Europe was the foremost figure in the world of the blues and his drummer, Battle-ax Kennedy, was the man about whom the organization was built. Kennedy had so many racket-makers—tin-pans, whistles, horse-shoes, sleighbells, bottles, cans and coconut shells—that he often took up the whole stage of a theater himself.

But it wasn't long before Reisman got his chance to disrupt such goings on. The Hotel Brunswick was having trouble with its dance ensembles. Finally, after having tried many combinations, the manager turned to Leo.

Leo stood alone, with only the teachings of two women to guide him. To the right lay a road, straight and level, with few thrills and lots of comfort for both himself and the girl he had just married. It was the pleasant life of the academic musician. To the left lay another. It was uneven and uphill, what could be seen of

it, and there were no signs telling what would be found at the end. But it was Leo Reisman's road. He accepted the Hotel Brunswick's offer.

Leo formed his band. He eliminated the clarinets and the jazz clarinets! He informed his drummer that he was to play only the drums—no cans or fire sirens. He issued instructions that the orchestra should play only those notes indicated in the score. He made it clear that no musician would be allowed to get up and *ab lib* a hot solo whenever he felt like it!

Other band leaders laughed when they heard about this new leader who was going to use a soft rhythm for psychological effect and feature that queer new instrument, the saxophone. "He can't get away with it," they jeered. "We'll give him and his new fangled ideas just two weeks!"

But Leo had thought everything out, as his mother and Maria Wood had taught him. He reasoned that tradition could be bucked. So he bucked it. Dancing Boston found his music delightful. Growing crowds heard him. Among them was Jerome Kern. The next day he came to Leo with Charles Dillingham, the producer.

"We want you in New York," they said. "We'll feature you in our new musical, 'Good Morning, Dearie.' You can't lose."

Leo found himself facing another division in the road. Again one path lay well defined, the other beset by unsuspected dangers. And again Reisman chose the one to the left.

He came to New York, the young conqueror from Boston. And those perils, hidden when he made his choice, leaped out at him. New York didn't want the young conqueror any more than it wanted his melodies.

"The arrangements in 'Good Morning, Dearie' had been disastrous. The soft strains of Leo's simple music had mainly disappeared up the flies and the audience failed to be impressed. Dowagers in the Crystal room of the Ritz-Carlton still believed crashing and intricate elaborations were the ultimate in dance music. At night, after playing to small, uninterested crowds, Reisman would creep into bed and wonder what to do. He couldn't go back. . . .

Think it out! He thought . . . *Think it out straight!* He thought straight. . . . And he decided he must merchandise himself, as underwear, or cigarettes are merchandised. He invented the term "The romantic fox trot." That got some of them. He made use of his sense of humor and his surprisingly good voice. That got still more. His music took care of the rest.

Reisman returned home that next year, itching for more battles. He didn't wait long. Charles Martin Loeffler, the famous composer, came to him and said: "Leo, I've written something different from anything else I've ever done. I've called it *Clowns* and it's for you."

Reisman looked at it, and beyond the notes of the manuscript he could see the music world, hastily adapting itself to his new type of playing.

"Charlie," he said, "let's blow the top off this stiff-necked old town."

"Right. What'll we do?"

"We'll present *Crowns* at Symphony Hall."

Austere old Symphony Hall, which had never known the pagan beat of a syncopated note! Loeffler was astounded; then his eyes twinkled. He admired this tradition-smashing youth.

They called it the Concert of Rhythms, and six hard weeks went into its preparation. But only one thing happened to mar its perfection. When the curtain went up, the wife of one of the richest men in the world left her place in the audience and did not come back. The empty seat stared at Reisman through those first five minutes. Would the others follow? He had not been content with merely blasting the precedent established in the historic hall, but had engaged the services of one of the greatest Negro trumpet players in the country. The Negro did his first chorus and Reisman and Loeffler drew their breath more freely. With a sigh, the blue-blooded audience had sat back to enjoy itself.

It was after the Concert of Rhythms that the Reisman influence really took hold and his radical teachings asserted themselves.

"We were broadcasting then," he told me. "We had been the second orchestra to go on the air, I think. Vincent Lopez made his initial broadcast one week and we made ours on the Sunday following. I like to think that Lombardo listened to us and that Rudy Vallee found our type of music the kind he could sing."

That was one way of spreading his gospel of rhythm; the other came about when men left his band to organize their own. Eddie Duchin and Johnny Green, like his other pianists, are the most famous, but there are dozens of others. He even influenced English music, for he sent Billy Wagner to organize a band in London.

Society, after battling tooth and nail for its beloved noisy jazz, capitulated to his insinuating music with a rush. He told me all these things in the ultra-smart stronghold of the ultra-élite, The Central Park Casino. He had crashed that—the last retreat. As we talked amid the soft lights and the sweet music, Irene Dunne danced by. Next came one of the gayest of the débutantes. He waved at them and they smiled and waved back.

"If," he said soberly, "I had done that twenty years ago, their escorts would have demanded an apology."

But Leo, the radical, has remained in character. He gets a keen and sustained enjoyment from his wife and four-year-old boy, whose name is—*guess!*—Charles Martin Loeffler Reisman. And, as do all good empire-changers when the battle is won, he wants a garden and a home—trees, space and sunshine.

"Yes," he concluded, "I was looking through a little shop in Greenwich Village not long ago and I came across a door. It was a beautiful thing—a door with a story. It seemed to epitomize what I want."

"Well, if you'd like to see that door some day, drop into my place at Cohasset on Cape Cod. I told my architect to jack it up and build a house around it, and he's doing it now."

THE END

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The Listeners' League Gazette

(Continued from page 67)



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(Here are the answers to the Kilocycle Quiz questions on Page 73.)

1. No. He was born in Los Angeles, Calif., and his real name is Archer Cholmondeley.
2. Al Shayne.
3. The law and nursing.
4. George Fields or "Honeyboy" of the comedy team of "Honeyboy and Sassafras".
5. Thirteen.
6. Rudy Vallee and Vivienne Segal.
7. Amos 'n' Andy, who were joined for a couple of broadcasts in May by Harrietta Widmer, taking the part of Julia Porterfield in the show.
8. In London, England, coming to America with his parents at the age of nine.
9. King Sisters.
10. Frances Langford, who in college sang in a clear high soprano and now is starred as contralto on the "Hollywood Hotel" program.
11. Irving Kaufman.
12. Horace Heidt's Brigadiers.
13. George Givot.
14. Floyd Gibbons.
15. Isador Philipp.
16. He observed his forty-first birthday on Decoration Day this year.
17. No. He is thirty-four.
18. Three boys and two girls.
19. No. Tickets are issued by the sponsors of the program.

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THERE'S a secret singing confidence in her heart that knows he will. Alluring loveliness such as hers is not to be denied. Clever women know the emotional power of perfume, but Blue Waltz Perfume taught her more than that. It taught her that half the magic of perfume is the effect it has on its wearer.

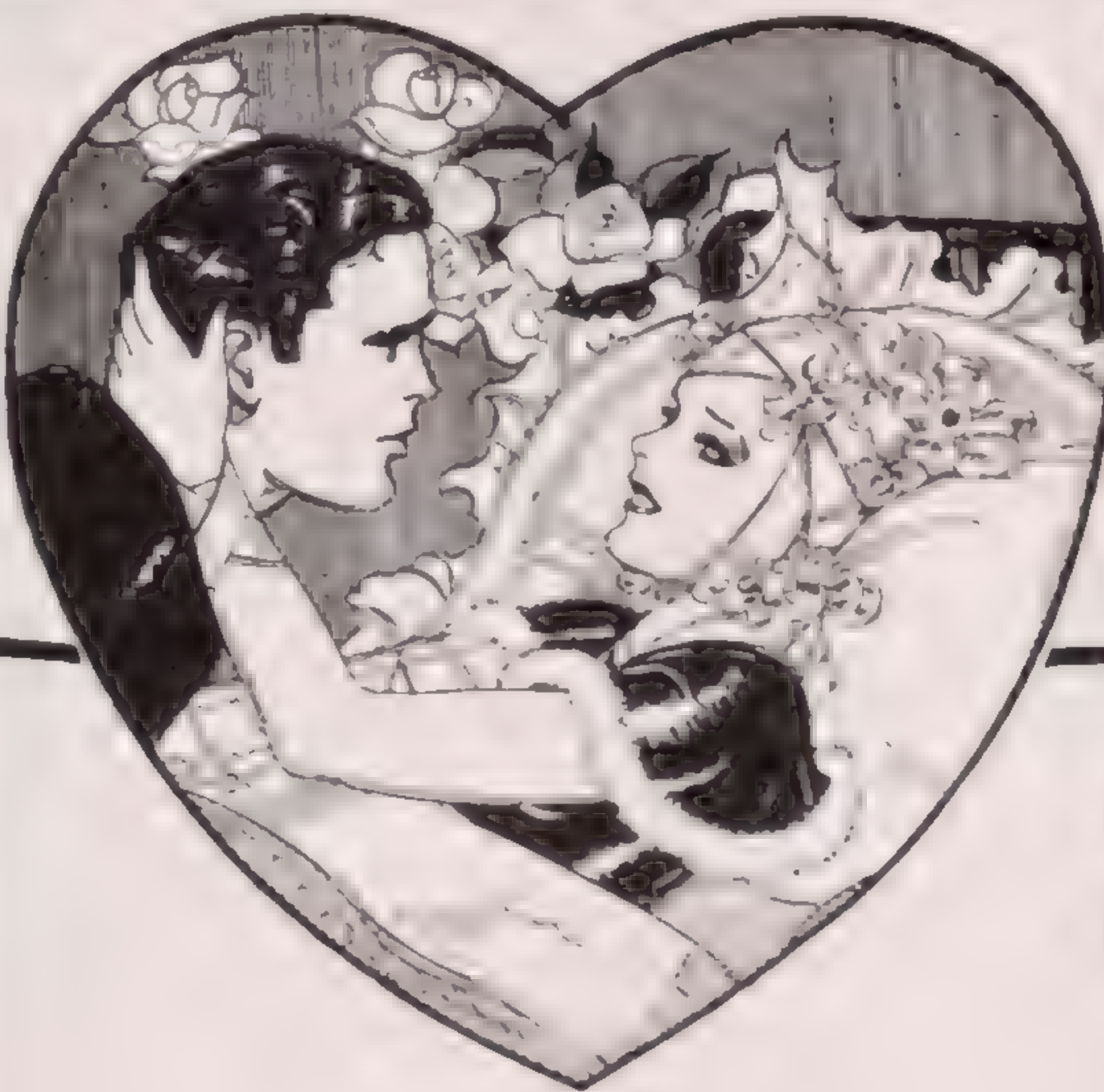
It is thrilling to discover that secret power within oneself . . . You can discover it, too. Try a touch of Blue Waltz Perfume on the wrists, and the seductive hollow of the throat. Your lips, your skin will speak the same exotic language of fragrance if you use Blue Waltz lipstick and face powder.

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The Campus Lure

never dreaming she
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death

"Date trading" was an old game at the Kappa Delt House. It was very simple. You phoned your date at the last moment and told him that you couldn't go, but that there was a cute little girl from the house who would take your place. Girls had been known to trade off a date for a coveted pair of earrings! Jeanne promised to get Pete

for Dodo. And she did get him, not for Dodo, but for herself and for two desperate men. What happened to Jeanne, clever, adorable Jeanne, the Campus Lure? . . . What happened to Pete, lured by love to a den of crooks? . . . Vina Lawrence tells you in a startling story of college life in the September issue of

Sweetheart Stories ..10¢

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50,000 Chorus Girls Can't Be Wrong

(Continued from page 33)

me. I can't disappoint him. I've placed a down payment on a second-hand Ford and I'm going to drive out with Mother to visit him in a few weeks." And darned if she didn't drive that broken-down old buggy all the way to the Coast just to make her parents happy! Now she's back here again, never a word about regretting that wonderful chance she missed. There's a hard-boiled, selfish, chiseling chorus-girl daughter for you!

"And she's not the only one. Look at Helen Oakes." He pointed to a gay, dazzling little dancer who looked as though her biggest problem was what date to go with after the show. "Helen's father died the opening night, and her mother already was dead. Helen wept back stage, but when the show went on she dried her eyes and was a bubbly, gay chorus-girl again. She never missed a night. Why? 'Granny,' she told me, 'there are five kids left and I'm the oldest. The youngest is three and the one next to me is thirteen. I've got to take care of them all. Don't you see? I can't afford to miss a day's work.' Helen needed money to pay for an eye operation for the baby, so she got a job in a Broadway show and worked here before and after the show and then did commercial posing during the day. On the jump from one place to another, morning, noon and night, until she was almost worn to a frazzle. But, as she explained to me, who was going to pay the doctor's bills?

"They're a plucky bunch, who keep smiles on their faces and their chins up. Always. Look—there's another." This time the long, thin finger singled out a green-eyed red-head, who looked as luxurious and feline as a Persian cat and as mercenary as Delilah. "She was one of the few who realized every show girl's dream. She married a millionaire. She left the show and rode around in a Hispana-Suiza with a liveried chauffeur. She had maids, yachts, a home in Southampton and all that sort of thing. Then her husband started to gamble and made unwise investments and the bottom dropped out. Every cent gone. Sunk. So what did she do? Run out on him? Bawl him out? Nag him? Not on your life! She came right back here and started to kick her heels in the chorus again. She rides in subways now and is saving her money to start her husband on a new business venture. And if he fails again, you can bet your last dollar that she'll stick by him! That's your gold-digging chorus girl.

"Not that they're all so sweet. Some can't take it. The night life goes to their heads. One kid from California started to hit it high. Went to all the parties she was invited to, drank and stayed out all night. Consequently, she would come in late, yawning and tired, often she missed the shows altogether. I gave her train

fare and sent her back home. So you see, the dizzy, flighty chorus girls—the kind you read about who lead the gay, glamorous lives, are the ones who don't last. The typical chorus girl—the one who is most in demand by producers from season to season, is the hard-working, dependable one.

"Why, dammit," he hit the table, "it makes me mad to hear these girls regarded as 'immoral' by some people. My girls are never in contact with men here. They're not allowed to mingle with the patrons. They're a sweet, decent bunch of kids and——"

The orchestra died down. That was his cue. He suddenly jumped up and left us, those long legs made a bee-line for the floor and he was in the center of the bright stage, once again the genial N. T. G., the wise-cracking master of ceremonies with a flock of beauties clustered about him.

While he was up there, it gave us a chance to think back to the time when Granny, like a Sir Gallahad on a white horse, rode to the defense of the girls who worked in New York night clubs. It happened several years ago and at that time the girls had to mingle with the men patrons, sit at their tables and drink with them. N. T. G. changed the whole café scene when he joined Texas Guinan's El Fey Club and issued the order: "No girl is allowed to sit at the tables and mingle with any of the guests." The Broadway wiseacres thought he was writing his own death sentence. You couldn't get away with such an edict, they reasoned. It would drive away the male customers. But, surprisingly enough, the El Fey Club flourished as it never had before. The seed of virtue had been planted in the Broadway soil and it bloomed with a fragrant odor. Soon the other cafés fell in line, and today all the chorus girls are protected by that rule in the New York clubs—all, that is, except those outsiders who work in the underground "clip joints."

N. T. G. was back. "I'm going to give these kids a hand. They need one. The career of an average chorus girl doesn't last more than five years. They want to rise above it, become famous stars just as much as any movie or stage-struck schoolgirl in Kahoozis. That's why I'm bringing them to the air. A sort of 'professional-amateur' night. I want to give them a chance to be heard and discovered. If it hadn't been for that lucky chance to be heard or seen, Joan Crawford, Ruby Keeler, Barbara Stanwyck and Ginger Rogers would never have graduated from the chorus to stardom."

It's no secret to those who know their Broadway that Granny's been behind the success of most of the chorus girls who've reached the top.

HAVE YOU JOINED THE LISTENERS' LEAGUE?
HAVE YOU A PEEVE AGAINST RADIO? THEN DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. SEE PAGE 6 FOR DETAILED INFORMATION.

FREE, FREE, FREE!

"Nothing pleases me more than to see my babies make good." He toyed absently with his fork, his eyes looked beyond the Paradise into the past. "I'll never forget the day, about ten years ago, when I was personal publicity agent for the late Marcus Loew. A young girl with blue eyes and dark hair walked into my office. Said her name was Lucille La Seur and she was a chorus girl out of a job. She wore an awful, ill-fitting dress, her big eyes were red from crying.

"I immediately phoned Harry Richman and he said he'd put her in his Club Richman show on my recommendation. That was that, I thought. Three days later she popped into my office once more, crying again. 'Well, what's the matter now?' I asked impatiently. She needed an evening gown for the show, she said, and she hadn't any money with which to buy one. I gave her the money to buy one, just to get rid of her, and she bought a fourteen-dollar gown. Back she came to my office and insisted upon trying it on so that I could see how she looked in it. I told her to go behind the screen and change. Just as she was throwing her dress over the screen, who should walk in but—you guessed it!—Marcus Loew, the big boss himself! I was in a panic! What an embarrassing spot! Here was a lovely young girl undressing behind a screen in my office! The true story would never be believed, so I started to talk fast and furious to cover my confusion and get Mr. Loew's mind away from the incident—I hadn't been a press agent for nothing! 'Mr. Loew, here's a wonderful bet for pictures. She'll be a coming star—*blah blah blah*.' I kept on talking like this until, to my surprise, he really began to get interested. Then the girl came out and stared at him with her big baby eyes and darned if she didn't have an appointment for a movie test before he left! On the strength of that test she was signed by Loew's company, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and was sent out to Hollywood. There she changed her name to Joan Crawford—and the rest is history.

"And there's another sweet chorine who's in the big star class today. I was running contests in the various night clubs, around 1923, when I first met her. I was in one club, ready to put on my 'dancing contest' when Larry Ceballos brought over a shabbily dressed little thing about thirteen years old. 'Here's a little Irish girl, Ruby Keeler, for your dancing contest,' he said. I took one look at her. Put this scrawny child with her heavy shoes out on that night club floor in competition with my glamorous beauties! But Ceballos insisted and I finally consented. Well, when she got out on the floor and started to tap, you forgot all about her awful clothes and those thick-soled shoes. What a sensation! She won the prize. I offered her a job with my show and she seized the opportunity. Her mother was always with her. That girl had the greatest capacity for work. She'd take every job that was handed to her. She needed the money because she was supporting the whole Keeler family, which consisted of about four or five younger sisters. She worked for me until midnight, and I got her a job at Guinan's from twelve to four. It was at Guinan's club that she met Al Jolson. But do you

for the asking

Win a Thrilling Dress for Yourself

This is only one of the beautiful frocks worn by Ginger Rogers in "Top Hat," and now she offers them to you through a simple contest in SCREEN ROMANCES. The frocks have been faithfully copied.

All you have to do is write a short letter.

Be sure and get complete details of this big contest in the September issue.

Complete Stories and Features in the September issue include "Top Hat," starring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers . . . Henry Wilcoxon and Loretta Young in "The Crusades" . . . Janet Gaynor with Henry Fonda in "The Farmer Takes a Wife" . . . Shirley Temple with John Boles in "Curly Top" . . . Peter Lorre and Frances Drake in "Mad Love" . . . Jean Harlow, Clark Gable and Wallace Beery in "China Seas" . . . Ann Sothorn with Roger Pryor in "The Girl Friend" . . . Jack Oakie and Lyda Roberti in "The Big Broadcast" . . . Joe E. Brown and Ann Dvorak in "Broadway Joe" . . . Katharine Hepburn in "Alice Adams" . . . Spencer Tracy in "The Murder Man" . . . Judith Allen in "Reckless Roads" . . . Onslow Stevens in "Born to Gamble" . . . Charles Buddy Rogers in "Old Man Rhythm" . . . Dick Powell with Joan Blondel in "Broadway Gondolier."



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THE LOVE STORY MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

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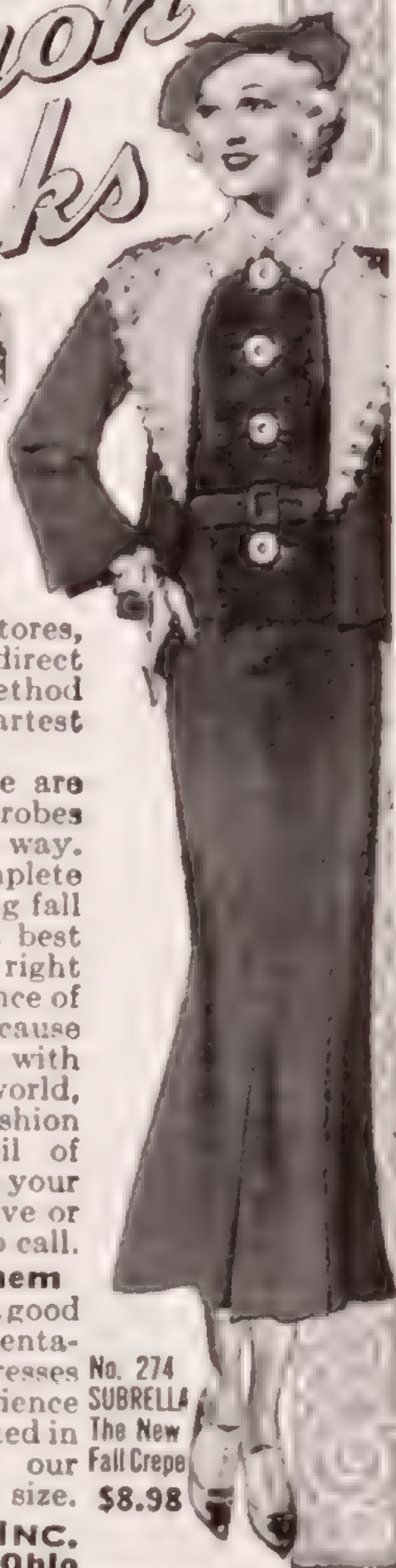
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One of these 3 shapes will fit your baby's mouth and reduce windsucking. Assures uninterrupted and contented feeding.

Avoid Dirt—This large nipple is safest, as it is easily inverted and cleaned.

HYGEIA
The Safe Nursing Bottle



Lulie Jean Norman, Southern belle, who sings on Willard Robison's Sunday programs.

think that marrying one of the most famous and richest singers in the world affected the size of her head? Not in the least. She followed my act around as though she still worked in it, and in between shows she'd call for the girls backstage and take them for a ride in her imported Minerva car. She knew from experience how uncomfortable it is sitting in a hot dressing-room between performances.

"Peggy Shannon was made of the same stuff. Peggy—" back he raced to the floor again to introduce a new batch of beauties. The orchestra blared up, a half-dozen languorous show-girls floated out—and Granny was back at our table.

"Peggy Shannon," he continued evenly, as though there had been no interruption, "is another chorus girl who lifted herself by her own bootstraps and landed herself in Hollywood. She was working for Earl Carroll at one hundred dollars a week, when she suddenly got the urge to act. Nothing could stop her. She left Carroll and the hundred a week and joined a stock company at thirty-five dollars. And wait—of that money she had to furnish her own stage wardrobe. There was a new play every week, which meant that almost her whole salary was gone on clothes. The hours were terrific, what with rehearsing for next week's plays all day long. Carroll wanted her back and offered her one hundred and fifty dollars and—think of it—the kid had the pluck to turn it down! There's a money-mad chorine for you! Believe me, she deserved that break in the movies!

"There are girls in my show today who are going to follow in Crawford's, Keeler's and Shannon's footsteps because they have that same driving ambition, that same will to get ahead. Edith Roarke is one. She was one of the most beautiful girls in my show. She's the sort of girl who is a Broadway columnist's meat. You know, seen at the smartest places with the town's leading blades. 'Edith Roarke was at the Mayfair with Harry Richman last night'—'Edith Roarke and So-and-So were dancing at the Versailles,' and so on. Just a dizzy playgirl. A typical dumb, party-going showgirl. Well, I'll tell you how dizzy and dumb she is. Edith wants to become a dramatic actress. So she's studying voice and diction and singing and French. No matter where she is—it could be the most brilliant party of the year—she leaves early and goes home so that she can get up refreshed the next day and continue her studies. Believe it or not! Why, I remember at one of these parties she had a group of some of the richest

young men in America—great 'catches' they were—swarming around her, and she left the whole bunch flat to go home because she had a dramatic lesson at ten o'clock the next morning. She has the chorus girl's creed: 'If a man can't do me any good, he's not going to do me any harm.' The last time I saw Edith she was in a little theatre playing in stock for the training. The money there didn't compare with her showgirl salary and the work was more strenuous. She'll go places, that girl! Yet I'll wager this whole Paradise cabaret against your cocktail that when she does get to the top people will wink knowingly and say: 'Just another lucky chorus girl who knew the right men'."

No wonder Granny thinks so highly of his girls. And to prove it, he plucked his own wife right out of a "Vanities" front line. She was Rose Wenzel, one of the most sought-after little dancers on Broadway. Blonde and lovely with a pert face and a slim, chorusy figure, she could go back to show business today, but she much prefers being Granny's wife. And his sister-in-law is Eileen Wenzel, a stately, brunette show-girl. Do chorus girls make good wives? Rose comes to the Paradise every night just to be with him, and Granny, a contented hubby if I ever saw one, says: "If we have any daughters they're going to be chorus girls, too!" So there!

This radio program isn't N. T. G.'s first venture into radio. Old-timers of the crystal-set days will remember when Granny ran the tiny WHN radio station single-handed, putting on a four-hour show nightly. He brought all of his Broadway pals to the microphone then. Eddie Cantor, George Jessel, Jolson, Richman—all were introduced to the air for the first time by the exuberant N. T. G.

"I brought my 'babies' to the air then and I'm going to bring them to the air now. I want everyone to see them as the sweet, decent kids they really are."

So now you know what radio's newest purveyor of beauty thinks of chorus girls.

And what do they think of him?

"Oh, Granny—Granny." A starry-eyed blonde with glistening deep-red lips rushes to our table. "Granny, my boy friend is here waiting for me. You must meet him and tell me what you think of him."

She pulls him away with her.

That summed it up. Father confessor, adviser, champion—"Granny" to them all.

And fifty thousand chorus girls can't be wrong!

The End

Born to be Gay

(Continued from page 39)

love of a poor but honest man. I thought it was bunk in its bunkiest form.

But darned if it is! It's really true sometimes.

And after you've read the missing romance chapter of Virginia Verrill's life, you can count the change in your coin purse, take a big gloating look at that honey of yours who tells you when and where you can step, and feel as *ultra-ultra*

as you want to. At least you've got your private version of a caveman.

And Virginia Verrill hasn't.

"Vee," you probably know, is the first star ever to arrive at the networks via the "dubbing" route. "Dubbing" means doubling, and it came in with the talkies. Somebody had to sing for the screen actresses who couldn't. And whenever you've sat in the movies and thought you were

hearing the chants of Jean Harlow, Ruby Keeler, Barbara Stanwyck, Jean Parker, Ginger Rogers and some more, you've actually been listening to the voice of Virginia Verrill. So you've really known her for a long, long time.

She didn't aspire to radio stardom, but her career sort of upped and happened anyway. She made her debut in pictures without a screen test, her debut on the air without an audition. And if neither event had bothered to happen it wouldn't have bothered Virginia. For at the time she was too young and gay to want to be famous and too wealthy to want anything she didn't already have.

(And if that makes you think some girls have all the luck—don't forget what this story's about.)

The Verrill homestead was a twenty-room mansion in Santa Monica Canyon. Mr. Verrill was one of the original land-owners in Hollywood and Mrs. Verrill was a former vaudeville headliner. And Vee, their only child, had everything it takes to make little girls happy and gay. The Pacific in her front yard and snow-capped peaks in her back yard and a pony cart and dolls and dogs and a swimming pool and a governess. And a voice.

It was strange about that voice, because it was always so much older than she was. From babyhood her singing tones were far more mature than her years. Once when she was four, Paul Whiteman, who was a friend of her parents, lifted her up on a Los Angeles bandstand to croon "*I Never Knew I Could Love Anybody*" and the audience suspected ventriloquism and not Virginia. They simply couldn't believe such hot torch-toting of such a tiny tot. So to prove herself she stood in the middle of the dance-floor and went through three encores like a veteran.

Eight years later movie-goers saw Barbara Stanwyck in her first talkie "*Taxi Dance*". At one point in the picture, weary-eyed, wearing a tawdry lace evening dress, Miss Stanwyck swayed before a black curtain and moaned the now familiar tune:

*Ten cents a dance, that's what they pay me,
Oh how they weigh me down . . .
Butchers and tailors and bow-legged sailors
Can all buy my love for a dime—*

Wouldn't those movie-goers have died if they'd known that the voice of the leading lady came from a twelve-year-old girl with long curls and starry eyes, wearing a middy-blouse and bloomers, mike-frightened to death and clutching very tightly her mother's hand.

Virginia Verrill had done her first "dubbing."

Also middy-bloused and bloomed, standing on the set watching, were her best chums Madge Evans and Benay Venuta—who were later to shine themselves in pictures and radio respectively—very excited over a trip to a studio and Vee's ten-cents-a-dancing, after school, for fifty dollars an hour.

From that day on her career just happened. She received an audition-less invitation to sing on the popular "California Melodies" program. Director W. S. Van Dyke of the M-G-M chanced to be listening, sent her a wire to report on the lot next day. Adrian fitted twenty yards of red velvet on her twenty minutes after she arrived, while Percy Westmore scooped

her curls up in a puff and glorified her Cupid's bow, and Vee sang "*All I Do Is Dream Of You*" over her shoulder at the camera. You saw and heard that in the picture "Hide-out."

Before long she had all the microphone and movie work she could handle, what with completing Hollywood High School at the same time. She was soloist with Orville Knapp's band, vocalist at the Colony Club and the Coconut Grove, featured singer for a time on the "Hollywood Hotel" program, and her latest "dubbing" was for Jean Harlow in "Reckless." West coast radio officials and Paramount were so taken with her talents they both proffered long-term contracts. But Vee's mother, wise to the ways of show business, considered her eighteen-year-old daughter too young to undertake a real acting career.

So radio won and Virginia recently arrived at the Promised Land of all microphone artists—New York.

And now that you have the Verrill vital statistics we'll go back and get the sentimental part of this story.

Now it's hard, at first, to believe a girl like Vee can't find romance. She has five-feet-three of chorus girl figure, green eyes with lashes so long they actually tangle sometimes when she laughs, and a tilted nose like Myrna Loy's. She spends her mornings sleeping late in her Park Avenue apartment, her afternoons rehearsing at Radio City, and her evenings singing for society a-top the fashionable Biltmore Hotel. And if there exist any more attractive young men than a girl would run into around those three zones, then I don't know my masculine map of Manhattan. On top of it all she has a charming young mother who entertains beautifully for her daughter and all the younger set of radio.

Vee gets around plenty, too. She hasn't been in New York long, but she could tell you the headwaiter's name in any of the swankier night spots. She's met all the eligibles worth getting excited over, she's been dated and fêted and danced and gardenia-d and pursued and proposed to till it would make your head swim. Not only in New York—ditto in Hollywood, since she's grown up.

Her whole life, in fact, has the perfect butterfly build up for a de-luxe modern love story. All the moonlight and tuxedos and gay little Gladys Parker gowns and soft music and sweet nothings love stories need to make them glamorous. Every single item—but the love. That's the missing romance chapter of Virginia Verrill's life.

And do you know why? Why she can't fall in love, no matter how hard she tries? It's the simplest but most doggone feminine reason in the world: *no man has ever been a meanie to her and made her like it!*

Just because she's a pretty little celebrity who's always had everything she's ever wanted, including a career, men treat her like a pretty little celebrity who's supposed to keep on having everything she wants. They have the notion that she must be handled in cotton batting like a china dolly, and humored. Not one in the lot has ever stopped treating her like a radio star long enough to swear he'll walk out of her life forever if she gives that midshipman a date, or put his foot down flatly on going dancing "*again tonight!*"

And Vee is unspoiled and sane and swell

B R I G H T

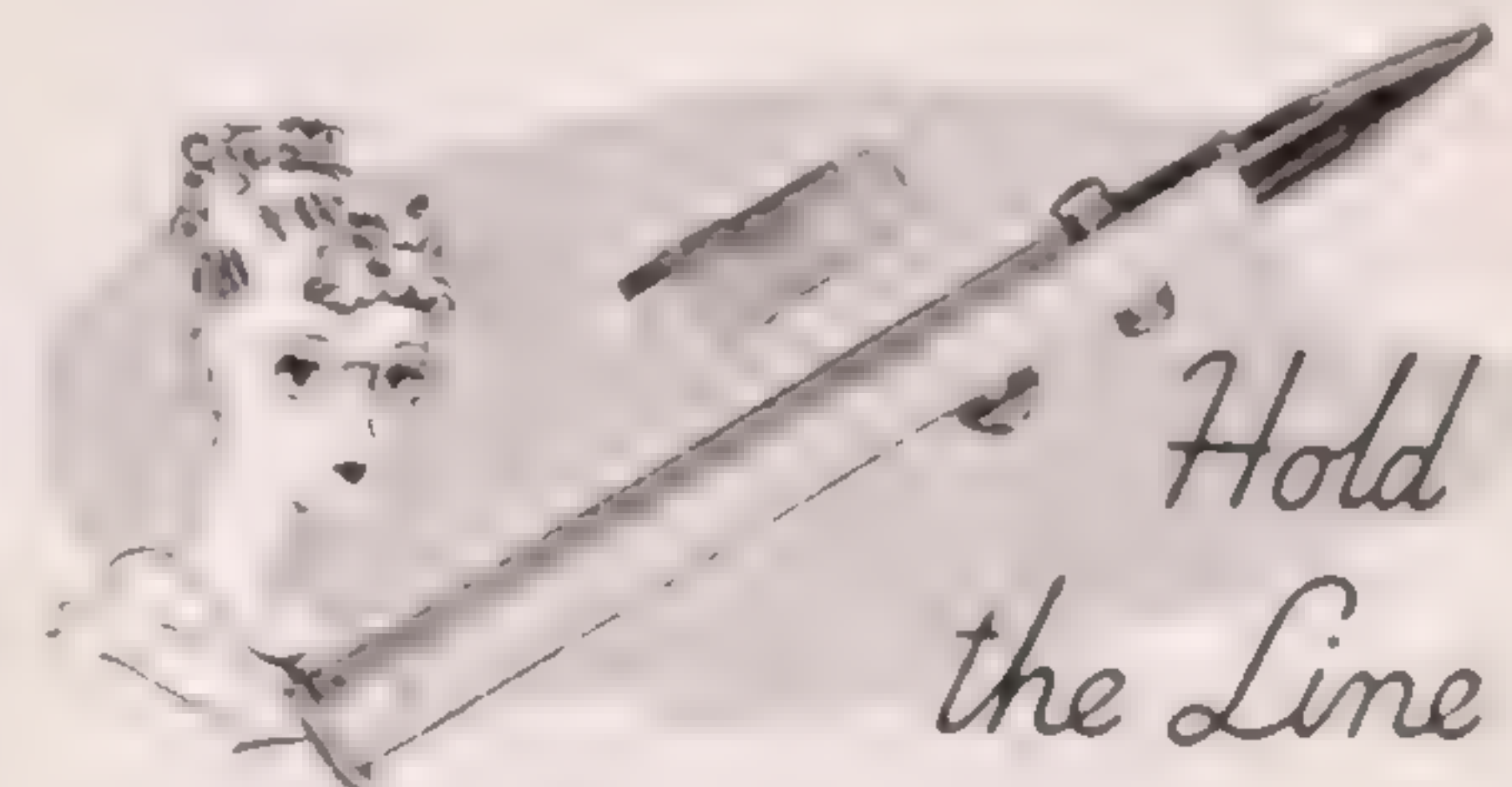
EYE IDEAS



by
Jane
Heath

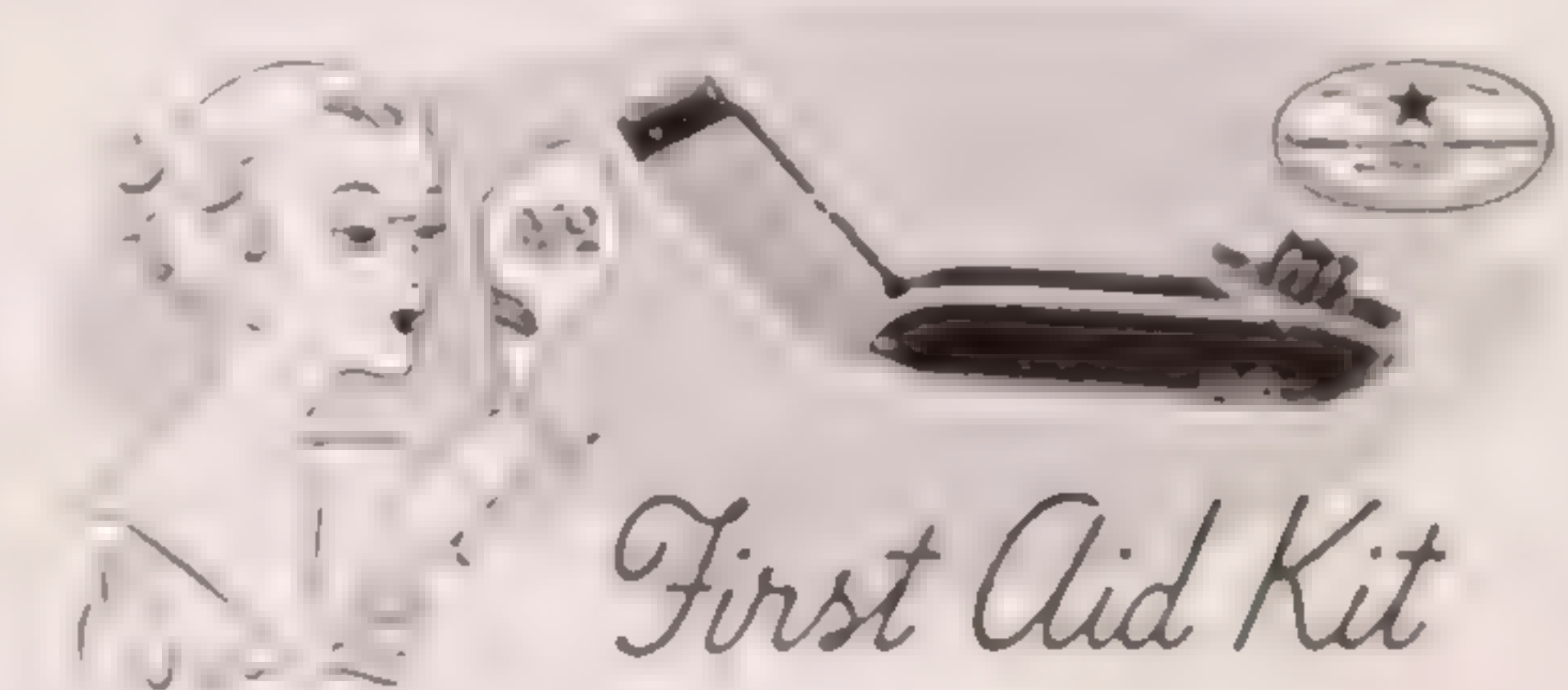
EYES BEHIND GLASSES!

LOTS of women we know hesitate to wear glasses because they believe them unflattering. Not a bit, if you beautify your eyes! Glasses make them look smaller—so enlarge them . . . with KURLASH, the little implement that curls back your lashes lastingly between soft rubber bows. Your lashes appear longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter, deeper! Opticians recommend KURLASH because it keeps your lashes from touching your glasses. \$1, at good stores.



Hold
the Line

Don't neglect your eyebrows, either! TWEETZETTE, which "tweezes" out an offending hair at the touch of a button, is the easiest way known to shape your brows, painlessly, at home. Make them conform to the upper curve of your glasses, and the latter will be less noticeable! \$1, also, at your drug store.



First Aid Kit

Behind your glasses, you can use eye make-up liberally and defy detection! Try SHAD-ETTE, at \$1, to give your eyes size and allure. And the little marvel LASHPAC to travel in your handbag everywhere. It holds a stick of mascara for accenting brows and a little brush to groom them later. Also \$1. Write me if you aren't sure what shades to use!

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department G-9, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 56)



WHO WAS THE GIRL?

The stranger came to mystery range . . . where rode the girl with midnight eyes and the girl with two fast guns . . . and a Black Blizzard came with him. . . .

Don't Miss

BLACK BLIZZARD

By MARIAN O'HEARN
The Well-Known Western Writer

This gripping complete novel of the West and other novelettes and stories by headline western authors appear in the September issue of

WESTERN ROMANCES

On Sale August 10

SUNDAYS (Continued)

- 6:30 EDST (1/2)—Grand Hotel (Cont'd). WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, WENR, KSO, WCKY, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, KSTP, WBC, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WMT.
- 6:30 EDST (1/4)—Smilin' Ed McConnell. Songs. (Acme Paints.) WABC, WKBW, WDR, WNAC, WKRC, CKLW, WCAU, WJAS, WJSV, WBBM, WHAS, KMOX, WCCO, WEAN, WFBL.
- 6:45 EDST (1/4)—Voice of Experience. (Wasey Products.) WABC, WCAO, WDR, WAAB, WCAU.
- 7:00 EDST (1/2)—Jack Benny. Don Bestor's Orchestra; Frank Parker, tenor; Mary Livingstone. (General Foods.) WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WGAR, WCKY, CFCF, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, WRVA, WPTF, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WTAR, WSOC, WENR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, WIBA, WBC, KFJR, WDAY, KSTP, WAVE, WSM, WSB, WKY, WSMB, KVOO, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, WMC, WMT, WFIL, WAPI, WIRE, KTHS, WBAP, WFIL.
- 7:30 EDST (1/4)—Fireside Recitals. Sigurd Nilssen, basso; Hardesty Johnson, tenor; Graham McNamee, commentator. (American Radiator Co.) WEA, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBN, WWJ, WCAE, WTAM, WSAI, WMAQ, WOW, WTIC, WHIO, KYW, WIRE, WDAF, KSO.
- 7:45 EDST (1/4)—Sunset Dreams—Morin Sisters and the Ranch Boys. (Fitch.) WEA, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, CFCF, WTIC, WHO, WMAQ, KSD, KYW, WOW, WHIO, WIRE.
- 8:00 EDST (1)—Major Bowes' Amateur Hour. (Standard Brands, Inc.) WEA, WTIC, WTAG, WTAM, WBN, WCAE, WIOD, WFLA, WWJ, WLW, CFCF, WWNC, WIS, CRCT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WPTF, WJAR, WCSH, WRVA, WJAX, WSB, WMAQ, WSM, WTMJ, KFJR, WOAI, WOW, WMC, WJDX, KSD, WHO, WDAF, KYW, KPRC, WKY, KSTP, WBC, WDAY, KVOO, WFAA, WSMB, WAVE, KTAR, KDYL, KOA, KFI, KGW, KPO, KOMO, KHQ, KTHS, WAPI, WTAR, WBZ, WBZA.
- 8:00 EDST (1/2)—"Rhythm At Eight" with Ethel Merman, Ted Husing and Al Goodman's Orchestra. (Lehn & Fink—Lysol.) WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDR, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WGST, WBRC, WBT, KRDL, KLZ, KTRH, KFAB, WREC, WCCO, WDSU, KOMA, KSL, KWKH, WADC, KRNT, WHEC, WBNS, KTUL, WOWO.
- 8:30 EDST (1/2)—Gulf Headliners with James Melton, tenor; Revelers Quartet; Hallie Stiles, soprano; Lew Lehr and Frank Tours' Orchestra. WABC, WJSV, WWVA, WCOA, WSMK, WDNC, WSJS, WNB, WICC, WHP, WADC, WBIG, WBT, WKBN, WBNS, WCAO, WCAU, WHEC, WJAS, WKRC, WMAS, WNAC, WORC, WSPD, WDAE, WDBO, WDR, WEAN, WFBL, WFEA, WHK, WLBZ, WQAM, CKLW, KLRA, KRDL, KTRH, WALA, WSBT, KWKH, WNOX, WFBM, KTS, WTC, WACO, WBC, WDOD, WDSU, WGST, WHAS, WLAC, WMBR, WREC, WOKO, WDBJ, WSFA, WOWO, KGKO, KRGV, WGR, KGKO, KGR.
- 9:00 EDST (1/2)—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round. Rachel Carlay, blues singer; Pierre Le Kreeun, tenor; Jerome Mann, impersonator; Andy Sannella's Orchestra; Men About Town trio. (Sterling Products, Inc.) WEA, WTIC, WJAR, WTAM, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WWJ, WSAI, CFCF, KYW, KFJR, WMAQ, KSD, WHO, WOW, WTMJ, KSTP, WBC, WDAF, KOA, KDYL, KHQ, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, WHIO, WTAG.
- 9:00 EDST (1/2)—Silken Strings Program. Charles Previn and his orchestra. (Real Silk Hosiery.) WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WLW, WENR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WMT, WJR.
- 9:30 EDST (1/4)—Cornelia Otis Skinner, actress and monologist. (Jergen's Lotion.) WJZ, WBZ, WMAL, WJR, WLW, WBZA, WBAL, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WENR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WMT.
- 9:30 EDST (1/2)—American Musical Revue. Frank Munn, tenor; Vivienne Segal, soprano; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; Haenschen Concert Orchestra. (Sterling Products, Inc.) WEA, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WPTF, WCSH, WFBR, WWNC, WRC, WGY,

WBN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WSB, WIOD, WFLA, WRVA, WJAX, CFCF, CRCT, WIS, WMAQ, WHO, KSD, KYW, WSM, WOW, WMC, WOAI, WJDX, WFAA, WSMB, WKY, KPRC, WDAF, WTMJ, KSTP, KDYL, KOA, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KPO, WHIO.

- 10:00 EDST (1/2)—Wayne King. (Lady Esther.) WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, WBNS, CKLW, WDR, WCAU, WJAS, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WFBM, KMOX, WBBM, KMBC, WHAS, WDSU, WCCO, KRDL, WIBW, KFAB, KSL, KLZ, KERN, KMJ, KOIN, KHJ, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.
- 10:00 EDST (1)—The Gibson Family. Original musical comedy starring Charles Winkler, Lois Bennett, Conrad Thibault, Jack and Loretta Clemens with Don Voorhees and his orchestra. (Proctor and Gamble Co.) WEA, WTIC, WTAG, WCSH, KYW, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WMAQ, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WBC, WDAY, KFJR, KOA, KPO, KDYL, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WBEI, WJAR, KSD.
- 11:00 EDST (1/4)—Sunset Dreams—Morin Sisters and the Ranch Boys. WOAI, KTHS, WDAF, WKY, KPRC, WBAP, KTBS, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR.
- 11:15 EDST (1/4)—Cornelia Otis Skinner. The Jergens Program. KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR.
- 11:30 EDST (1/2)—Jack Benny and Don Bestor's Orchestra; Frank Parker, tenor, and Mary Livingstone. KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KOA, KTAR, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KGU.
- 12:00 EDST (1/2)—The Silken Strings Program. Charles Previn and his orchestra. KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

MONDAYS

(August 5th, 12th, 19th and 26th)

- 6:45 EDST (1/4)—Lowell Thomas gives the day's news. (Sun Oil.) WJZ, WLW, CRCT, WBAL, WBZ, KDKA, WHAM, WJR, WSYR, WBZA, WJAX, WFLA, WMAL, CFCF, WIOD.
- 7:00 EDST (1/4)—Amos 'n' Andy. (Pepson.) WEA and network. (See also 11:00 P.M. EDST.)
- 7:00 EDST (1/4)—"Just Entertainment." Variety Program. (Wm. Wrigley, Jr., Co.) WABC network.
- 7:15 EDST (1/4)—Tony and Gus—dramatic sketch with Mario Chamlee and George Frame Brown. (General Foods Corp.) WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WCKY, WFIL, WENR, WPTF, WIS, WWNC, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSOC, WTAR, WGAR.
- 7:15 EDST (1/4)—"Uncle Ezra's Radio Station E-Z-R-A." (Dr. Miles Laboratories.) WEA, WJAR, WTAG, WEEL, WBN, WCAE, WRC, WCSH, WGY, WTAM, WSAI, WMAQ, KYW, WHIO.
- 7:45 EDST (1/4)—Dangerous Paradise with Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. (Woodbury's.) WJZ, WLW, WBAL, WMAL, WRZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WENR, KTBS, KWK, KSO, KOIL, WREN, WSM, WSB, WSMB, WBAP.
- 7:45 EDST (1/4)—Boake Carter, commentator on the news. (Philco Radio and Television Corp.) WABC, WCAO, KMBC, WNAC, WDR, WEAN, WFBL, WKRC, WJSV, WHK, CKLW, WCAU, WJAS, WBT, WGR, WBBM, WHAS, KMOX, KRDL, KOMA, WCCO.
- 8:00 EDST (1/2)—Esso Marketers present Guy Lombardo. WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WDR, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WJSV, WPG, WBT, WDOD, WDNC, WBIG, WHP, WNOX, KLRA, WREC, WNB, WLAC, WDSU, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KWKH, WMAS, WIBX, WWVA, WSJS, WORC, WCHS, WESG, WICC, WSC.
- 8:30 EDST (1/2)—Firestone Concert; Margaret Speaks, soprano; Wm. Daly's orchestra. (Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.) WEA, WTIC, WTAG, WEEL, WRVA, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBN, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WCAE, CRCT, CFCF, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSOC, WTAR, WMAQ, WHO, KPRC, KSD, WBC, WTMJ, WIBA, KFJR, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, WKY, KTBS, WOAI, KYW, WDAF, WDAY, KSTP, WOW, WHIO, WIRE, WFAA, WAPI, KTHS.
- 8:30 EDST (1/2)—Evening in Paris—Odette Myrtil, Betty Barthell, Howard Marsh and orchestra. (Bourjois Sales Corp.) WJZ and network. (Starting date Aug. 19.)

(Continued on page 84)

enough to have to be treated like a regular girl in order to really fall in love.

She doesn't quite realize that, though. She only realizes that there's something else she wants beside all the hubbub and adoration. She tried to tell me the other day, in her very naïve and eighteen-year-old fashion, how it is. The other day when we sat over tea on her terrace and discussed everything from clothes to goofus animals to fingernail polish to—inevitably, men.

She said: "Men—boys, rather—are too nice to me and I just can't fall for them. Please don't think I'm bragging or conceited or snooty or anything when I say that—I'm not any of those things. But honest they are *too sweet*. The boys I meet try too hard to please me—they make me say how we'll spend the evening—they compliment me too much—they—"

Suddenly she broke off, thoroughly embarrassed. "Gosh, it's awful, telling somebody who's going to write a story about you that all the dates you have always try to be too nice to you. Look—please do understand—"

It was mean of me, understanding, to sit there with an expression like the Great Stone Face and let her go on trying des-

perately to make herself clear. I wanted to see how she'd finish, though. She did.

"She said: 'But darn it, you *can't* fall for boys who are always too sweet, can you? I told mother last night I never could fall in love with anybody who wouldn't just absolutely *boss* me,'" and she laughed. "But you see—well, it may sound silly but I've got to have somebody who'll make me look up to him and make me walk a chalk line and please him and worry about him and—"

"Oh, do forget all this. Please do. I've bungled it so terribly. You asked me why I'd never fallen in love yet and I tried to tell you really why and—"

You did. And you told me lots about Virginia Verrill, too. That she's just plain wholesome *girl* enough to want her beaux to be the approved, Grade A, drawing-room variety of caveman and not just romantic cavaliers with a repertoire of sweet-sounding speeches and a reservation at the Rainbow Room.

And I not only think that's swell, but I think it's high time some of those beaux—the big boobies!—caught on. You see, I want to write that romance chapter, too—when it's no longer "missing."

THE END

Take a Tip from Benay

(Continued from page 42)

scribed her first dinner there:

"Their dining-room was enormous, and the huge table beautifully set with rare old silver. There were huge water pitchers of silver. Champagne was served in them! When I sat down, servants were wheeling in on carts enormous cans set in blocks of ice. Caviar!"

So overawed had Benay been by the splendor of her surroundings, drinking it all in, that she hadn't noticed her dinner companion at her left.

"Oh my," she breathed. "Imagine serving champagne like that!"

At her left, a tall, brown-eyed, brown-haired young man scowled at her in disapproval. But when his eyes met hers, blue, round as saucers with wonder and delight, his expression changed. A dimple showed in his right cheek.

"I've never been in a place like this before," she breathed. "In America, it's all so different."

The young man leaned toward Benay, his eyes approving her slim figure, beautifully moulded under her simple white organdy evening frock.

"*Du bist wie eine blume*," he whispered. "Beautiful!" And then followed a flood of German.

She didn't understand a word of it—but no one had to tell her that he was complimenting her. He spoke very little English. She spoke no German at all. It wasn't till he switched to French that she understood his extravagant phrases. And thanked her lucky stars that the teachers at Beaupre had insisted upon her mastering this language.

After dinner, servants brought them Benedictine. "You will have a drink, no?" he inquired.

Benay shook her head no. Her heart was too full for speech. She needed no stimulant. Gently, caressingly, his hand

touched for an instant her shiny, wavy hair.

"*My California Gold*," he said. And that was his name for her during the idyllic days that followed.

A little later they danced, and the young Baron Heinrich forgot his stiffness, his reserve. Benay followed him faultlessly. "It was as if we were floating on air," she told me. "I've danced with professional dancers time and again. But never the way we danced that night."

Finally, the guests began to whisper among themselves. That young American girl! The Baron! *What would his family say?*

Fortunately, his family wasn't there to see, or to hear the whispered words of endearment that poured from his young, eager heart. Later, when the rest of the guests had gone to sleep, when the night was hushed, two youngsters stood out on the porch, looking down at the ice-covered lakes and mountain slopes. There were three lakes together, a frozen white mass in the starry night. Heinrich had thrown his great-coat over her slim shoulders; both were covered by its protecting folds.

"I love you!" he whispered.

"I love you!" she answered breathlessly.

Early the next morning, before the rest of the guests were stirring. Benay dressed in her flame-red skiing suit, brushed her fine golden hair till each strand shone like California sunshine, and rushed down to the dining-room for breakfast.

Heinrich was waiting for her in the dining-room, as they had arranged. He looked so fine and straight and clean in his brown woolen skiing suit, she grew tongue-tied with happiness.

And in that huge room the two breakfasted together every morning, long before the others were up. It was as if they were shut apart from the rest of the world. Shut in, to happiness—together.

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Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 82)

MONDAYS (Continued)

- 8:30 EDST (1/2)—One Night Stand with Pick and Pat; Joseph Bonime orchestra. (Dill's Best and Model Smoking Tobacco.)
- WABC, WNAC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, KFAB, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WLBZ, WICC, WBT, WOWO, WHP, WMBG, WHEC, WMAS, WORC. Repeat 11:30 EDST on KRNT, WFBM, WHAS, KMOX, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, KLZ, KSL.
- 9:00 EDST (1/2)—A & P Gypsies Orchestra, direction Harry Horlick. Guest stars. WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WCAE, WSSH, WWJ, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, KSD, WOW, KYW, WDAF, WHO, WMAQ, WSAI, WIRE, WHIO, WRC.
- 9:00 EDST (1)—Lux Radio Theater. WABC and CBS network.
- 9:00 EDST (1/2)—Sinclair Greater Minstrels; old time minstrel show. WJZ, WGAR, WUNC, WSYR, WRVA, WJR, WMAL, WTAR, WLW, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WSB, WSOC, WPTF, WLS, KWK, WREN, KSO, KVOO, KSTP, WECB, WDAY, KPRC, KTBS, KOIL, KFJR, WTMJ, WFAA, WMC, WSMB, WJDX, WOAI, WKY, KOA, WMT, WIBA, WSM, KDYL, WAPI.
- 9:30 EDST (1/2)—Princess Pat Players. Dramatic sketch. WJZ, WBAL, WSYR, WJR, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WENR, WKY, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WMT.
- 10:00 EDST (1/2)—Wayne King's orchestra. (Lady Esther.) WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WCAU, WEAN, WSPD, WBNS, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WJAS, WFBL, WJSV, WBBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KFAB, WCCO, WIBW, WDSU, KRDL, WFBM, KLZ, KSL, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KVI, KFBK, KDB, KWG.
- 10:00 EDST (1/2)—Contented Program. Lullaby Lady; male quartet; Morgan L. Eastman orchestra; Jean Paul King, announcer. (Carnation Co.) WEAF, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WSAI, WRVA, WPTF, WUNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WTAR, CRCT, CFCF, WSSH, WCAE, WFBZ, WRC, WTIC, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ, WMAQ, KYW, KSD, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WFAA, KOA, KDYL, KFJR, WECB, WTMJ, KSTP, WSM, WMC, WSB, WKY, KPRC, WOAI, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KVOO.
- 10:30 EDST (1/2)—Lilac Time with the Night Singer; Baron Sven von Hallberg's Orchestra. (Pinaud.) WABC, WCAO, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WHAS, WJAS, WJSV, KRDL, KLZ, KSL, KHJ, KOIN, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KVI, WGR, KERN, KMJ, KFBK, KDB, WHEC, KWG, KMOX, KMBC, WFBM.
- 10:30 EDST (1/2)—Lucky Smith with Max Baer. (Gillette Safety Razor Co.) WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WSSH, KYW, WRC, WGY, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WHIO, WIRE, KSD, WOW, WDAF, WIBA, WECB, WDAY, KFJR, WRVA, WTAR, WSOC, WPTF, WUNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WAVE, WMC, WJDX, WSMB, KVOO, KTHS, KTBS, KGIR, KGHL, KPO, KGW, KOMO, WKY, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR, CRCT, WEEL, WSB, WMAQ, WBEN, WHO, KFI, KOA, KDYL, CFCF, KFBZ.
- 11:00 EDST (1/4)—Amos 'n' Andy. (Pepso-dent.) WEAF split network.
- 11:15 EDST (1/4)—Tony and Gus—dramatic sketch with Mario Chamlee and George Frame Brown. (General Foods Corp.) WMT, KSO, WREN, KOIL, WIRE, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WECB, WDAY, KFJR, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, KTHS, KTBS, WAVE, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR, KWK, WAPI, WFAA, WJR.
- 11:30 EDST (1/2)—Voice of Firestone Concerts. KOA, KTAR, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KFSD, KFI, KGW, KPO, KHO, KOMO, KGU. (See also 8:30 P.M. EDST.)

TUESDAYS

(August 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th)

- 6:45 EDST (1/4)—Lowell Thomas. News. WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WJR, WBAL, KDKA, WLW, WSYR, CRCT, WMAL, WHAM.
- 7:00 EDST (1/4)—Just Entertainment. (For stations see Monday same time.)
- 7:00 EDST (1/4)—Amos 'n' Andy. (For stations see Monday. See also 11:00 P.M. EDST.)
- 7:15 EDST (1/4)—Tony and Gus. See Monday same time for stations.
- 7:30 EDST (1/4)—Singin' Sam. (Barbasol.)

- WABC, WCAO, WNAC, WDRC, WEAN, WJSV, WGR.
- 7:45 EDST (1/4)—Boake Carter. News. (For stations see Monday same time.)
- 7:45 EDST (1/4)—You and Your Government. WEAF and network.
- 8:00 EDST (1/2)—Leo Reisman's orchestra with Phil Ducey and Johnny. (Philip Morris & Co.) WEAF, WTAG, WFBZ, WBEN, WSSH, WPTF, WUNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSOC, WTAR, WCAE, KYW, WHO, WEEL, WJAR, WRC, WTAM, WTIC, WGY, WWJ, WDAF, WMAQ, KSD, WOW. (See also 11:30 P.M. EDST.)
- 8:00 EDST (1/2)—Eno Crime Clues. Mystery drama. (Harold S. Ritchie & Co.) WJZ network.
- 8:00 EDST (1/2)—NTG and his Girls. (Emerson Drug Co.—Bromo Seltzer.) WJZ and network.
- 8:30 EDST (1/4)—Edgar A. Guest, in Welcome Valley with Bernadine Flynn, Don Briggs and Sidney Ellstrom; Joseph Gallicchio's orchestra. (Household Finance Corp.) WJZ, WBZ, WHAM, WBZA, WMAL, WGAR, WBAL, KDKA, WSYR, WREN, KOIL, KSO, KWK, WFIL, WMT, WLS, WJR, WLW.
- 8:30 EDST (1/2)—Lady Esther Serenade and Wayne King's dance music. WEAF, WCAE, WBEN, WRC, WSAI, WGY, WSSH, WTAM, WTIC, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WWJ, WTMJ, KSD, WOW, KYW, WHO, WIBA, WJDX, WDAY, WAVE, KTBS, KFJR, WKY, WDAF, WSMB, KPRC, WMC, KVOO, KSTP, WMAQ, WOAI, WSB, WIRE, WFAA.
- 9:00 EDST (1/2)—Lud Gluskin Presents. WABC and network.
- 9:00 EDST (1/2)—Ben Bernie and his Blue Ribbon orchestra. (Pabst.) WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WGY, WSAI, WTIC, WEEL, WSSH, WFBZ, WRC, WOV, WTMJ, KYW, KSD, KVOO, WBAP, KPRC, KSTP, WDAY, KFJR, KTBS, WOAI, WMAQ, WBEN, WTAM, WCAE, WWJ, WHO. (See also 12:00 Midnight EDST.)
- 9:30 EDST (1)—Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians and Col. Stoopnagle & Budd. (Ford Motor Co. Dealers.) WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WSJS, WFBM, KMBC, KFAB, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WNBZ, WKBH, WMBR, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, WBR, WICC, WBT, WDOO, KFOR, WBNS, KRDL, WOC, WSMK, KLZ, WDNE, WOWO, WBIG, WHP, KTRH, KNOX, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WCCO, WALA, WSFA, CKAC, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WCOA, WMBD, KOH, WDBJ, WHEC, KSL, KTSB, WTCO, KWKH, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAS, WIBW, KTUL, WIBX, WACO, KFH, KGKO, WORC, KNAX, WKBZ, CKCL.
- 9:30 EDST (1/2)—Eddie Duchin and his Fire Chief orchestra. (Texas Co.) WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WGY, WEEL, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WLW, WTAR, WTAM, WRVA, WIS, WTIC, WSSH, WBEN, WWJ, WPTF, WSOC, WFBZ, WRC, WCAE, WUNC, WAVE, WMAQ, KSD, KYW, WMC, WSM, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WSB, WSMB, WKY, WBAP, KTBS, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WDAY, KFJR, WJDX, KVOO, WOAI, KPRC, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KTAR, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, WHIO, WIRE.
- 10:00 EDST (1)—Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre with Francia White, mezzo-soprano; John Barclay and others. Al Goodman's orchestra. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) WEAF, WEEL, WRC, WBEN, WTIC, WLW, WUNC, WIOD, CRCT, WTAG, WJAR, WGY, WCAE, WRVA, WIS, WFLA, CFCF, WSSH, WFBZ, WWJ, WTAM, WPTF, WJAX, WSOC, WMAQ, KSD, WHO, KVOO, KFJR, WDAF, WMC, WAVE, KTBS, KPRC, WBAP, KSTP, WOW, WTMJ, WECB, WDAY, WSM, WJDX, WSMB, WKY, WOAI, WSB, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KTAR, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHO, KFSD, KYW, WIRE.
- 10:00 EDST (1/2)—Fibber McGee and Molly—comedy sketch with music. (S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.) WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WBAL, WMAL, WGAR, WJR, WFIL, WKY, WENR, WMT, KSO, WREN, KOIL, KWK.
- 11:00 EDST (1/4)—Amos 'n' Andy. WEAF split network.
- 11:15 EDST (1/4)—Tony and Gus. See Monday same time for stations.
- 11:30 EDST (1/2)—Leo Reisman's orch. with Phil Ducey. (Philip Morris.) KOA, KTAR, KGHL, KGIR, KDYL, KFSD, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

(Continued on page 86)

Benay didn't know how to ski, so Heinrich taught her. Every morning they went to one of the many practice slopes. For an hour, patiently, gently, he would guide her. Then, laughing happily, they would repair to one of the many confectionery shops of St. Moritz, where all the young crowd gathered, for hot chocolate and delicious frosted cookies.

After lunch they would go skating. Or go bob-sledding down the famous Cresta Run, or lugging in tiny sleds which went so fast you couldn't breathe. And at night, after dinner, they would steal away to go riding in one of the old horse-driven sleighs, up and down the quiet mountain-side.

On these long, quiet rides in the dead of night, when St. Moritz lay like a huge misty bowl beneath them, Heinrich told Benay all about his life, of the enormous estate his family owned along the Rhine, which passed from generation to generation, each successive family being trained to spend life peacefully, easily, gracefully.

And Benay tried to explain the different life in her America, where men and women both worked, and tried to carve out lives for themselves. How she had longed since tiny girlhood to be a great star, and how she had dreamed of a career.

"I suppose you will be going home to America to make your debut," Heinrich said.

"Oh, no," Benay laughed. "I've made my debut, in the chorus of Fanchon and Marco!"

She painted the mad, crazy life of Hollywood, told him of her struggle to get ahead. She told him of her tour with the Ackerman and Hart, nicknamed "The Aching Heart," vaudeville circuit; of the one-night stands they made in two-by-four towns. She told him of the time when she was flat broke, stranded in Seattle. And how her pride would not permit her to wire for aid to her folks, who disapproved of the whole business. She went around to night clubs, speakeasies, begging for a chance to sing.

Finally, at the Hotel Bristol, they had agreed to let her go on. That night, when she was dressing, one of the hotel officials had knocked at her door, ostensibly to go over her music with her. He had a flask to help him along.

Before long she realized what she was up against. Baldly put, it was "either you come across, or you can't sing here!"

Heinrich's strong hand, over hers, clenched tightly, as she told him how she had sparred for time till her tortured brain hit on a scheme. Drink after drink she fed the visitor. And when he fell into an alcoholic stupor she rang for a bellhop to remove him, and went down and did her number, unmolested.

"Never again will you have such an experience, my sweet," Heinrich said brokenly, gathering her into his arms. "You shall live like a queen, with nothing to worry your gold head except what pretty dresses to wear. You shall see how happy we will be!"

Perhaps, had love not been such a potent drug, she would have realized that such a life was not for her—that she wanted independence, striving, danger—that, once the glamor of being a Baroness had worn off, she would not be able to live in a world of shadows. But love and

youth and the adorable Heinrich bending over her stilled any warnings she might have felt.

The Christmas holiday passed all too quickly. Tearfully the young sweethearts tore themselves away from each other. He had written his parents of his great love for this American girl, and they had wired they were coming to St. Moritz at once.

Benay had to go back to school. It was arranged that she should visit with his family during the Spring vacation, and that they would be married in the summer, directly after she graduated. They would spend their honeymoon at St. Moritz, where they had met.

Back at school, Benay had her dreams of Heinrich, tall, kind, gentle Heinrich. Perhaps she might persuade him to come to the United States, where she could continue her career. He was modern, broad-minded, not like other stiff-necked nobility she had met.

Daily she waited for word from him. But only a post-card came—which said:

"I send best wishes for a happy New Year from the best place where I wish you."

She was in an agony of doubt, of bewilderment. The days dragged along endlessly. She couldn't imagine why Heinrich didn't write to her, to assure her of his love, to plan for their future. Then Freda, her girl friend, told her what had happened. The Baron's family had objected.

When they heard that Benay had been in the show business, and that she possessed no great fortune, they exploded. If Heinrich wanted to throw himself away in such a mésalliance they couldn't stop him. But they would disown him. He could starve, for all they would do for him!

And Heinrich, raised to do nothing, realized that it could never be. How could he support himself, his bride? He wasn't trained to do any work. And even with his "little California gold," he could not face the prospect of starving.

As Benay listened she choked back her tears. But in the privacy of her room, on her narrow bed, she collapsed. That dreadful aching in her heart! "He doesn't want you . . . He doesn't love you!" ringing through her brain.

Abruptly she quit school and came home. Europe no longer held anything to lure her. Slowly, agonizingly, she forged her way ahead on the air. And slowly but surely thoughts of the young Baron Heinrich gradually grew dimmer and dimmer. . . .

"At the time it happened," she told me, "I thought I had got a pretty raw deal. I thought that was the end of everything for me. It proved the beginning.

"Am I glad things turned out as they did? What do you think?"

"First I would have never had my career, and I've dreamed of being a star since I was that high. And secondly, I would never have known what real love is." For today Benay Venuta is madly in love with a cleancut, genuine he-man, an American business man, who thinks her career is swell.

So, girls take a tip from Benay. Don't pass up boyish unpolished Teddy next door while you moan for a title. Stick to the home-grown product. And you'll be glad you did!

THE END



WHEN the drummer has crashed the last crescendo and the bass viol has been put under wraps — then it's time to eat. And whether it's on the kitchen table or over a lunch counter — about the best you can get is a big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes in milk or cream. Because they digest easily, they'll let you sleep so soundly that you'll enjoy that morning dash for the 8:18.

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Madge Tucker, director of NBC's programs for children, and known to youngsters as "The Lady Next Door".

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 84)



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TUESDAYS (Continued)
KGU, WOAI, WIRE, WIBA, WEBC, WDAY, KFYP, WAVE, WSM, WMC, WAPI, WSB, WJDX, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, WKY.

(See also 8:00 P.M. EDST.)
12:00 Midnight EDST (1/2)—Buoyant Ben Bernie and his orch. (Pabst.)
KOA, KPO, KFI, KOMO, KHQ, KGW, KGU.

WEDNESDAYS
(August 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th)

6:45 EDST (1/4)—Lowell Thomas. (For stations see Mondays.)

7:00 EDST (1/4)—Amos 'n' Andy. (For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EDST (1/4)—Just Entertainment. (For stations see Monday same time.)

7:15 EDST (1/4)—Tony and Gus. (See Monday same time for stations)

7:15 EDST (1/4)—Uncle Ezra's Radio Station "E-Z-R-A." (For stations see Monday same time.)

7:45 EDST (1/4)—Boake Carter. (Philco Radio Corporation.) (For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EDST (1/4)—Dangerous Paradise starring Elsie Hiltz and Nick Dawson. (John H. Woodbury, Inc.) (For stations see Monday same time.)

8:00 EDST (1/4)—Johnnie & the Foursome. (Phillip Morris.)

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, KRNT, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WCCO, WGR, WHEC, KFAB, WLBZ.

8:00 EDST (1/2)—One Man's Family. (Standard Brands, Inc.)

WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, KYW, WFBM, WDAF, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAL, KSD, WOW, WHO, WKY, WWNC, WMAQ, WIBA, WEBC, WKY, WDAY, KFYP, WPTF, WMC, WJDX, WSM, WAVE, KVOO, KTBS, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KTAR, KFI, WIS, WRVA, WHIO, WFLA, WSM, WSB, KPRC, WJAX, KSTP, WCSH, WHIO, WAPI, WBAP, KTBS.

8:00 EDST (1/2)—Hal Kemp and his Orchestra; Babs and her Brothers and other vocalists. (Harold S. Ritchie & Co.)

WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WLW, WLS, WMT, KSO, WREN, KOIL, WHAM, WFIL.

8:30 EDST (1/2)—Broadway Varieties. Everett Marshall, baritone and master of ceremonies; Elizabeth Lennox, contralto; Victor Arden's orchestra. (Bi-So-Dol.)

WABC, WCAO, CKLW, WJSV, WADC, WOKO, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WNAC, WGR, WCAU, WKRC, WHK, WJAS, WBBM, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX.

8:30 EDST (1/2)—Lady Esther Serenade. Wayne King and his orchestra. (For list of stations see Tuesday same time.)

8:30 EDST (1/2)—House of Glass—dramatic sketch featuring Gertrude Berg. Joe Greenwald, Paul Stewart, Helen Dumas, Bertha Walden, Arlene Blackburn and Celia Babcock. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.)

WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WFIL, WLS, WMT, KSO, WREN, KOIL, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WHIO, WFLA, WTAR, WSOC, WJR, KWK, WLW.

9:00 EDST (1)—Town Hall Tonight. Fred Allen, comedian and Portland Hoffa; Songsmith Quartet; Peter Van Steeden's orchestra and others. (Bristol-Meyers Co.)

WEAF, WJAR, WRC, WTAM, WJAX, WRVA, WLW, WCAE, WCSH, WGY, WWJ, WHIO, WPTF, WTAG, WFBM, WBEN, WIS, WTIC, WEEL, WMAQ, WOW, WSB, KYW, KSTP, WFAA, KSD, WTMJ, WSM, KVOO, WEBC, WDAF, WSM, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS, WMC, WKY.

(See also 12:00 midnight EDST.)

9:00 EDST (3/4)—Home on Our Range. John Charles Thomas. Wm. Daly's orchestra. (William R. Warner Co.)

WJZ network.

9:30 EDST (1/2)—Presenting Mark Warnow. Variety program. WABC and network.

10:00 EDST (1/2)—Burns and Allen, comedians, Ferde Grofe's orchestra. (General Cigar Co.)

WABC, WADC, WCAO, WJSV, WNAC, CKLW, WORC, WCAU, WDRC, WEAN, WKBW, WOKO, WBIG, WFBL, WHK, WJAS, WKRC, WSPD, WBT, KMBC, KFAB, KSCJ, WFBM, KMOX, WBBM, WCCO, KOMA, KRDL, KTRH, KTSA, KLZ, KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KOIN, KERN, KMJ, KFBC, KDB, KOL, KWG, KVI, KRNT, WHEC, WDBJ, KTSA.

10:00 EDST (1/2)—Pleasure Island with Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. Ricardo Cortez, narrator. (Plough, Inc.)

WEAF, WTIC, WGY, WRVA, WTAR, WTAM, WPTF, WJAX, WTAG, WEEL, WFBM, WBEN, WWJ, WWNC, WHIO, WJAR, WCSH, WRC, WCAE, WLW, WIS, WFLA, WMAQ, KYW, WHO, KSD, WOW, WDAF, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSM, WAVE, WKY, KTBS, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYP, WIRE, KVOO.

10:30 EDST (1/2)—Melody Masterpieces. Mary Eastman, soprano; Evan Evans, baritone, with Symphony Orchestra Direction Howard Barlow.

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WGR, WKRC, WHK, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, KHJ, KFBC, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KVI, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, WERC, WBT, KVOR, WBNS, KRDL, WOC, KLZ, WDNC, WOWO, WBIG, KTRH, WNOX, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WCCO, WALA, CKAC, KOMA, WCOA, KOH, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KTSA, WTOC, KWKH, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAS, WIBW, CFRB, KTUL, WIBX, KFH, KGKO, WSJS, WORC, WHP, WLAC, WDOD, WSFA, WMBR, KRNT, WICC, WACO, WSMK, WISN.

10:30 EDST (1/2)—Coty Presents Ray Noble and his orchestra.

WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WCSH, WRC, WFBM, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, KYW, WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSM, WAVE, KOA, KDYL, WHIO, WKY, KTBS, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, WFAA, WIRE, WDAF, KVOO.

11:00 EDST (1/4)—Amos 'n' Andy. (For stations see Monday. See also 7:00 P.M. EDST.)

11:15 EDST (1/4)—Tony and Gus. (See Monday same time for stations.)

12:00 Midnight EDST (1)—Town Hall Tonight with Fred Allen and cast. KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

THURSDAYS
(August 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd and 29th)

6:45 EDST (1/4)—Lowell Thomas. (For stations see Monday same time.)

7:00 EDST (1/4)—Amos 'n' Andy. (For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EDST (1/4)—Just Entertainment. (For stations see Monday same time.)

7:15 EDST (1/4)—Tony and Gus. (See Monday same time for stations.)

7:30 EDST (1/2)—The Mollie Merry Minstrels. Al Bernard and Emil Casper, end men; Mario Cozzi, baritone; Wallace Butterworth, interlocutor; the Melodeers Quartet and Leigh Stevens and the Mollie orchestra. WEAF network.

7:45 EDST (1/4)—Boake Carter. (For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EDST (1)—Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees. (Fleischmann's Yeast.)

WEAF, WCSH, WRC, WCAE, WJAX, WWNC, WIS, WPTF, WHIO, WFLA, WRVA, CRCT, WTIC, WTAG, WBEN, WJAR, WGY, WTAM, CFCE, WLW, WEEL, WFBM, WMAQ, KPRC, WKY, KSD, WBAP, WAPI, KYW, WTMJ, KSTP, WDAF, WJDX, WSM, WSB, WEBC, WDAY, WSM, WOAI, KFYP, WHO, WOW, WMC, KDYL, KOA, KTAR, KFI, KPO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WWJ, KVOO, KTBS, KFSD, WFAA, KYW.

8:00 EDST (1)—Kate Smith.

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, KFAB, WHAS, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, KHJ, KFBC, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, WERC, KVOR, WBNS, KRDL, WOC, KLZ, WDNC, WBIG, KTRH, WNOX, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WALA, CKAC, WDSU, WCOA, WMBD, KOH, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KTSA, WTOC, KWKH, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAS, CFRB, WIBX, WWVA, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WKBW, WMBR, WDOD, WSFA, KRNT, WHP, WLAC, WICC, WACO, WSMK.

9:00 EDST (1/2)—Roadways of Romance. Dramatic and Musicals. Jerry Cooper and Roger Kinne, baritones; Freddie Rich's orchestra.

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, KRNT, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, KFAB, WHAS, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, KHJ, KFBC, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, WERC, KVOR, WBNS, KRDL, WOC, WSMK, KLZ, WDNC, WOWO, WBIG, WHP, KTRH, WNOX, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WCCO, WALA, WSFA, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WCOA, KOH, WDBJ, WHEC, KSL, KTSA, KDB, WTOC, KWKH, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAS, WIBW, KTUL.

(Continued on page 88)

Would You Trade Your Life for Hers?

(Continued from page 45)

They had no radio, and they couldn't afford even cheap picture shows. They never went anywhere or did anything that cost money. And still they couldn't make ends meet; times became harder. Stella had only one thing left and that, too, she sold—her 'cello. When that money was gone, she took a job as an unskilled laborer in a packing house.

She could have stayed at home and sold the tamales which her mother made, as her sisters did. But Stella wanted something more substantial, more permanent. She was determined to bring a steady income into that household. For ten hours a day she packed and sorted oranges, until her back ached and her head whirled. Then one day she had an accident.

She doesn't know yet exactly what went wrong, except that there was a terrible crash. Crates and boxes fell, and when Stella regained consciousness in the hospital nurses and doctors were standing around her, talking about cutting off her leg. Stella listened; but before they left she told them how utterly out of the question amputation was. Her mother agreed with her.

For months she lay there while her leg mended. In lonely hours between her mother's visits, Stella amused herself and the hospital staff by talking of the things she'd do when she was well again, planning to be famous and wealthy—and happy. She was a favorite of the doctors and nurses; perhaps even then she was touched with that strange aura of genius. Her mother felt it, and never doubted that Stella would some day rise far above her sisters. There was always a peculiarly strong bond of loyalty between these two.

Eventually she left the hospital and went back to the packing house and her job. But another girl had taken her place in her absence. This seemed cruel—but the factory was not to blame. Stella left her application at the employees' window, without much hope; she could see their point. She was only sad because she hated to tell her mother that her salary couldn't be counted on any more.

When she reached home she kept her latest sorrow to herself, because something much more serious had happened at the little tent. The cow, which had supplied them with milk for years, had died. No longer would they have daily pennies from the extra quarts, or the few dollars that came yearly from the sale of her calf.

"I realized we'd never get anywhere, living as we were, so the next day I left for Los Angeles, twenty-eight miles away. If I could not help them at home, they at least would not have to make sacrifices to support me."

It took her only one day to find work as a model, which enabled her to send money home and save enough besides to pay a year's tuition at art school. There, while learning dress designing, Stella met two girls who were far more interested in music than in art. They liked the girl Friend for her naïve manner, her happy personality. When they heard her sing, their enthusiastic encouragement

knew no bounds. Stella must sing for a living! Their plans for her future made her yearn for the patter of applause.

In her friends' apartment the three girls rehearsed nightly. They looked out over the blinking lights of Hollywood and dreamed of success to come. And then Miss Fanchon, of Fanchon and Marco, gave them an audition, and they were promised a job during the summer vacation. When autumn came, the happy-go-lucky trio gave up art school and started out on that first rollicking engagement in vaudeville. And not one of the three ever returned to the musty atmosphere of shaping bolts of silk into stunning creations on paper. Instead, they began a series of Bohemian adventures, traveling from small to smaller towns, sharing evenings with motion pictures in local theatres.

But there was a difference in those girls. The other girls had always had money. They were merely indulging a whim. They enjoyed being with actors, they were proud of being regarded in local ice cream parlors as glamorous characters, to walk down Main Street between shows and be looked at. But Stella—it was not just play to her. She worked at it.

And then the contract ended and they were back in Hollywood where they had started. They wondered whether it would be wiser to return to art school than to plunge, practically amateurs, into show business. There were so many seasoned performers out of work, it seemed hopeless—but not enough so to make them willing to break up the act.

Then Stella received a wire from John Royal, vice president of NBC. He had heard them somewhere on their tour, and wanted them to come to Cleveland. They didn't even have a pianist, and they had very little money; but they went to Cleveland. Mr. Royal listened to their voices, offered them a short-term contract at a small salary. Would they accept? If they didn't accept, they couldn't get home!

Walking down Euclid Avenue one day, Stella met an old friend from California, Dorothy Lee. Dorothy was with a chap named Fred Waring. He had heard of Stella, and suggested that she look him up if she ever came to New York. He said casually that there might be a day when he could use her. They parted, mere acquaintances—so Fred thought. But he hadn't counted on this tent-bred señorita.

When the Cleveland engagement ended, a few weeks later, because of Stella's insistence, the trio found themselves on Broadway. And because it was summer and Stella wanted to live where there was a swimming pool, they found themselves registered at the Hotel Shelton—and stranded! Their little manager hadn't thought that Fred Waring might not play in New York all summer!

For months they waited around. Summer passed and the unpaid hotel bill mounted higher. All day long they looked for work, auditioned everywhere without success. One night Stella came home.

"We've won!" she cried.

Her partners thought she had somehow,



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somewhere, landed a job for them. They weren't so pleased when Stella told them her surprise. She had just discovered that Fred Waring was playing in Syracuse—and she wanted to take money from the common treasure to send him a telegram. Here they were practically starving, and she wanted to send telegrams with their last penny!

But Stella was the boss. In two hours she was talking to Fred Waring on the long-distance telephone. He had called back the minute he received the wire.

"We sang over the phone for him," Stella says breathlessly. "Even now it makes a lump in my throat, thinking of it. He bought us winter coats, and paid our hotel bill. He even sent us train fare and met us at the station. We were the first girls' trio to sing with an orchestra—and the first girls ever with Waring's Pennsylvanians."

They were called "The Girl Friends," and they stayed with Fred three years. It did a lot for them. Finally Hollywood beckoned, but Stella, as manager of the trio, turned a cold shoulder to its tempting offers. She didn't want to leave Waring, and she was enjoying her first fling at fame. It meant the end of misery and worry, because she was in the big money as band singers' salaries go.

Then Fred booked his orchestra at the Roxy Theatre for six months. Stella sang five shows a day, seven days a week—the hardest grind in show business. And when the six months were over, she was scarcely a ghost of her old self. Her health had failed—just when all those dreams, all the promises she had made to herself and her mother, were coming true. She quit the band, packed up her trunks and said farewell to Broadway.

Back to Fullerton, California, she went—to the inviting home of a sympathetic sister. For three years she never sang a note professionally. She began to fear her career on Broadway would end with her singing once more in the berry fields. Then she prepared to open a Mexican restaurant at Laguna Beach, with the last remaining money she had saved. Her sister had a café there, too. Just a few days before "La Casa Friend" was to open, her sister's place was held up. Stella witnessed the garish melodrama, and it spoiled her appetite for being a restaurateur.

Listlessly she returned to Hollywood. Dorothy Lee was singing at KFI, and Stella went to her for help again—and got it. Three fellows happened to be there—a trio out of work. Laughingly Dorothy suggested that Stella team up with them and make it a quartette. But it didn't seem funny to Stella—nothing did, right then. She listened to the boys' voices, felt the warmth of sunshine in their notes, found she could sing with them. But what to do?

She was through with auditions, yet she knew the new quartette would have to give plenty of them in order to get work. Dorothy Lee had a good idea. Her husband was leaving for New York the next day; why not let him take a record of their act East with him and play it for Waring?

But meanwhile Fred had changed his policy; he was interested primarily in a good, hard-trouping, strong male orches-

tra. Even the wives weren't encouraged to travel on the many weeks of one-night stands. . . . When Fred played that record, Ida Pearson stood beside him. She knew Stella very well—they had been pals in California when Stella sang with Raymond Paige's orchestra. Ida's husband was arranger for Andre Kostelanetz—maybe *he* could use her. But that cheap record—it wouldn't have done justice to anyone. Ida wrote Stella, explaining everything. She hoped Stella wouldn't be hurt, but didn't she have a better record?

So part of the money that was supposed to open a Mexican restaurant in Laguna was used to make a new record and send it on to New York. She had planned to use it to take voice lessons, but this seemed more important. Stella and the Fellas rehearsed the next few days in an atmosphere of excitement. She herself directed them, working on new arrangements of all their numbers in case they were called East. All kidding was out now—this was serious business. The Fellas complained about Stella, claiming she was "pulling a 'Garbo'." But the most important engagement of her career, for all she knew, was just around the corner.

When Kostelanetz sent for them, Stella was ready as far as music went—only one big item held her back: train fare. She wondered how to phrase that telegram. Should she ask for transportation as a matter of course, as big stars do—or should she admit she was broke? No matter how she worded it, would Andre Kostelanetz believe enough in a record to send what it would cost to bring four people to New York from Hollywood?

Apparently he did, because he sent the money and Stella and the Fellas were starred on his program. They fitted with his plan of backgrounding his orchestra with voices, and since it was the first time anything like that had been tried on radio it put them right in the middle of the ether spotlight. When their contract with Chesterfield expired, Fred Waring was organizing his glee club symphony. Eagerly Stella returned to the old gang, taking her Fellas with her.

"Waring was grand to find a place for me again," she said warmly today. "And I hope I'll never leave him again. He's—well, he's *swell*."

So at last her voice has brought the girl friend wealth and fame, and she deserves it. Life is giving her another chance. But she hasn't forgotten her gypsy days.

Stella never will be broke again. Nor will her mother ever have to be a drudge as she once was. Because neither of them will ever forget those three anxious years when Stella's health broke down, when her mother was her constant companion, the only one who really believed that she could win that battle.

I can't help remembering the last time I saw them together, walking down Broadway side by side. Stella Friend, the radio sensation, whose name even means "a star" and whose return to Waring's Pennsylvanians was like a homecoming, dressed in the stunning clothes and furs her new success has given her—and Antoinette, her mother, careworn, a little weary looking, but still a dusky beauty.

They were holding hands.

THE END

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here are the answers



Our Uncle Charlie (Winner) says 'no' to job hunters for his tent show.

Uncle Answer Man takes the matter up with the stars



GRACIOUS sakes, doesn't your Answer Man have enough trouble with missives without having to worry about chain letters? One correspondent writes that people out her way (Kansas) are getting thirty to fifty dimes in every mail. Your

Uncle would gladly go into this thing, but if he made all that money he'd probably dash off to Bermuda or somewhere, and then where would all the curious readers of RADIO STARS be, eh?

The only kind of letter Unkie would go into would be one that would help his question-answering art. For instance, if a chain letter could spread his assurance: (1) That one of the surest ways *not* to get tickets to broadcasts is to write to him; (2) that he really can't answer letters personally; (3) that he must of necessity confine his answers to questions asked about network artists; and (4) that each correspondent should confine himself to two questions, then a great work would have been accomplished.

Having polished that off, Uncle A. M. will endeavor to show you in his own inimitable way how he turned inquiring reporter and took your last batch of letters around Radio Row to put the questions right up to the artists themselves.

Unkie: Ah, there, **Peggy Allenby**. Do tell me your birth-date, height, weight and stuff like that. And, by the way, are you married?

Peggy: Yes, I am. To **John McGovern**, the one who used to be the NBC production man—and don't be getting familiar, or I'll have him take you apart! Anyhow, I was born February 14th, 1907, in New York City. I am five feet six inches tall, I weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and if you'd use your eyes you would see for yourself that I

have dark hair, brown eyes and skin that's fair.

Unkie: Fair enough! *Yoo hoo*, there, **Myrtle Vail**, I have some readers who're simply screaming for the cast of your Myrt and Marge show.

Myrt: Which is no reason you should scream! Anyway, just to keep you quiet: *Myrt*, Myrtle Vail (that's I'm); *Marge*, Donna Damerel; *Jack Arnold*, Vinton Haworth; *Clarence Tiffingtuffer* (the sweet thing!), Ray Hedge (who's really a regular guy); *Biddie, the cop*, Vincent Coleman; *Phyllis Rogers*, Dorothy Day; *Billy DeVere*, Eleanor Rella; *Mr. Hayfield*, Karl Way; *Sanfield Malone*, Reg Knorr; *Mr. Armstrong*, Eugene McGillen; *Agatha Folsom*, Violet LeClaire; *Mrs. Armstrong*, Jeanne Juvalier; *Jimmy Minter*, Ray Appleby; *Lorraine Robbins*, Joan Myers. Now go 'way!

Unkie: Soitnly, Moit, on account of here comes **Carlo** of Captain Henry's Show Boat. Hey, Carlo, tell me something about yourself.

Carlo: With pleasure, Señor. My real name is Santos Ortega. My father was Spanish, my mother Irish. But strangely enough, I can't speak Spanish. I spoke it fluently when I was a boy, but I'm getting along in years now. I'm twenty-eight. Still, after experience on the Broadway stage, I've learned to play Spaniards, Irish cops, Italians, Russians and other types. I also like to play cowboys.

Unkie: Oh, goody! You be the cowboy and I'll be the Indian. Oh, no, here comes my assistant, Snooper O'Flaherty. Say, Snoop, did you find out yet whether **Lanny Ross** is going to make a picture this year?

Snoop: Well, the studio rumor mongers say certainly not until this fall, if at any time. Lanny wasn't satisfied with the rôle he played in his last picture, 'tis said, and if he does (*Continued on page 72*)

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